THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illus[illegible]Weekly
Founded A°[illegible]nj. Franklin

DEC. 23, 1911 — 5cts. THE COPY

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

R-C-H

"Twenty-Five" 5-Passenger Touring Car

$850 F. O. B. Detroit

Fully equipped with top, side-curtains, windshield, 2 gas lamps, 3 oil lamps, horn, tools and tire repair kit—long stroke motor—3 speeds—enclosed valves—Bosch Magneto.

All that you want in a touring car—at half you'd expect to pay

THE price on the R-C-H—something unheard of in the industry for such a car with such equipment—should make you investigate it for yourself.

And if you'll do that, we're satisfied. For you'll find that we couldn't build better, more staunchly, or more sturdily, for a $5000 model. You'll see a car that in appearance, in mechanical detail, and in comfort cannot be matched at twice its price. That's a strong statement, but compare the R-C-H, item by item, with any car you like costing $1800—and more. We're willing to abide by your judgment.

The reason? Briefly, the application to motor-car manufacture, **for the first time,** of the same systematization of cost and factory problems that distinguish the steel industry, the packing industry and other big industrial developments.

That means only a few dollars saved here and there, but it makes in the aggregate a wonderful difference in the price you pay for your car. Go through the Hupp plants from end to end and you'll see no lost motion, no waste, no slip-shod methods. You'll see all the mechanism of a vast business working with absolute precision for perfection, but you won't find a dollar of **wasted** money, or an hour of **wasted** effort.

See the car itself at any of our branches, or at local dealers everywhere. Descriptive folder mailed on request.

SPECIFICATIONS

Motor—4 cylinders, cast en bloc, 3½ inch bore, 5 inch stroke. Two bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three point suspension. **Drive—left-hand.** Irreversible worm gear. 16 inch wheel. **Control—center lever** operated through H plate, integral with universal joint housing just below. Springs—Front, semi-elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. Frame—Pressed steel channel. Axles—Front, I Beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. Body—English type, extra wide front seats. Wheel Base—110 inches. Tires—31 x 3½ inches all around. Full equipment quoted above.

CANADIAN PRICES

R-C-H 2-passenger roadster, $850; equipped for four passengers, $925. R-C-H 5-passenger touring car, $1050. R-C-H Gasoline coupé, $1300. All prices F. O. B. Windsor, Ont., duty paid.

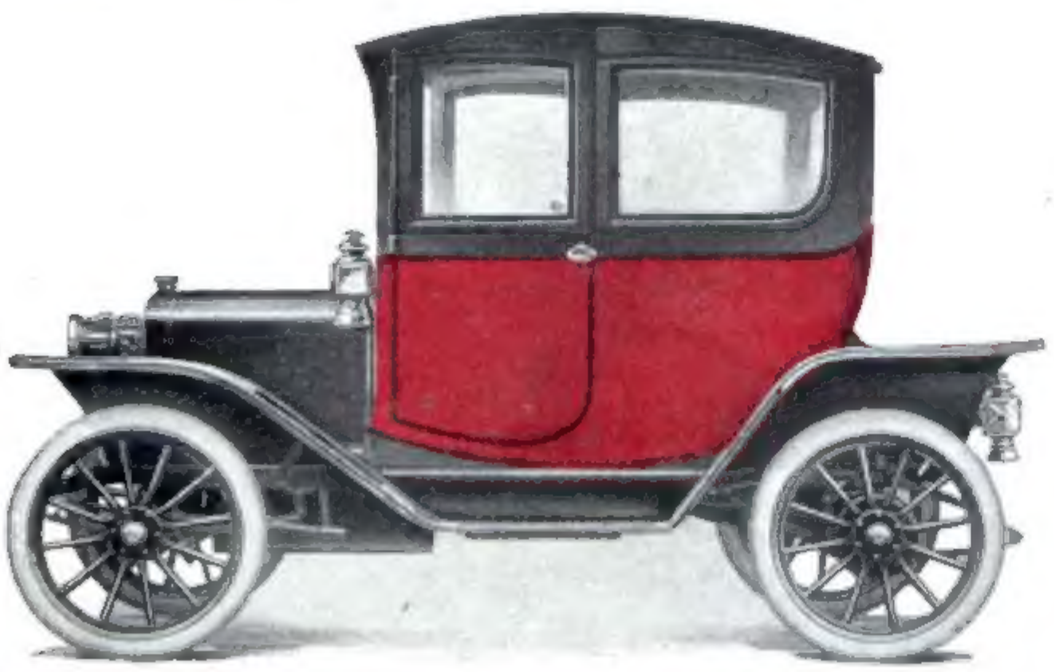
DEALERS

The R-C-H is unquestionably the 1912 motor-car sensation. We still have, here and there, some choice sections of territory still unallotted. Write quick for details.

R. C. HUPP, Manufacturer, 130 Lycaste St., Detroit, Mich.

Distinct from and having no connection whatever with Hupp Motor Car Co.

BRANCHES: Boston, 563 Boylston St.; Buffalo, 1225 Main St.; Cleveland, 2122 Euclid Ave.; Chicago, 2515 Michigan Ave.; Denver, 1520 Broadway; Detroit, Woodward and Warren Aves.; Kansas City, 1301 Main St.; Los Angeles, 816 So. Olive St.; Minneapolis, 1334 Nicollet Ave.; New York, 1989 Broadway; Philadelphia, 330 No. Broad St.; Atlanta, 548 Peachtree St.



$1050 F. O. B. Detroit

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" Colonial Coupé

All the comfort, ease and elegance that you can want in a closed car

SPECIFICATIONS: Enclosed body, concealed hinges, drop seat for third person, 100 ampere hour lighting battery. Full equipment includes 2 electric head lamps, combination electric and oil side and tail lamps, horn, tools and tire repair kit. Other specifications same as roadster.

$700 F. O. B. Detroit

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" English-Body Roadster

Fully equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps and generator—long stroke motor, three speeds—enclosed valves—Bosch Magneto

The ideal car for five large classes of the public: (A)—The business or professional man. (B)—The farmer. (C)—The salesman. (D)—The pleasure car owner with small or no family. (E)—The large car owner who needs a smaller car, economical in up-keep for day-to-day motoring uses.
SPECIFICATIONS: Body—English type, extra wide seats. Wheel base—86 inches. Tires—30 x 3 inches all around. Equipped to carry 4 passengers—$750. Other specifications same as touring car.

Advertising—A Pledge of Good Faith

YOU know, of course, that every advertisement in this weekly is a message addressed to you—but, did you ever think that every one of these advertisements is a pledge of good faith to you?

"Put yourself in his place" is a rule that helps throw light on many a problem, and it will pay you to apply the rule here.

How It Begins

What conditions, do you suppose, would lead *you* to advertise in *The Saturday Evening Post?*

The first of all would be having some article which you believed people would *buy* and *like.*

That is exactly what leads others to advertise. They have a pen, a razor, a line of clothing or some commodity on which they are proud to put their names because they know it is good. Accordingly they want to tell you how good it is.

A Time Investment

Usually your first purchase costs them more than their profit. Therefore, they take every precaution to give you such value as will make you a regular customer.

Think over the purchases you have made in the last month. How many of them were advertised goods which you have kept on buying because you like them?

That is just what makes any commodity a success. The advertisement induces you to buy. If the bond of keeping faith is honored by honest value in the goods, the business succeeds; if the quality of the goods is poor, the bond is forfeited and the business fails.

Advertising is one of the strongest influences in teaching business men that the square deal is the only permanently successful policy.

Watching for Weaknesses

Thus, advertisers are most vigilant to keep their product up to standard. Of course, in a great business, operatives will make mistakes and they will try to avoid blame by hiding their mistakes. But let you, the purchaser, write a complaint of some article that you have found faulty; something happens. The manufacturer spares no expense in running down your complaint to the very ground, because the fear that many pieces of bad work may have got by the factory inspectors sends a cold chill down his back.

Bear in mind that figure of the bond. The manufacturer has paid out great sums of money to tell you that his commodity is what you want. *The only possible way for him to get back that money is to keep his faith with you.*

A Modern Policy

"But," you say, "everybody knows that much fraudulent advertising appears and that many purchasers are cheated."

That statement, so commonly made, is far too strong; but, for the sake of argument, let it stand. Practically all the great national weekly and monthly publications keep a jealous watch over the character of their advertisements. All of the leaders carefully exclude deceitful and misleading advertisements, and this policy of safeguarding you, the reader, is becoming yearly more and more insistent in American publishing.

Again "put yourself in his place": When a manufacturer has once seen the big benefits to his business from telling the public of the merits of his wares he wants to have more merits to tell about. Therefore, he sets all the talent he can command at work on improving his wares. A marked feature of most of the widely advertised commodities is competition in improved quality.

More Critical Buyers

Carry your reasoning a bit further. Suppose you were a manufacturer advertising a mattress, a carbon paper, a stocking. Your every advertisement would teach the public wisdom in buying. They would learn the various merits the article should possess, and because the article is in the public eye they discuss it with their friends. That is part of the bond every advertiser gives. His very advertising makes his market increasingly critical.

"Exceptions to the rule?" Of course there are. But cheats are having worse and worse times in this country, and the hardest field of all in which to cheat successfully is in advertising a business in the great national publications.

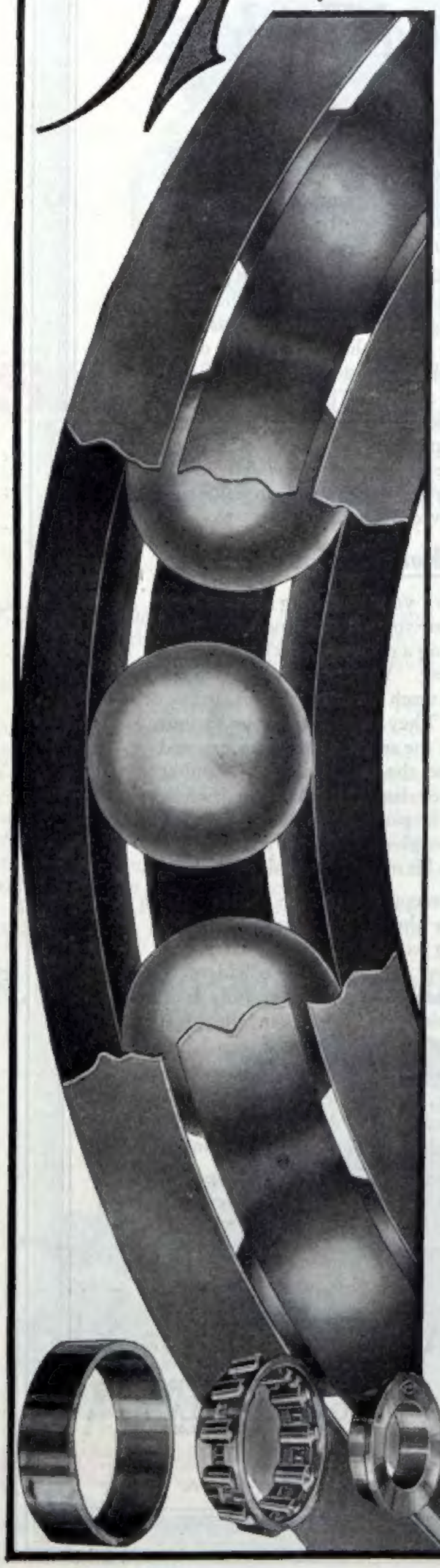
Every fraudulent sale makes an enemy, while every honorable sale makes a friend. Advertising changes that rule only in greatly intensifying it.

If you are interested in the subject of advertising, write for book on "The Modern Selling Force." To business men it is sent gratis.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL	THE SATURDAY EVENING POST	The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
Present circulation 1,748,000	Present circulation 1,832,000	Present circulation 46,000
BOSTON	PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK	CHICAGO

97% of all the Motor Cars made in America are equipped with Standard Roller Bearings, Standard Ball Bearings or Standard Steel Balls



The makers of that 97% specify Standard products in their construction.

The purpose of this announcement is to show you what a marked effect this specifying of Standard products has upon the life, safety and the easy riding qualities of the motor car you buy.

We wish to make the use of Standard Bearings a further asset to the manufacturer—by earning for him your appreciation of how much these bearings contribute to the efficiency of his car.

By making clear to you the superiority of Standard Bearings, we shall hasten the day when the manufacturers of that 97% will specify Standard products for *every* purpose which requires the use of bearings in their cars.

The subject of bearings is one of very real and very vital importance to you.

If, in buying a motor car, you satisfy yourself on every other phase of its construction; and rest content with poor, or even ordinary bearings, you have bought nothing more nor less than a poor or an ordinary car.

To a perfect bearing like the Standard you owe the greater part of that gliding quality for which you gladly pay from $3000 to $6000.

Why are Standard Bearings so essential—how do they contribute to the ease and endurance and economical maintenance of a motor car?

Standard

ANNULAR ROLLER BALL THRUST

BEARINGS

A recent occurrence in a different field of engineering endeavor, illustrates in a homely way how Standard Bearings perform this essential function to moving parts.

The United States Government desired to reduce the friction involved in the operation of a revolving lighthouse lens to the lowest possible point.

The lens measured 7 feet in diameter and weighed 3000 pounds. Using the Government ball bearings, a weight-impulse of 123 pounds was required to produce in 25 seconds one revolution of the lens.

With the Standard Ball Bearings, a weight-impulse of only 63 pounds was required to produce one revolution in 13 seconds.

What the Standard Bearings did for the U. S. Government Lighthouse lens, Standard Bearings also accomplish for the motor; the crankshaft; the differential; the axles; and for every phase of motor car construction in which they are involved.

Thus, the finest and most expensive motor cars in America are fine precisely because of the number of fine bearings which they use.

The horsepower of the motor you buy is transferred by bearings in whole or in part to the crankshaft; to the differential; to the rear axle, and thence to the wheels of the car. The conservation of that power depends, in whole or in part, upon the quality of material and workmanship in those bearings.

And if any one of those bearings fails in its particular function, the usefulness of the entire motor car is partially or entirely crippled.

Your every-day comfort is destroyed by loss of power, impaired riding qualities, wear and heating of parts (causing breakage) or a hundred and one other evils which produce a quick deterioration of an otherwise efficient car.

Hence the millions invested by the Standard Roller Bearing Company for the sole purpose of producing perfect bearings and banishing friction from the motor car.

Hence the largest and finest plant in the world devoted to the manufacture of bearings alone—more than half a mile in length, with 500,000 square feet of factory space.

Hence the specifications of Standard products in 97% of American motor car production.

Hence the importance to you of insisting that in any car you buy, "All its bearings shall be Standard."

If you own or expect to own a motor car, you will be interested in seeing our literature covering the subject more fully.

STANDARD ROLLER BEARING CO.

SRB **Philadelphia, Pa.**

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
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10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

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The Decline and Fall of North American Food

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

UPON a certain gladsome occasion a certain man went into a certain restaurant in a certain large city, being imbued with the idea that he desired a certain kind of food. Expense was with him no object. The coming of the holidays had turned his thoughts backward to the carefree days of boyhood and he longed for the holidaying provender of his youth with a longing that was as wide as a river and as deep as a well.

"Me, I have tried it all," he said to himself. "I have been down the line on this eating proposition from alphabet soup to animal crackers. I know the whole thing, from the nine-dollar, nine-course banquet, with every course bathed freely in the same kind of sauce and tasting exactly like all the other courses, to the quick lunch, where the only difference between clear soup and beef broth is that if you want the beef broth the waiter sticks his thumb into the clear soup and brings it along to you.

"I have feasted copiously at grand hotels where they charge you corkage on your own hot-water bottle, and I have dallied frugally with the forty-cent table d'hôte with wine, when the victuals were the product of the well-known Sam Brothers—Flot and Jet—and the wine tasted like the stuff that was left over from graining the woodwork for a mahogany finish.

"I now greatly desire to eat some regular food, and if such a thing be humanly possible I should also prefer to eat it in silence unbroken except by the noises I make myself. I have eaten meals backed up so close to the orchestra that the leader and I were practically wearing the same pair of suspenders. I have been howled at by a troupe of Sicilian brigands armed with their national weapons—the garlic and the guitar. I have been tortured by mechanical pianos and automatic melodeons, and I crave quiet. But in any event I want food. I cannot spare the time to travel nine hundred miles to get it, and I must, therefore, take a chance here."

"I Now Greatly Desire to Eat Some Regular Food"

So, as above stated, he entered this certain restaurant and seated himself; and as soon as the Hungarian string band had desisted from playing an Italian air orchestrated by a German composer he got the attention of an omnibus, who was Greek, and the bus enlisted the assistance of a side waiter, he being French, and the side waiter in time brought to him the head waiter, regarding whom I violate no confidence in stating that he was Swiss. The man I have been quoting then drew from his pockets a number of bank notes and piled them up slowly, one by one, alongside his plate. Beholding the denominations of these bills the head waiter with difficulty restrained himself from kissing the hungry one upon the bald spot on his head. The sight of a large bill invariably quickens the better nature of a head waiter as nothing else will.

Where Do You Find the Percentage of Dyspeptics Running Highest?

"Now, then," said the hungered one, "I would have speech with you. I desire food—food suitable for a free-born American stomach on such a day as this. No, you needn't wave that menu at me. I can shut my eyes and remember the words and music of every menu that ever was printed. I don't know what half of it means because I am no court interpreter, but I can remember it. I can sing it, and if I had my clarinet here I could play it. Heave the menu over the side of the boat and listen to me. What I want is just plain food—food like mother used to make and mother's fair-haired boy used to eat. We will start off with turkey—turkey *à la* America, understand; turkey that is all to the Hail Columbia, Happy Land. With it I want some cranberry sauce—no, not cranberry, I guess I know it's real name—some cramberry sauce; and some mashed potatoes—mashed with enthusiasm and nothing else, if you can arrange it—and some scalloped oysters and, maybe a few green peas. Likewise I want a large cup of coffee right along with these things—not served afterward in a misses' and children's sized cup, but along with the dinner."

"Salad?" suggested the head waiter, reluctantly withdrawing his fascinated vision from the pile of bills. "Salad?" he said.

"No salad," said the homesick stranger, "not unless you could chop me up some lettuce and powder it with granulated sugar and pour a little vinegar over it and bring it in to me with the rest of the grub."

The head waiter's whole being recoiled from the bare prospect. He seemed on the point of swooning, but looked at the money and came to.

"Dessert?" he added, poising a pencil.

"Well," said the man reflectively, "I don't suppose you could fix me up some ambrosia—that's sliced oranges with grated cocoanut on top. And in this establishment I doubt if you know anything about boiled custard, with egg kisses bobbing round it and sunken reefs of sponge cake underneath. So I guess I'd better compromise on some plum pudding; but mind you, not the imported English plum pudding. English plum pudding is not a food, it's a missile, and when eaten it is a concealed deadly weapon. I want an American plum pudding. Mark well my words—an American plum pudding.

"And," he concluded, "if you can bring me these things, just so, without any strange African sauces or weird Oriental fixings or trans-Atlantic goo stirred into them or poured on to them or breathed upon them, I shall be very grateful to you, and in addition I shall probably make you independently wealthy for life."

It was quite evident that the head waiter regarded him as a lunatic—perhaps only a lunatic in a mild form and undoubtedly one cushioned with ready money—but nevertheless a lunatic. Yet he indicated by a stately bow that he would do the best he could under the circumstances, and withdrew to take the matter up with the house committee.

"Now this," said the man, "is going to be something like. To be sure the table is not set right. As I remember how things used to look at home there should be a mustache cup at Uncle Hiram's plate, so he could drink his floating island without getting mussy, and there ought to be a vinegar cruet at one end and a silver cake basket at the other and about nine kinds of pickles and jellies scattered round; and in the center of the table there should be a winter bouquet—a nice, hard, firm, dark red winter bouquet—containing, among other things, a sheaf of wheat, a dried cockscomb and a couple of oak galls. Yet if the real provender is forthcoming I can put up with the absence of the proper settings and decorations."

He had ample leisure for these thoughts, because, as you yourself may have noticed, in a large restaurant when you order anything out of the ordinary—which means anything that is ordinary—it takes time to put the proposition through the proper channels. The waiter lays your application before the board of governors, and after the board of governors has disposed of things coming under the head of unfinished business and good of the order it takes a vote, and if nobody blackballs you the treasurer is instructed to draw a warrant and the secretary engrosses appropriate resolutions, and your order goes to the cook.

But finally this man's food arrived. And he looked at it and sniffed at it daintily—like a reluctant patient going under the ether—and he tasted of it; and then he put his face down in his hands and burst into low, poignant

Rude Hands are Tearing the Tapestries off Their Dining Rooms

moans. For it wasn't the real thing at all. The stuffing of the turkey defied chemical analysis; and, moreover, the turkey before serving should have been dusted with talcum powder and dressed with moth balls, it being plainly a crowning work of the art preservative—meaning by that the cold-storage packing and pickling industry. And if you can believe what Doctor Wiley says—and if you can't believe the man who has dedicated his life to warning you against the things which you put in your mouth to steal away your membranes, whom can you believe?—the cranberry sauce belonged in a paint store and should have been labeled Easter-egg dye, and the green peas were green with Paris green. As for the plum pudding, it was one of those burglar-proof, enamel-finished products that prove the British to be indeed a hardy race. And, of course, they hadn't brought him his coffee along with his dinner, the management having absolutely refused to permit of a thing so revolutionary and unprecedented and one so calculated to upset the whole organization. And at the last minute the racial instincts of the cook had triumphed over his instructions, and he had impartially imbued everything with his native brews, gravies, condiments, seasonings, scents, preservatives, embalming fluids, liquid extracts and perfumeries. So, after weeping unrestrainedly for a time, the man paid the check, which was enormous, and tipped everybody freely and went away in despair and, I think, committed suicide on an empty stomach. At any rate, he came no more. The moral of this fable is, therefore, that it can't be done.

But why can't it be done? We ask you that and pause for a reply. Why can't it be done? It is conceded, I take it, that in the beginning our cookery was essentially of the soil. Of course when our forebears came over they brought along with them certain inherent and inherited Old World notions touching on the preparation of raw provender in order to make it suitable for human consumption; but these doubtless were soon fused and amalgamated with the cooking and eating customs of the original or copper-colored inhabitants. The difference in environment and climate and conditions, together with the amplified wealth of native supplies, did the rest. In Merrie England, as all travelers know, there are but three staple vegetables—to wit, boiled potatoes, boiled turnips, and a second helping of the boiled potatoes. But here, spread before the gladdened vision of the newly arrived, and his to pick and choose from, was a boundless expanse of new foodstuffs—birds, beasts and fishes, fruits, vegetables and berries, roots, herbs and sprouts. He furnished the demand and the soil was there competently with the supply.

When Cooking Was Done by Ear

WE OWE a lot to our red brother. From him we derived a knowledge of the values and attractions of the succulent clam, and he didn't cook a clam so that it tasted like O'Somebody's Heels of New Rubber either. From the Indian we got the original idea of the shore dinner and the barbecue, the planked shad and the hoecake. By following in his footsteps we learned about succotash and hominy. He conferred upon us the inestimable boon of his maize—hence corn bread, corn fritters, fried corn and roasting ears; also his pumpkin and his sweet potato—hence the pumpkin pie of the North and its blood brother of the South, the sweet-potato pie. From the Indian we got the tomato—let some agriculturist correct me if I err—though the oldest inhabitant can still remember when we called it a love apple and regarded it as poisonous. From him we inherited the crook-neck squash and the okra, gumbo and the rattlesnake watermelon and the wild goose plum, and many another delectable thing.

So, out of all this and from all this our ancestors evolved cults of cookery which, though they differed perhaps as between themselves, were all purely American and all absolutely unapproachable. France lent a strain to New Orleans cooking and Spain did the same for California. Scrapple was Pennsylvania's, terrapin was Maryland's, the baked bean was Massachusetts', and along with a few other things spoon-bread ranked as Kentucky's fairest product. Indiana had dishes of which Texas wotted not,

Those Who in the Goodness of Their Hearts May Undertake a Search for the Sucking Pig

nor kilowatted either, this being before the day of electrical cooking contrivances. Virginia, mother of presidents and of natural-born cooks, could give and take cookery notions from Vermont. Likewise, this condition developed the greatest collection of cooks, white and black alike, that the world has ever seen. They were inspired cooks, needing no notes, no printed score to guide them. They could burn up all the cookbooks that ever were printed and still cook. They cooked by ear.

And perhaps they still do. If so may Heaven bless and preserve them! Some carping critics may contend that our grandfathers and grandmothers lacked the proper knowledge of how to serve a meal in courses. Let 'em. Let 'em carp until they're as black in the face as a German carp. For real food never yet needed any vain pomp and circumstance to make it attractive. It stands on its own merits, not on the scenic effects. When you really have something to eat you don't need to worry trying to think up the French for napkin. Perhaps there may be some among us here on this continent who, on beholding a finger-bowl for the first time, glanced down into its pellucid depths and wondered what had become of the gold fish. There may have been a few who needed a laprobe drawn up well over the chest when eating grapefruit for the first time. Indeed, there may have been a few even whose execution in regard to consuming soup out of the side of the spoon was a thing calculated to remind you of a bass tuba player emptying his instrument at the end of a hard street parade. But I doubt it. These stories were probably the creations of the professional humorists in the first place. Those who are given real food to eat may generally be depended upon to do the eating without undue noise or excitement. The gross person featured in the comic papers, who consumes his food with such careless abandon that it is hard to tell whether the front of his vest was originally drygoods or groceries, either doesn't exist in real life or else never had any food that was worth eating, and it didn't make any difference whether he put it on the inside of his chest or the outside.

Only a few weeks ago I saw a whole turkey served for a Thanksgiving feast at a large restaurant. It vaunted itself as a regular turkey and was extensively charged for as such on the bill. It wasn't though. It was an ancient and a shabby ruin—a genuine antique if ever there was one, with those high-polished knobs all down the front, like an old-fashioned highboy, and Chippendale legs. To make up for its manifold imperfections the chef back in the kitchen had crowded it full of mysterious laboratory products and then varnished it over with a waterproof glaze or shellac, which rendered it durable without making it edible. Just to see that turkey was a thing calculated to set the mind harking backward to places and times when there had been real turkeys to eat.

Back yonder in the interior we were a simple and a husky race, weren't we? Boys and girls were often fourteen years old before they knew oysters didn't grow in a can. Even grown people knew nothing, except by vague hearsay, of cheese so runny that if you didn't care to eat it you could drink it. There was one traveled person then living who was reputed to have once gone up to the North somewhere and partaken of a watermelon that had had a plug cut in it and a whole quart of imported real Paris—France—champagne wine poured in the plugged place. This, however, was generally regarded as a gross exaggeration of the real facts.

But there was a kind of a turkey that they used to serve in those parts on high state occasions. It was a turkey that in his younger days ranged wild in the woods and ate the mast. At the frosted coming of the fall they penned him up and fed him grain to put an edge of fat on his lean; and then fate descended upon him and he died the ordained death of his kind. But, oh! the glorious reappearance when he reached the table! You sat with weapons poised and ready—a knife in the right hand, a fork in the left and a spoon handy—and looked upon him and watered at the mouth until you had riparian rights.

His breast had the vast brown fullness that you see in pictures of old Flemish friars. His legs were like rounded columns and unadorned, moreover, with those superfluous paper frills; and his tail was half as big as your hand and protruded grandly, like the rudder of a treasure-ship, and had flanges of sizzled richness on it. Here was no pindling fowl that had taken the veil and lived the cloistered life; here was no wiredrawn and trained-down cross-country turkey, but a lusty giant of a bird that would have been a cassowary, probably, or an emu, if he had lived, his bosom a white mountain of lusciousness, his interior a Golconda and not a Golgotha. At the touch of the steel his skin crinkled delicately and fell away; his tissues flaked off in tender strips; and from him arose a bouquet of smells more varied and more delectable than anything ever turned out by the justly celebrated Islands of Spice. It was a sin to cut him up and a crime to leave him be.

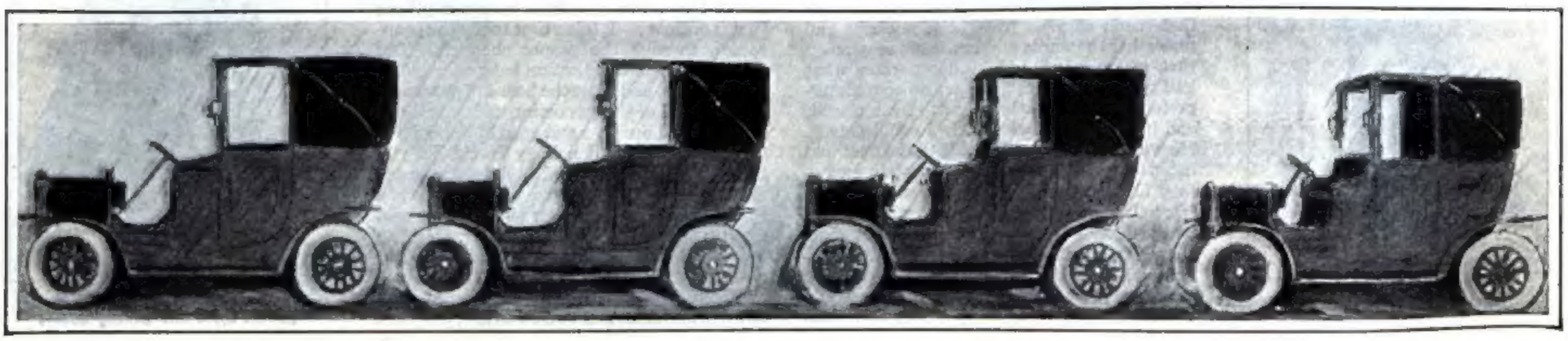
Turkeys I Have Loved and Longed For

HE HAD not been stuffed by a taxidermist or a curio collector, but by the master hand of one of those natural-born home cooks—stuffed with corn bread dressing that had oysters or chestnuts or pecans stirred into it until it was a veritable mine of goodness, and this stuffing had caught up and retained all the delectable drippings and essences of his being, and his flesh had the savor of the things upon which he had lived—the sweet acorns and beechnuts of the woods, the buttery goobers of the plowed furrows, the shattered corn of the horse yard.

Nor was he a turkey to be eaten by the mere slice. At least, nobody ever did eat him that way—you ate him by rods, poles and perches, by townships and by sections—ate him from his neck to his hocks and back again, from his throat latch to his crupper, from center to circumference, and from pit to dome, finding something better all the time; and when his frame was mainly denuded and loomed upon the platter like a scaffolding, you dug into his cadaver and found there small hidden joys and titbits. You ate until the pressure of your waistband stopped your watch and your vest flew open like an engine-house door and your stomach was pushing you over on your back and sitting upon you, and then you half closed your eyes and dreamed of cold-sliced turkey for supper, turkey hash for breakfast the next morning and turkey soup made of the bones of his carcass later on. For each state of that turkey would be greater than the last.

There still must be such turkeys as this one somewhere. Somewhere in this broad and favored land, untainted by notions of foreign cookery and unvisited by New York and Philadelphia people who insist on calling the waiter *garçon*, when his name is Gabe or George, there must be

(Concluded on Page 41)



THE MAN WHO FORSWORE CHRISTMAS

By JOHN CORBIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOHN

JAFFRAY was the best of husbands and of men. His wife admitted it—even to him. And it did not spoil him.

He had created his business from the ground up; and, though he was barely forty, it was in a fair way to be very profitable. He had married young and had three children. He took a manly pride in all this; but he had also, he said, a manly modesty. When he expatiated on the depth and sincerity of this modesty it was evident that he had also a sense of humor.

If he had any foible, his wife had observed, it was his belief in his rightness of mind, the clearness of his reason. The belief was not without justification. He was able to convince himself of almost anything if she allowed him to talk long enough. And she had sometimes found him to be right.

It was thus a matter of moment when he declared one day that in modern life Christmas has lost its significance—become a fraud and a bore. This opinion, he admitted, was not startlingly original. Most people share it; and even while they are making ready their gifts their grumbles hit the sky crescendo. In the interest of peace the mildest-mannered men mob one another in the shops while the clerks sicken in soul and body. To manifest good will, people already groaning under the burden of modern life give one another things as ugly as they are useless. He was reminded of the comment his Greek professor once made on certain articles of gold, unearthed in the treasure chest of King Priam of Troy. "They are hideously expensive," said the old man, "and of no possible use. They must be Christmas presents."

"At least," said Mary, "the Priam family set a good example by doing up their gifts so long before Christmas."

Jaffray was not to be diverted. His originality, he explained, lay in the fact that, in his rightness of mind, he saw that the conduct of the whole civilized world at Christmas is slavish. He took from his pocket the draft of a letter to his friends. Easily and genially it explained his scruples and begged the recipient to join with him in omitting the usual present.

His wife said nothing, for she was aware that to argue was only to make his ideas strike in more dangerously. And there was always the chance that he was right. Producing her account books, she turned to the list of those for whom she had yearly bought his presents. "Nothing for Mr. Hardy and Mr. Pendleton?" she asked.

"No!" he said. The exchange had grown out of business relations.

"Nothing for Tom Mason?" Tom was an old classmate—a fellow of the most brilliant promise, whom life had somehow subdued. Years ago they had been close friends; but when their children came the Masons had moved to a suburb quite inaccessible to the metropolitan imagination.

"It's ages since we've seen them," Mary pleaded. "Won't it seem as if we were giving them the go-by?"

"I heard the other day that he's been frightfully hard up," answered Jaffray. "We've no right to burden him with an obligation."

"Here's Billy Burdette. We've sort of lost track of him too." Burdette had prospered mightily in Wall Street and now consorted with the rich and the great.

"To give him anything he would value," said Jaffray, "is sheer extravagance."

"Haven't we been rather standoffish with the Burdettes?" Mary ventured. She added in a vein of gentle satire: "No matter how successful a man is, or how high he climbs, his real, true friends always stick to him."

"Turned about, the case is the same as with Tom. The barrier is there; so why ignore it?"

"And the children?"

Little Roger had made it known that he wanted a wireless apparatus. Molly had got her mother to guide her hand while she printed a letter to Santa Claus begging for a doll from Paris that had "all the clothes."

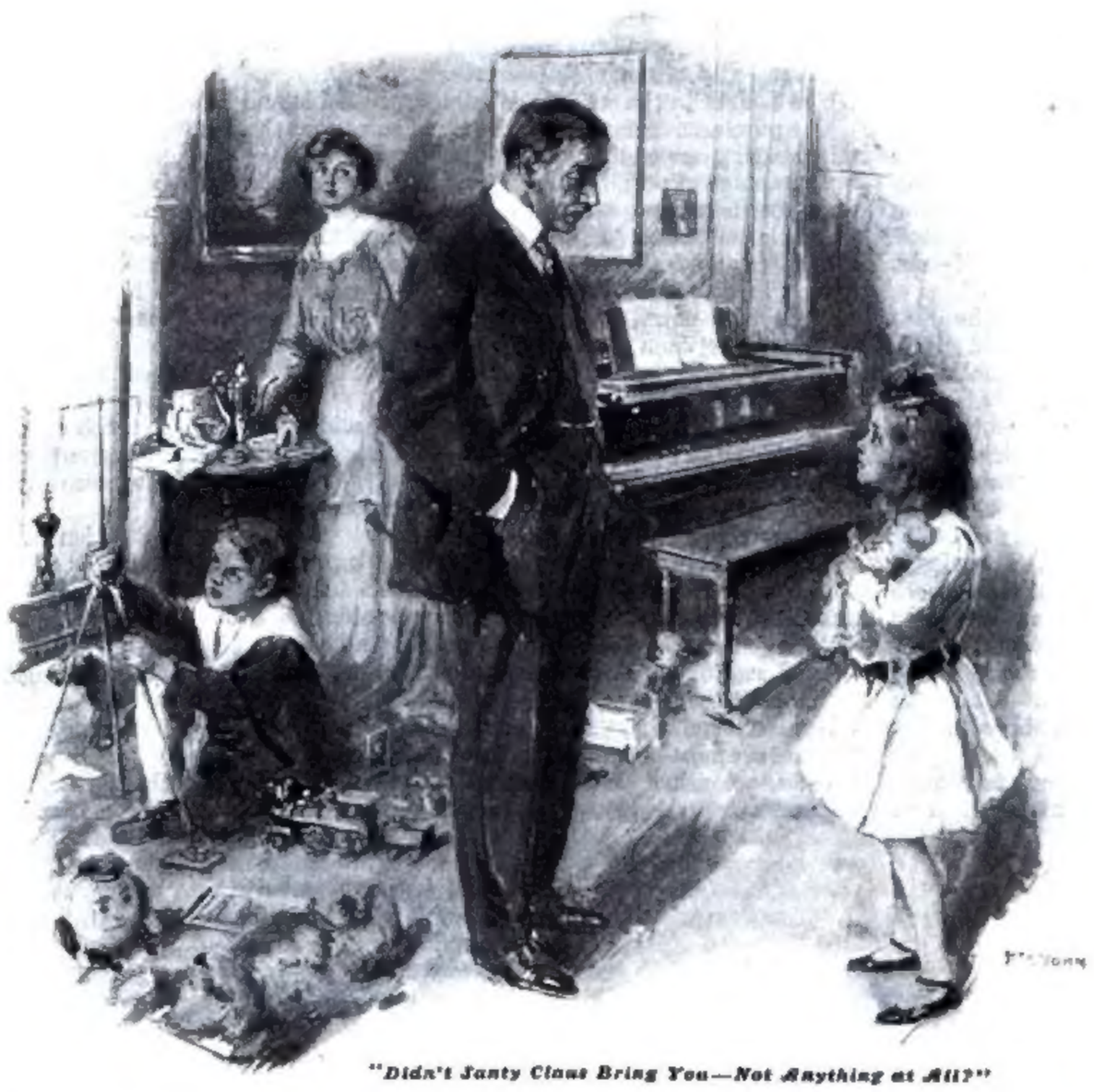
"When I was a kid," said Jaffray, "a pair of skates or a bobsled kept a fellow happy the whole winter."

"I'm sorry," said Mary; "but I've already done up the children's presents."

"At any rate," he protested, "I'm going to tell them the truth about that old fake, Santa Claus. I've done all the lying there that's up to me."

"Aren't they still rather young?" Shadows gathered in her clear gray eyes. She felt that this decision might well be left to her.

"It's high time they learned they can't have everything on which they set their riotous fancies. They've got to learn discipline!"

Mary, on the other hand, would as soon have thought of parting with an ear or an eye as with the day that from childhood had been dearest of all to her.

"Didn't Santy Claus Bring You—Not Anything at All?"

"It may be true," she pleaded, throwing caution to the winds, "that we have so overdone Christmas as to kill its significance; but the idea it stands for seems to me important. How else is one to realize it?"

"If it is important why confine it to a single day?" observed Jaffray. "To those who live rightly, every day is Christmas."

This sounded so plausible and was so humiliating that Mary beat a hasty retreat. "And you are going to send that letter to Aunt Janet?" she asked. With this she smiled—a subtle, inscrutable smile. Miss Jaffray was possessed of worldly goods, and he was her nearest of kin. If his feeling for her was colored by thoughts of her will that was only human.

For the fraction of a second he hesitated, and then: "Why, of course!" he said with emphasis.

Inspired by this bold decision he became eloquent.

"Like everything else once sound in our national life, Christmas has been stifled by the advance in luxury. It is a screaming parody on everything that democracy—Christianity—should stand for."

"Is that all?" asked Mary.

"Is that all! Do you know what this Christmas humbug costs us?" He took her housekeeping book and cast up the increasing totals of past years. Then he figured the amount necessary to return the sum at interest. It was getting to be a matter of thousands. "Enough to buy the land for a place in the country," he concluded. "Every summer now tells on you and on the children." It was, in fact, his dearest wish, as it was their nearest need, to possess such a place.

"Then why didn't you swear off years ago?"

"You think you have me there!" he laughed. "If I had, people would have suspected how hard up I've been for capital in the business—thought I was done for. When a man is fighting for a foothold he can't afford that sort of thing! Now we are getting on Easy Street I don't care what they think."

At this Mary laughed outright. "Women will never understand men," she said. "Their minds are so simple."

"You mean I'm only a tightwad?" he growled. Her insinuation and, more than that, her air of having punctured his soaring sentiments piqued his pride, his sense of mental honesty. To make light of her he pounced upon her, laughing, and gnashed his teeth about her pink ears.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" he said. "I'm going to eat you alive, you cynical little heathen!"

"Even then," she said, "I'm afraid you will find that I disagree with you."

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Opening his morning mail a few days later, Jaffray grinned expansively. "Down with the cost of high living!" wrote Hardy. "It is bringing the country to the bowwows." He added: "I am trying to decide how to invest my Christmas savings—in a gas boat or a honk machine." Pendleton professed that he was starting an endless chain of Christmas swearoffs. "Give us time," he concluded, "and the old saint and his reindeer won't have a leg to stand on."

Jaffray still wore a grin when Tom Mason dropped in on the way to his office from the suburban train. Here, he told himself, was a test case. His old classmate had more commonsense and a more uncommon quality of heart than any one he had ever known. Even Mary must be convinced by Mason. Tom gave no hint, however, of his reason for calling, and Jaffray decided to sit tight and let him take the subject in his own way.

It was actually three years since they had met and Jaffray regarded him with keen interest. In college he had been a brilliant scholar and writer; and the fellows had expected him to revolutionize journalism, which they felt was in a very sad way. Today the only things about him that shone were the sleeves of his business coat—except where they were roughing to tatters at the elbow. He was copy editor on a newspaper controlled by "the interests" which, as an undergraduate, he had so brilliantly denounced. His face had gone through a change that was as striking. Once plump and ruddy, it was now pale and prematurely wrinkled; but, instead of wearing the air of one who is bearing aloft the burden of the ages, it was genial, sympathetic—even humorous.

For some reason that Jaffray failed to comprehend, Tom talked about himself. When "the interests" bought the paper for which he worked, doctors' bills and an increasing family had run him into debt. He could neither change his opinions to suit his new employers nor command a living salary elsewhere. He had been given the only post he could reconcile with his conscience. For ten years now he had edited reporters' copy, pouring his brains into other men's moulds. The world had forgotten that he was fit for anything else. Three years ago a new paper had started with the policy of which he was in warm sympathy, and the proprietors were still looking for capable editorial writers. He had applied for a post and had received no answer. Obviously they thought him a mere hireling of "the interests." He was fixed for good and all in routine work and in the life of a commuter. He talked quite lightly, with a satiric sense of the vanity of his youthful ambitions.

There was something deep and fine in the way he spoke of his wife and children. Without them he still felt he might have done much of what he had once dreamed; but they were well worth the sacrifice. A man's personal life is more important than any career, both to himself and to the world at large. He and his wife were content to live on from day to day, caring for each other and for the children. As Tom said this, his manner had a personal, kindly air that puzzled Jaffray.

He passed lightly from his own affairs to memories of undergraduate frolics. When he left Jaffray was laughing heartily.

Presently his face became serious. He grasped the telephone and called up the proprietor of the new paper uptown that Tom had mentioned. He knew him very well. When he put down the receiver he said to himself: "Now I guess Tom can show the stuff that's in him!" He added with a puzzled frown: "But he never mentioned my letter!"

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That evening he remarked to Mary: "I had only to say the word and the trick was turned. Simms said he wanted nothing better than a recommendation from me." He spoke without immodesty; but in his next words there was unmistakable triumph: "Compared to this sort of personal touch with one's friends a lifetime of mere formal giving is futile."

"It was hardly to get you to help him that he came," said Mary. "You don't suppose he thought you were in business trouble—in danger of going under? You rather expected that, you know."

"Tom lend me money?" He laughed.

"Oh, no; but wasn't he trying to tell you, tactfully, sympathetically, how life looks in the vale of worldly defeat—how, for those who have eyes to see, it is a rather cheerful valley? Chance enabled you to do him a good turn very easily; but the sort of thing he did can proceed only from the deepest and truest impulses." Through her memory floated his proud idea that to the elect every day is Christmas. "It seems a pity," she added, "that you didn't get into 'personal touch' with him long ago—save him all those years of worry. Isn't it you yourself—not Christmas—that is lacking in the life of the spirit?"

Jaffray was still beaming with satisfaction in the deed he had done. "You're all off about Tom," he said gayly. "It is only the very rich who send you a 'Thought' for Christmas."

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In the morning Jaffray heard from the very rich. Billy Burdette called him up and asked him to lunch at his downtown club. It was on the top floor of an office building and its arcade of windows commanded a lordly view of the harbor—its swarming ferries and majestic Atlantic liners. At the tables about them sat men whose names were familiar throughout the world of commerce and whose present thoughts were weighted with good or evil for an entire continent. Burdette pointed out his fellow plutocrats with humorous deprecation. It all gave Jaffray the sensation of a life so exalted above his own that it only touched the high places.

Yet Burdette had never seemed so genuinely interested in him. His face was still almost boyish, as is apt to be the case with those who succeed early—a striking contrast with Tom's pale and careworn visage. If his manner was confident, as of one used to command, it was also modest and generous. He, too, made no mention of the Christmas letter.

"How are you coming on in that business of yours?" he asked. "With half a chance you will land something really fine."

"We've been pinched at times for capital. Once I thought we were done for; but in another year we shall begin to take in the big money."

"Then it isn't that?" said Burdette.

Jaffray opened his eyes very wide. To himself he exclaimed: "Isn't what!" He reddened to the roots of his hair.

Burdette's blond face turned pink. "I may as well own up," he said. "I'd half an idea from your letter you were in for sloppy weather. And I rather hoped you'd give me the chance to make a good use of some of the superfluous pelf that somehow or other has stuck to me."

Jaffray still said nothing, which was quite natural; for his independent life had given him little experience in gratitude or practice in expressing it.

"The real reason I wanted to see you," Burdette pursued, "was ——" He hesitated, groping for an outlet from his blunder. "It was to ask you a favor—about some real estate. We've bought in the wilds of Westchester—Ethel and I."

"And They is Janty Claus!"

The purchase, a matter of a thousand acres, was the one thing Jaffray envied him.

"Some sort of people will settle up that country, and we want you to help us get in the right kind. Now, how about those kids of yours? Ethel ran across Mary last August, shopping, and found she was spending the summer in town. That must be hard on them."

"The time came," Jaffray explained, "when we had to decide between kids and the country. Mary said kids were pretty good without the country, but that the country would be a desert without kids."

"That's just what's bothering us now," said Burdette. "I decided the other way. When our time came it was the suburbs or—the thing I've gone in for. Well, I've got the thing; but ——" Burdette's eye wandered. "Last Sunday we were walking in the park."

"You two in the park—Sunday!" On a second's reflection Jaffray's soul turned over within him, for this was the most snobbish thing he had ever said.

"We go there for fresh air—and stay to watch the young ones. Last Sunday we saw those kids of yours."

"How did you know they were ours?"

Burdette smiled. "How would you know? Because they are the most beautiful kids this side of Kingdom Come. Besides, we asked the nurse. They were doing belly-whoppers over a ledge with some little slum children—all jolly young humans together, their faces full of joy and light as the big, round sun above. What on earth were you two doing that was better than being out there to see them?"

"Keeping our eye on the baby—and discussing Christmas."

Possibly Burdette reflected what the discussion came to. "Christmas and kids," he mused—"and such kids! Are you sure you quite realize what a lucky devil you are? I said my proposition was real estate; but it's partly livestock. There's a piece of fifty acres, down in the corner of our new place, that was specially intended, 'way back in the dawn of creation, for kids to romp and clamber over—huge ledges tumbled amid groves of hickory, oak and chestnut, with grass-grown swales between. There's a two-mile water view over one of the lakes, and about the base of the ledges a brook all full of sunny shallows and black trout pools. What a place for children! When I see it, it looks positively orphaned! And you can get out among it all in an hour and a half from town."

Jaffray's heart was torn with covetousness and envy.

"Now we shall need some one to swap grub with and tell our troubles to. And the older we grow the more we realize that first friends are best friends. So up you come—you two—and bring the kids. I'll hold the place till your ship comes in and let you have it for what it cost—a hundred dollars an acre."

Jaffray felt, with such a place, the whole world would be his; but he was not the man to take advantage of that sort of a situation.

"Since you bought up there," he objected, "land has rocketed in price. Before I can pay up for it, it will be worth a thousand dollars an acre."

This was true; but Burdette only laughed and insisted on regarding the matter as settled.

As Jaffray walked back to his office he had the pleasant sensation of recovering an old friend, to find him more than ever worth while. There was a depth in the man for which he had not given him credit, a background of sadness; for greater than his worldly gain was his sense of loss, of defeat. All those two had to look forward to was advancing age, alone in their wilderness. There was a strange enough contrast in it all with the courage and cheerfulness he had seen behind Tom's subdued and deprecating manner.

His strongest impression, however, was of a touch of masterfulness. In his office Burdette had the reputation of being a martinet. That, indeed, quite as much as his alertness and his sympathetic good-fellowship, had been the secret of his success. Jaffray felt that the offer was not so much an offer as a royal command. He resented this in proportion as the thing offered was dear to him and otherwise beyond hoping for.

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"It isn't merely a 'Thought' he offers," said Mary; "now, is it?" She smiled, for she knew very well how sorely the offer tempted her husband. "Yet in the end, like Tom, wasn't he trying to tell you that there's more in life than you quite appreciate? Wasn't he rather protesting against your idea of Christmas?"

"Perhaps; but, if he was, I say: Confound the man for his impudence—though he is the best fellow in the world!"

"It is true that, on the whole, you are more successful than either Tom or Billy. You have the personal life, and you are in a way to be quite rich."

Something of the kind had occurred to Jaffray. He burst out: "Then what right have they to patronize me?"

Mary answered this question with another: "In this case, also, your swearoff has resulted in a first-rate Christmas present—hasn't it?"

"You mean to him—the chance to do me a service?"

"Surely, you can understand that! When good luck enabled you to put Tom under obligation you were proud as Punch. And in Billy's case, also, if you had got into personal touch with him years ago the present would have been far greater. He could easily have lent you the few thousands you needed and spared us years of worry."

Jaffray laughed derisively. "Then you think we ought to obey Burdette's royal command—accept his offer?"

"It will put us under a material obligation; but, since he really needs us up there—why, yes! Tom accepted your kindness very gratefully, very humbly."

"But this is a radically different case. In matters of money I've never been under obligation to any man!"

"There is always an element of money in the Christmas question, as you yourself so eloquently pointed out; but over and above it is what you call its significance."

"Significance! Rubbish!" he burst out.

"As I have said, you are more successful than either Tom or Billy—in the material life; but, in one way, haven't you fallen behind them? To us the thing Billy offers is the thing we want most in life, but to him it is a bagatelle. What he asks for is far greater than what he gives—though he has been most kind and thoughtful. He asks us to give up our pride in matters of money—our independence."

"I tell you I can't take that land," Jaffray said—"and there's the end of it!"

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It was not the end, however. Coming home next afternoon, he found his Aunt Janet with Mary. She gave

"Tell Me! Have Things Gone Wrong With Your Business?"

him her hand with a smile the like of which he did not remember. He had a sense of dodging for fear she would kiss him.

She was a true Jaffray, his Aunt Janet. As a girl, she had been in love with a young fellow of the best sort; but, though she had money, she had insisted on delaying the marriage until he also should be in a position of worldly independence. He had died in the struggle. If she had ever regretted her proud rigor she had concealed her regret. Her chief interest in life ever since had been in investing and reinvesting her inheritance, which she did with uncommon shrewdness. Knowing the rigidity of her temperament, Jaffray had always treated her with the most scrupulous impersonality. He had been punctiliously kind.

He was not destined, however, to escape her present mood of emotion. The stronger and higher the dam, the greater the flood when at last it breaks.

"What is the matter, my boy?" she said, and to Jaffray's dismay, not only kissed him but took him warmly in her withered old arms. "I have thought so long and so hard! If there is anything wrong I have the right to be told! Oh, I know I am not much to you; but to me you are the nearest of kin. Tell me!" She was weeping on his neck. "Have things gone wrong with your business?"

"No; they haven't!" said Jaffray, his head hanging helplessly over her shoulder. "Not by a long shot!"

Seeing the look in his face, Mary crammed her handkerchief into her mouth.

"Then how have I failed you! I wanted so much to be good to you—to be good to you all." She said this last reaching out to get hold of Mary also. In a moment they were all three smothered in a mutual, inclusive embrace. Then little Roger and Molly came in "Oh, dear!" lamented Miss Jaffray. "You beautiful things! When the good Lord put so much love into our hearts why did He give us only two arms?" She swooped down upon the children and, with a strength beyond her wasted frame, lifted them together and kissed them.

Before she left, it all came out—her sense of sin in her youthful harshness and her futile, endless longing to win some life of the heart. Pride and money! They had been her undoing. She had always feared her people were thinking more of her money than of her—and that had been the way to chill them. After years of loneliness, Jaffray's letter had given her the chance to speak. Without it she might have died with no one the wiser as to what her true life had been. It had always seemed hard that she could not be with them sometimes in the summer. Did they ever think what it was to spend the long, glorious days rocking on a hotel piazza? She was a "tabby." She knew it. But if they had nothing else in life, perhaps they, too, would watch the young folks at their mating and gossip of it. She had thought out a plan. They needed a place in the country. She would give it to them—give it instead of her final bequest. She named the sum.

"Santy Claus Gived Me My Dolly—and I Won't Let You Say Things About Him!"

It was less than Jaffray hoped, but more than he expected. It would buy the land Burdette wanted them to take and build a house on it—if they took the place at Burdette's price. Mary stood apart. Jaffray was silent.

Miss Jaffray took his silence for consent and kissed him.

To object was now impossible. "Every summer," Jaffray forced himself to say, "you will come to visit us there." He did not look happy as he said it.

Miss Jaffray beamed benevolence and gratification; but Mary caught something glum in her husband's tone—and dogged. Her face fell. "No one but myself has heard you say that," she said, "and I shall forget it."

The two Jaffrays turned upon her, frowning and amazed.

"Aunt Janet's one aim," she explained, "is to sweep away forever the idea of money between us—and you make her gift a bargain!" She turned to Miss Jaffray. "I want you always to feel that we are giving our love as freely as you give us yours. The place will be yours, precisely as it is ours."

"Precisely!" said Miss Jaffray, recovering her mood of happiness. "How beautifully you express it!"

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When Miss Jaffray was gone Mary confronted her husband. He was now in a position thoroughly ridiculous and he looked it. He had denounced his generation as material; and at once, almost automatically, he was shown up as hopelessly, almost pitifully, lacking in the life of the spirit. He had renounced the day of gifts—and one after another his friends, each with his most personal offering, had battered at the door of his heart. The most precious thing in the world to him was his for the taking.

Foolish though he looked and felt, however, his mind was unshaken.

"The sort of arrangement you offer Aunt Janet," he said, "is sure to end in a smashup. No place can belong to two people. In every household there has got to be a master."

"And also a mistress?" she asked. "I am mistress of our household. And, unless I am greatly mistaken, I shall find ways to be kind to our aunt and let her be kind to us."

"I tell you I won't take it!" he cried. "And if any one else tries to give me anything I'll push his face in!"

"As you stand there now," said Mary, "you look like the heroic sculpture of Ajax refusing a drink."

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There were no more gifts however. The final test of his fortitude was of a very different order.

In the gray dawn of Christmas morning he was awakened by laughter and cries of delight as little Roger and Molly opened their presents on the rug before the drawing-room fire. He turned uneasily in his bed, for he was still determined to drive from his hearth the ancient myth of Santa Claus. And that, he felt, was an undertaking.

He heard the patter of little slippered feet and the coverlet was pulled down gently from about his ears. "Wake up, daddy!" piped the voice of his daughter. "Come and see what Santy Claus brought you!" Roger romped in and pulled the clothes from his bed. "Out of bed, sleepy head!" he cried. "It's Christmas, Christmas, Christmas!"

He found his wife on the hearth-rug amid a profusion of toys and their wrappings. Roger plied him with questions about wireless telegraphy and Molly clamored to present him to her doll and "all its clothes."

"Now mummy and daddy can look at their presentses," said Molly by-and-by. Her thoughts ran easily to the happiness of other people.

A little table by the chimney was covered with parcels neatly tied in gay ribbons. As Mary admired gift after gift and laid it aside, a shadow of trouble came into Molly's blue eyes and deepened into a cloud of wonder and pain. When the last package was opened she looked full into her father's face.

"Didn't Santy Claus bring you—not anything at all?" she asked in an awed whisper.

"I wrote him I didn't want anything," said Jaffray. Mary had prevailed upon him to put off his attack on the saint until the children had had the first pleasure of their presents.

"Oh!" said Molly. She went back to her play, but with dampened spirits. There was a ray of happiness for her when the baby awoke and they gave him his few bright baubles. There was another when it occurred to her that Santa Claus had "forgotted" Fluff, the white Persian kitten; and, begging a fishball from the kitchen, she printed "From Santa Claus" on a card with her mother's help and laid it beside the plate. "Fluff-puff won't know it's my writing," she explained. "And Santy Claus would 'ave left a fishball if he'd 'membered. They's so many childrens he sometimes forgets the little new kittens." There were times when she brightened in the joy of changing the clothes on her doll, but undeniably the sun of her Christmas was under a cloud. Always she came back to her father and in silence put her little hand on his knee. Jaffray watched her, not knowing what to make of the child's actions.

Toward noon she plucked up courage to say: "Daddy has been naughty-bad. That is why Santy Claus don't love him any more." Thus it became evident that she had struggled all morning against the conviction that in explaining his lack of a Christmas her father had lied.

Jaffray saw that his hour had come. In self-defense he explained where the lie came in. When he ceased speaking Molly put her two hands on her little bosom. Her childish lips relaxed and slowly trembled, and two huge tears welled up from her wide young eyes. "It makes me feel all sick and hurted here!" she said, and clutched her

(Continued on Page 47)

Undeniably the Sun of Her Christmas Was Under a Cloud

He Was Lonesome—Homesick as He Had Never Been Before

Turkey and Cranberry Sauce

Raising Turkeys Wholesale and Picking Cranberries by Machinery

Filling In and Preparing a Cranberry Bog

By FORREST CRISSEY

THE cowboy is already counted among the vanishing quantities. His day is declared to be about over, as the fence, the irrigation ditch and the plow are rapidly pushing him off the plains. The closing of the range is the end of the chapter for the cowboy—save in the pages of popular fiction and behind the footlights of the stage. But those who have found him a fascinating figure in these places are entitled to take heart and not grieve over his passing, for he is leaving behind a very plausible substitute who, if not just as good, is so fair and convincing an imitation of the original that he might easily pass muster with the gallery critics in whose hands are the making of the gods of melodrama.

This substitute is none other than the turkeyboy who herds your holiday dinner—in its full armor of glossy feathers—upon the vast stubble-fields of California's bonanza grain ranches; and this new type of range rider is likely to have a firm seat in his saddle long after the cowboy has become a reminiscence and a tradition. Uncle Sam's folks are increasing at a tremendous rate, and with one voice they all declare that the turkey is the only bird for the family board on the great holiday occasions of Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day. On this point our national appetite is fixed, and no substitute will be accepted.

It has remained for the state most remote from the landing-place of the Pilgrim Fathers to push the raising of this favorite bird of our national feasts to the proportions of an industry which need not shrink from comparison—at least in some respects—with that in which the cowboy has cut so large and dashing a figure. And the most important point in which comparison is invited is with respect to the profits that flow into the pockets of the owners of the turkey herds. It should, of course, be remembered that the turkey is the bird of a few midwinter festivities, while the beefsteak or the roast is an everyday article in our national diet.

To look upon a flock of nineteen hundred turkeys fattening on a stubble-range of hundreds of acres; to see how the mounted turkeyboy and his trained dogs herd and handle this great band of holiday birds; and to watch the activities of a big turkey-shipping point, where many thousands of these dressed fowls are started on their journey to the holiday dinner tables of the whole United States, is to reach a sudden realization that turkey growing has attained the full stature of an industry. There are many turkey herds in California that number hundreds of birds, probably several score that contain more than a thousand, and several that press close to the two-thousand point. This year California contributes almost half a million turkeys to our Thanksgiving and Christmas tables; last year the number was four hundred thousand, according to the estimate of the State Board of Agriculture.

To the man or woman of the East or the Middle West who has repeatedly struggled to raise a herd of poults from the nest to marketable maturity, a flock of a thousand turkeys seems nothing short of a miracle. It is easier for the farmer in the region of summer rains to believe the largest story of profits in chickens ever printed in advertising form than to accept the statement that any man has ever raised in a single season, from his own hatching, a thousand or more marketable turkeys. But scores of such flocks actually exist in the valleys of the Pacific coast country, where there are months of uninterrupted sunshine.

A Great State for Turkeys

ALL of the turkey ranchers are agreed that the greatest element in their success is the long dry season without a drop of rainfall. Climate, according to these men who operate turkey herds that are grazed like cattle, is the thing that has given California her supremacy in the production of our national feast bird. However, these turkey kings admit that climate is only one element in the difficult art of turkey raising, and that there are many other elements to be mastered before these birds can be raised in bands of many hundreds without a premature deathrate that seriously interferes with the profits. There is an age, even in California, at which the young turk is as prone to wilt and die as the grass of the field that is cut down. Therefore the methods employed by the captains of the turkey industry on the Pacific slope to prevent the untimely death of their poults have a practical interest and value for all who are engaged in this difficult and extra-hazardous branch of poultry production, wherever they are.

Ralph Norton is a recognized turkey king with a high reputation for progressive methods and good results. He was a business man before he became a turkey rancher. Before the great disaster that laid San Francisco in ruins he owned five retail stores in that city. From the ashes of his business he recovered a strong taste for country life and enough money to make a meager start with a small band of turkeys. As a refugee he was able to rent, at the cost of a few cents an acre, a sheep range equipped with a set of rough buildings well adapted to his new kind of ranching. He took this particular ranch because he could get it, and the rental was cheap. But had he been a veteran in his new calling he could not have made a better choice, for the soil was gravelly—and turkeys are inveterate users of gravel.

At the outset he visited the turkey ranches of that locality and learned all he could of the traditions and rule-of-thumb methods of turkey culture. It happened that the hatching coops on the ranches he visited were set close together along the fence-line. Consequently he followed this arrangement in placing his own coops. The results taught him that tradition is not always a safe guide. When the little poults began to hatch under the hens that were set earliest, the peeping of the new arrivals had a quick and disastrous effect upon the nervous systems of the neighboring hens whose period of incubation was not completed. After he had counted the number of cold eggs caused by this neighborhood panic Mr. Norton hit upon a plan that he now rigidly enforces with great success. He places only five coops in a community, and the hens in these are all set on the same day. This is only one of the points on which the application of business sense has upset tradition and enabled Mr. Norton to score a point over his less progressive competitors.

His library of turkey literature and bulletins is one of the largest in the country. He doesn't believe that he or his neighbors know the last word in turkey lore, and he doesn't despise theory or suggestions because they come to him in printed form.

"Turkeys," declares Mr. Norton, "are handled almost exactly as sheep are herded. You can get along in this business without a heap of things—like a fine cook-and-camp wagon, for instance—but you surely can't handle a big band of birds without an outfit of two or three trained dogs. Half a dozen men would not replace in practical working ability my two shepherd dogs. They can round up the herd in less time than ten men could go through the motions. Besides, the dogs will get all the turkeys and the men would miss a lot of 'em. Sometimes I'm asked if the dogs do not hurt the turkeys. Some dogs are more nervous than others and will set their teeth to a stubborn bird that tries to escape and stay out all night. But that difficulty is easily met by putting a small bell on the dog that is inclined to be harsh. The turkeys do the rest. When they hear that bell coming in their direction they fall into line in short order."

A Turkey King With a High Reputation for Progressive Methods

"Turkeys are Handled Almost Exactly as Sheep are Herded"

A Gang of Cranberry Pickers at Work

Like other large turkey ranchers who run bands of a thousand birds or more, Mr. Norton has a camp-wagon that is especially designed for the business and is not only a traveling kitchen and bedroom for the herder, but also carries on its top portable sleeping accommodations for the turkeys. These traveling roosts are so constructed that they will fold compactly together. When a stop is made they are quickly unlimbered and set up ready for the birds. The purpose of these disappearing roosts is not so much the comfort of the birds as their safety, for turkeys are not so quickly caught or stampeded by coyotes, wildcats, foxes, skunks and other night prowlers when perched a few feet above the ground. Because of these animals that share the national appetite for the breast of turkey, the turkeyboy out on the range is as well armed as the traditional cowboy.

How far the turkey herder strays afield depends upon the size of his band and upon the location of good fattening range. The big bands travel many miles from home, however. The best pasturage is a great grainfield, harvested by the latest machine methods. Here the birds not only feast upon the grain wasted by the harvester, but also clean the field of grasshoppers, beetles and other insects. Though the owner of the turkeys willingly pays twenty-five to seventy-five cents an acre for the privilege of grazing his birds upon wheat or barley stubble, the proprietor of the field might almost as logically pay that amount to the turkey rancher for ridding his field of insect pests. This combination of insects and grain makes an ideal ration.

The Dangerous Age

"FEW of the men or women," observes Mr. Norton, "who help to eat the holiday turkey at the home table have the remotest notion of the almost infinite care and work involved in the raising of their big birds. It sounds easy to say that turkeys are herded like sheep. The average Eastern man or woman at once understands by this that you mount your pony, whistle to your dog, ride afield and loaf until it's time to come back home. Herding the turkeys is really the easiest part of the work—but even that isn't exactly loafing! When the young turkeys begin to get into the red—to show their characteristic color about the head and throat—they are much less trouble than before; but even then a band of a thousand of them can manage to keep a man, a horse and two dogs so busy that they're all willing to sleep at night. The herder must keep constant watch to prevent straying. He must also see that they get a little water, but only a little, in the middle of the day—otherwise indigestion and trouble are almost sure to follow. Again, they should be rounded up in the shade for a rest during the hours of the greatest heat. All this means not only vigilant watchfulness but much riding and actual work.

"From hatching time until the birds are well into the red—which with us is almost September first—is the period of greatest stress with the turkey rancher. The mothers and their poults are kept in confinement on this ranch until the little ones are two weeks old. During that time the whole management of the broods is centered upon two things—giving the poults all the food they will eat and keeping them clean. Six times a day is not too often to feed young poults, but they must never be given more at a time than they will clean up without leaving a scrap. Of course the poults are fed outside the coop in which the mother is confined. Our food consists of hard-boiled eggs, red pepper and onion tops chopped together. Alfalfa and milk curd and grits are added to the combination whenever possible. Frequency of feeding is as important in the infancy of a Christmas turkey as it is in that of a baby.

"When the poults are two weeks old they are turned out to range in a restricted way, in order that they may get the insect food which they demand. Five or ten mothers and their broods are made into a bunch and handled as a unit. More than this number cannot be massed together because of the confusion as to the mothers—and it is important that the poults make no mistake on this score, for the hens are put back into their coops every night until the poults are three to five weeks old. At this age and for some time later they must not be liberated and allowed to range while there is any dew on the grass. If you want to kill a poult just let him get his feet wet. He can't stand wet feet—at least until fairly well grown. After the young birds get into the red they go to feed at sunrise and are brought back and watered at nine o'clock. From that hour they are kept bunched in little groups in the shade and held there until five o'clock, when they are again scattered out on the range where they feed voraciously until sundown. How much work this implies, even with the aid of good dogs, only the man in the saddle on a big turkey ranch can possibly understand."

When, from a start of two thousand eggs under feathers, Mr. Norton is able to finish the season with one thousand dressed turkeys, he feels fairly well satisfied with his results. Sometimes he is able to do considerably better than this, but he does not complain if this average is maintained. His breeding flock comprises ten gobblers or "Toms" and one hundred hen turkeys. Mr. Norton estimates that he will clear twenty-five hundred dollars from his one thousand turkeys this year. These figures imply an average selling price of three dollars and an average cost of fifty cents a head for raising.

P. R. Brooks is another California turkey king who stands high in the councils of those who produce the big birds for our holiday feasts and operate upon a bonanza scale. In 1911, from 2700 eggs he hatched 2000 poults and finished about 1700 fat "turks."

Mr. Brooks became a turkey rancher by the process of evolution. Originally he was a fruit farmer and kept a few turkeys in a haphazard way for his own family supply and because turkey raising seemed to be the fashion among his farmer friends. One year, however, he sold a hundred turkeys for a sum so substantial that it forced him to do a little figuring. The net result of his computations was the conviction that he had nothing on the place that had paid him so handsome a percentage of profit. Then he decided to give a little special attention to this branch of farming and see if the volume of output could be increased without cutting down the profit percentage—a line of procedure that stamped him as being a sound and practical farmer.

Gradually he increased the size of his flock until his census of victims for the holiday feasts stood at six hundred. Throughout his experiment he had maintained the same agreeable margins between cost of production and total receipts that had tempted him to expansion. In 1911 he gave practically his entire attention to turkeys, renting a sixty-acre tract especially for that purpose. He rented this particular land because it was crossed by a creek having a bottom of gravelly sand. His judgment was verified by results, because as soon as his turkeys were released on their new domain they went immediately to this creek and began to fill their crops with the sand.

What Food to Feed the Flock

"TURKEY raising," declares Mr. Brooks, "isn't an exact science, by any means. Experience is always showing a better way to the man who watches the details of the business. This year I made two important mistakes: I had too many mothers in the flock and I made my settings too late. My brood flock contained two hundred and twenty-five hens. This number will be reduced considerably another year. All my poults were hatched between the fifth of April and the eighteenth of May. I am convinced that March is the ideal month for hatching."

For the privilege of ranging his turkeys upon a three-hundred-and-twenty-acre stubble-field where wheat had been grown Mr. Brooks pays one hundred dollars. In addition to this he feeds them, as a finishing ration, about five hundred dollars' worth of Egyptian corn.

"There is one consolation," remarked Mr. Brooks, "about turkey ranching, and that is the keen demand for the product. All of my birds are disposed of in the San Francisco and Los Angeles markets, and at satisfactory prices. There is no comeback on this product. The kind of stuff to raise is the kind that sells itself and gives no trouble at the market end. Of course the time may come when there will be an overproduction of turkeys—but certainly that time has not yet arrived and it seems a long way off. The reason of the demand is a double one: the immense increase in consumption and the fact that turkeys are so difficult to raise."

(Continued on Page 42)

Rounding Up a Few Turkeys

In the Shade During the Middle of the Day

A Turkey Rendezvous—Shade and Water

AN ARRANGED AFFAIR

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

THERE is no use blinking at the fact that I am homely. I was born homely and grew up homely, and the only things I can put to the credit side of myself are hair and disposition. Perhaps I ought even to leave out disposition, though I think most girls in my place would have become cross and disagreeable. Yes; I am certainly entitled to say disposition, for it was cruel to be always a wall-flower and never have a beau, and pretend not to mind being left out or forgotten—and laugh when one felt more like crying.

I am a good-natured little thing, however, though I do say it myself; and when scraps were thrown me I took them gratefully and didn't ask why or wherefore. Girls on the social breadline daren't, you know. Whether it is a deaf-mute or a great-grandfather, or a conscientious host sacrificing himself, one must take what one gets—if one is to get anything at all and not die of mortification.

Mamma says I am a thorough Bassett—all Bassett except my hair, which is pure Sturtevant. My poor father was such a thorough Bassett that he died years and years ago when I was a tiny tad; just couldn't stand being a Bassett, I suppose—the unfortunate man! There have been times when I could scarcely stand it either; though, being reinforced with Sturtevant, I managed to bear up better. Of course mamma is a Sturtevant, and that is why she is so pretty and elegant and chic—oh, a darling! for all her being nearly forty—and so courted and sought after that she lives in a whirl and people can't invite her often enough. They used to call us the Beauty and the Beast, which is more than I deserved even if I am homely, for I have quite a nice figure and am not an out-and-out fright. My trouble is a blotchy complexion and a silly little nose, and big, round eyeglasses.

If mamma had only kept up Fairholme I should not have minded how ugly I was; it was this living in a big city hotel and doing society that made me so miserable. The panic of 1907, however, cut our income in two, and mamma ceased to care for Fairholme when she could no longer fill it with guests and entertain as splendidly as she formerly did. She said it was too lonesome—as though Fairholme could ever be lonesome!—what with horses to ride, and the creek dammed for swimming and skating, and dogs and cows and chickens and pigs, and the prettiest parklike country in the world to roam over for miles and miles! It broke my heart to leave Fairholme, where there was something delightful to do every minute of the day, and coop ourselves up instead in the St. Charles Hotel, with nothing but roofs and telegraph wires to look out at.

It wasn't that we were poor. We had a large suite on the sixth floor and our own private dining room, and mamma spent five or six times more money on my clothes than she had ever done before. Naturally I liked that; it was the only thing I did like, though it did not seem to make me more attractive to anybody except myself. If it had perhaps I should not have suffered so much or been so everlastingly shut up in those dreary rooms. But how could I ride without an escort? How could I walk without an escort? How could I do anything but yawn and wish I were dead—without an escort? A city girl, of the class that assumes to be smart and conventional, is dependent on men for nine-tenths of her pleasure. If she cannot attract men there is no particular reason why she should exist; she's simply the wallpaper of the social system.

If One is Homely One Might as Well be Comfortable

Don't think it was mamma's fault: she ached for her poor little ugly duckling; she gathered in young men in droves and spent a fortune feeding them and giving them expensive cigars. Then they promptly fell in love with her and had to be chased off. It fretted mamma dreadfully—it made her own beauty almost a reproach; she would look at me with tears in her eyes and sigh in the saddest sort of way.

Perhaps it was partly my doing that I didn't succeed better. I had the Bassett pride in addition to all the other Bassett disabilities. I did not want admirers that had to be bought with dinners and theater tickets and limousines and cigars; I did not want any young man who had to be paid to endure me.

Mamma said I did not appreciate what could be done with my kind of looks—that I was really very piquant and had the *beauté du diable*—or, rather, could have it by overcoming my quietness and timidity. "You ought to be a little rowdy!" she declared. "You ought to wear the most daring clothes and shock people into noticing you; if once you could get the reputation of being a wild little tomboy, who kept everybody in a flutter of surprise and apprehension, you would have all the men at your feet. Pretend to go the limit—that's the recipe for plain girls—climb trees, drive an automobile and get arrested for speeding, knock off people's hats and just say out loud what you think about anything or anybody. Oh, Amy, it is all so easy if you only knew!"

It was no good answering that I was a little Cinderella person, who could no more shock people than I could fly.

"You a Cinderella!" exclaimed my mother, who was so clever she could twist anything her own way. "If only you would copy Cinderella you could do wonders. If she hadn't worn glass slippers do you suppose anybody would have looked at her twice? Imagine how people stared and nudged one another! Imagine how the men sat up electrified! 'Why, she hasn't any shoes on! Great Scott! There's a girl in her stocking feet! No—by Jove! they're glass slippers—positively they are made of glass!' Of course she caused a *furore;* of course the prince fell over himself to get to her first. Then those pink mice or goats, or whatever it was she drove away with! A girl like that couldn't be kept down—she was simply bound to be a social success!"

Poor mamma was always going on like that—suggesting impossible things and worrying terribly that I was such a failure. It's depressing to be worried over because you are so unattractive; though, now that I am older, I see that it was less my fault than I believed at the time. I was only nineteen then, you know, and the place was one of those Western cities where all the boys and girls have grown up together—and, as all their chatter and interest are limited to Tommy So-and-So, or Mary or Josie or Billy, you can perceive how hard it was for a stranger like myself to join in. When talk is nothing but personalities any one who doesn't know Mary or Josie or Billy hasn't a chance of opening her mouth, and gives the appearance of being a tongue-tied little idiot. At Fairholme most of the people that visited us were much older and, I must say, much more polite and well-bred than these boys and girls who often treated me with a rudeness I still burn to remember. I realize now they were simply very young and very provincial, and as dull as I was homely; but at nineteen one doesn't criticise—one suffers.

It was mamma's popularity that exposed me to all this. As she would not go anywhere without me, or unless I had another invitation, her friends had to "take care of" me, as politicians say. Heaven knows I should have been happier at home with a book or a magazine instead of being pitchforked into a whole lot of young people who did not want me. Oh, those endless dances and parties—what a martyrdom they were! I don't know how I ever stood it—the misery, the public humiliation, the awful gap on each side of my seat, with the others crowded together, laughing and talking. Often I had to sneak down to supper by myself—not that I wanted any supper!—but to avoid the shame of being left stark alone in a ballroom. Mamma never knew all that, of course—I would have died first—what girl could go home from a ball and tell her mother that she had danced only once?

I oughtn't to complain though; for, if I hadn't gone to all those horrible parties, I should not have met Charley Whytock and my whole life would have been different—so different that I tremble to think of it! Not that Charley Whytock was my fairy prince. There never was anybody less of a fairy prince than Charley Whytock. He was one of those prematurely old young men with an aggressive chin and lots of forehead and a sharp, masterful way of looking at you. He always made me feel as though I were little Red Riding-Hood and he were the Wolf; and his keen gray eyes seemed to bore right through me. He was entitled to appear masterful and important, for his father had retired and put him in absolute charge of the great Whytock flour mills. They said he had started at the bottom and worked right up, preferring to learn the business inside out rather than to go to college and enjoy himself.

He was so abrupt and dictatorial that everybody was afraid of him, and he seemed as much out of place in society as I was. It was gossiped that he was looking for a wife and could not find any one to please him—which was not surprising, considering how little trouble he took to make himself agreeable. People who don't try to please don't get pleased—and the general opinion of him was that he was sarcastic and overbearing, with an idea that every one was after him for his money.

It was funny how I got acquainted with him—though of course we had been introduced long before. A passing introduction does not constitute an acquaintance, however, and we hardly more than knew each other by sight till at a leap-year cotillion, when somebody got up and said: "Ladies will now choose their partners for a two-step."

I stayed where I was, not daring to inflict myself on any of the young men—or, perhaps, too proud or too shy. Anyway, I didn't move and the dance started in with me still sitting there. Then I noticed that nobody had asked Charley Whytock and that he was looking terribly blank—sort of stony and grim, with his lips pursed together as though he could have killed us all! I don't know how I got the courage to do it—it was as much feeling sorry for him as anything else—but I went over and with my heart in my mouth asked him if I might have the pleasure of the two-step.

He was so surprised he nearly fell off his chair—and then bounded up with the gladdest look you ever saw. It is hard to believe so small a thing could make any one so

He Was So Surprised He Nearly Fell Off His Chair

grateful. He talked of it all through the dance and afterward sat out another, thanking me some more. He said that it had never occurred to him that he was unpopular until the girls began sliding past him and he realized he was to be left out. Then I said the girls who liked him the best would probably be the most backward in asking him—not that I meant it, only just to comfort him; but he shook his head and wouldn't admit that anybody liked him.

He had been dreadfully hurt and showed it by talking about the hollowness of society and how brainless noodles were its only favorites; and how there wasn't a young fellow there who amounted to a row of pins or had ever done a real day's work in his life! He was bitter against the girls, too, and tore them to pieces as silly butterflies who began by ruining their fathers and then their husbands; and who attached more importance to the set of a man's tie than to his achievements. It would all have sounded better if he hadn't thrown so many sideway bouquets at himself, and hadn't been so patronizing to me as a homely little thing who had unexpectedly revealed a gleam of sense.

However, it led on to our talking about the country and how we both loved horses; and when it turned out he knew Fairholme well, and often visited the people there who rented it from mamma, we grew quite chummy and wondered how people could endure stuffy rooms and bridge and tiresome formal dinners when they might be galloping instead under the pines and feeling the splendid glow of a high-mettled horse. Then he asked me to dance again—and again after that; and for once in a mild way my evening was a success, and when he passed me, dancing with anybody else, he always smiled.

Afterward, whenever we met here and there, he invariably sought me out and never failed to allude to the time I had saved him at the leap-year dance! In some ways his gratitude was rather mortifying, for it seemed to be his only reason for being nice to me. Even a pretty girl would rather be preferred for herself than for what she had done. But it was something to be noticed at all, and in time we grew to be friends—as much friends as it was possible with any one so solemn and serious and self-contained as Charley Whytock.

I am explaining all this lest you might think it was a flirtation; but Charley Whytock never liked me in that way—every girl has an instinct that tells her; and mine said: "No—not a bit." It was more a queer sort of friendship, and I think he was sorry for me. Perhaps it was because I was such a good listener and had read so many of the books he had. Mamma was tremendously elated and called him my beau, which was too ridiculous for words! I had only to look at myself in the glass to see I should never have one—though, if I had, I should never have chosen Charley Whytock. He was too clever and cold and stern; and if you were unfortunate enough to disagree with him his mouth would close like a steel trap and his stare would wither you up. An iron will sounds well in a novel, but in real life we prefer people who know how to give way gracefully even if they are right, and who haven't so strong a character that every one is afraid of them.

So it went on like that for months, with his calling twice at the hotel and always singling me out at a party—not pointedly, but coming over for a little talk and never failing to remind me of the leap-year dance. Often he paid me compliments too—how I was so sensible and quiet and gentle—though never once mentioning my hair, which was the only pretty thing about me.

Imagine my surprise, therefore, when one afternoon he telephoned he wanted to see me immediately on something terribly important and pressing, and could he be sure of finding me alone? It put me in a tremble, for I didn't know what to think, as he wouldn't say more than that or explain; but just could he come at once? Naturally I expected him to arrive looking very excited—as excited as I was—and it was almost a shock that he wasn't. Of course he was grave and serious—but he was always grave and serious—and we shook hands and all that, as though it was merely an ordinary call.

"I am very much perplexed," he said at last—"much worried and very much perplexed. I've come over to ask you to help me."

It was only polite to answer I'd be glad to—though it was very mystifying.

"It's about my father," he went on. "Perhaps you know he retired eighteen months ago and put me in full charge of the mills?"

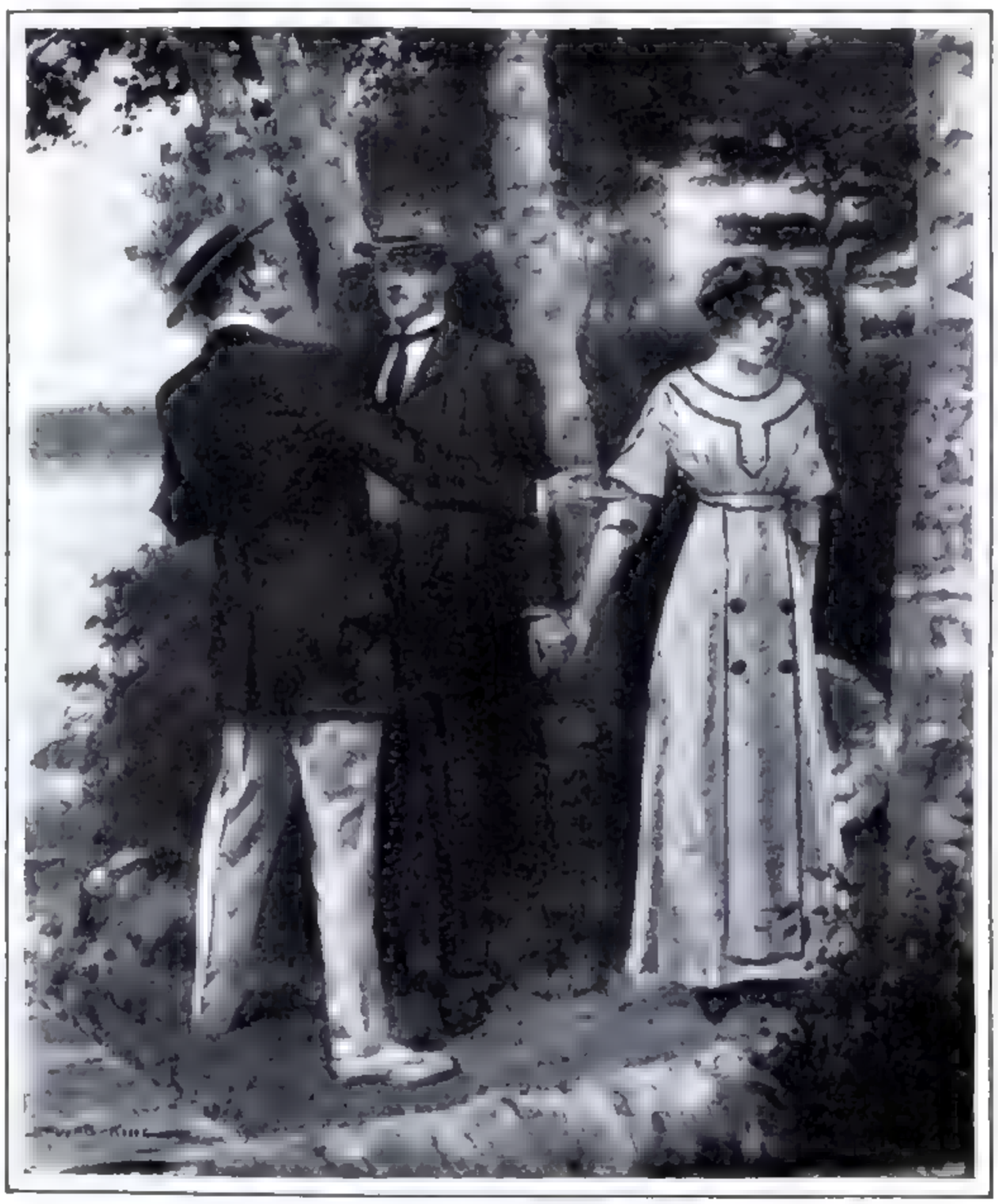
I was more mystified than ever; but I said yes, I had heard of it.

"Dad's been in harness all his life," he continued. "Day in, day out, he has stuck at his desk and fought the business through, until now it's the second largest in America. He never had another thought but the business, and you could have set your watch by him. When my mother died he gave the city the Helen Whytock Memorial Training School for Girls, with an endowment of a quarter of a million. That was dad before he retired—a grand man, universally respected, always the first with his check in any disaster, leading citizen and philanthropist. I was proud of him—any man might be proud to be the son of Franklin H. Whytock!

"Then he retired, though he gave a new meaning to the word. He got going with a lot of old clubmen—poker-players and hangers-on at stage doors—fast old rounders, with high-powered cars that you see standing outside midnight restaurants. He began to drive one himself and scorch up the Park at two A. M.; and the last time he was arrested it was with four chorus girls of the Red Mill Company. I've tried lecturing him and I've tried shaming him; but he only answers he has been on the treadmill all his life and there is a good time due him. He's incorrigible—simply incorrigible!—and I am at my wit's end what to do. What are you to do with a father who talks back like that—who starts in to be a fast man about town at the age of fifty-six? I used to dread his marrying again, but now I see it's the only way to pull him up. He needs a nice woman to steady him, to elevate him—to draw him back to the fireside and keep him straight. Can you see what I'm driving at?"

I answered no, I couldn't.

"Your mother!" he exclaimed. "Your pretty, fascinating, charming mother! She's the very person—the ideal person. Let's you and me try to make a match between them!"



"You Two Were Made for Each Other and I Know It!"

When he noticed how offended I looked—for why should he pitch on mamma to rescue fast old gentlemen!—he hastily went on to dazzle me with Fairholme, which he knew I loved beyond everything.

"Don't you want to live in Fairholme again?" he said. "Don't you want to have your horses and dogs and everything as it was before? I can promise you Fairholme, for dad's crazy about the country, and it's all I can do to prevent him buying a big place. And it is not that he isn't the nicest old fellow in the world—that's the trouble with him—he's too popular!"

I shook my head.

"I'd rather die than have mamma marry anybody!" I protested. "I couldn't bear to have mamma marry anybody. It hurts me just to think of such a thing!"

"And you think she is never going to?" he asked in such a meaning way that the chills ran down my back. "Suppose I were to tell you that she is already half engaged to Jerome Taylor? Are you so blind you haven't noticed it coming? If you don't separate them now you never will!"

He couldn't have said anything more cruel than that, and the awful thing was I suddenly realized it might be true! Jerome Taylor went everywhere with mamma and was always ringing her up on the telephone—the horridest little man, who had the reputation of a wit because he was so rude, and for some reason or other had a tremendous vogue among mamma's friends. I had always detested him since he nicknamed mamma and me the Beauty and the Beast; but mamma was devoted to him and had been hostess again and again at the parties he gave. He also used to call me mamma's little Borekiller, and said if she would rent me out it would fill a long-felt want. Oh, I hated Jerome Taylor and never could understand how mamma tolerated him! When Charley Whytock spoke of an engagement it was as though a knife had pierced me.

He smiled, quite pleased at the impression he had made.

"We are both in the same boat," he said. "I don't want a stepmother any more than you want a stepfather; but, if we have to bow to the inevitable, why not arrange it our way instead of leaving it to chance?"

"Are you sure about Mr. Taylor?" I asked.

"Only that they are both being gossiped about," he replied. "And it's my experience that gossip is usually just what is wanted to hasten a match—venomous gossip like that. When the world begins to roar the natural answer is to get married—and I can tell you it is roaring now about your mother and Taylor."

I hung my head. It was too awful.

"Dad's mighty well off," said Charley. "Don't forget that. It counts—counts a lot!"

"But you talk as though it were the simplest matter in the world!" I objected, getting over my shock and reflecting on the absurdity of trying to marry two elderly people as though they were marionettes. "You seem to think it enough for me to say: 'Mamma, please marry dear old Mr. Whytock!' and then for you to say: 'Father, I've just chosen a charming stepmother—go and kiss her!' Really, it is too preposterous!"

"It isn't preposterous!" said Charley, staring at me with that wolf look. "The only question is your consent. Have I got it?"

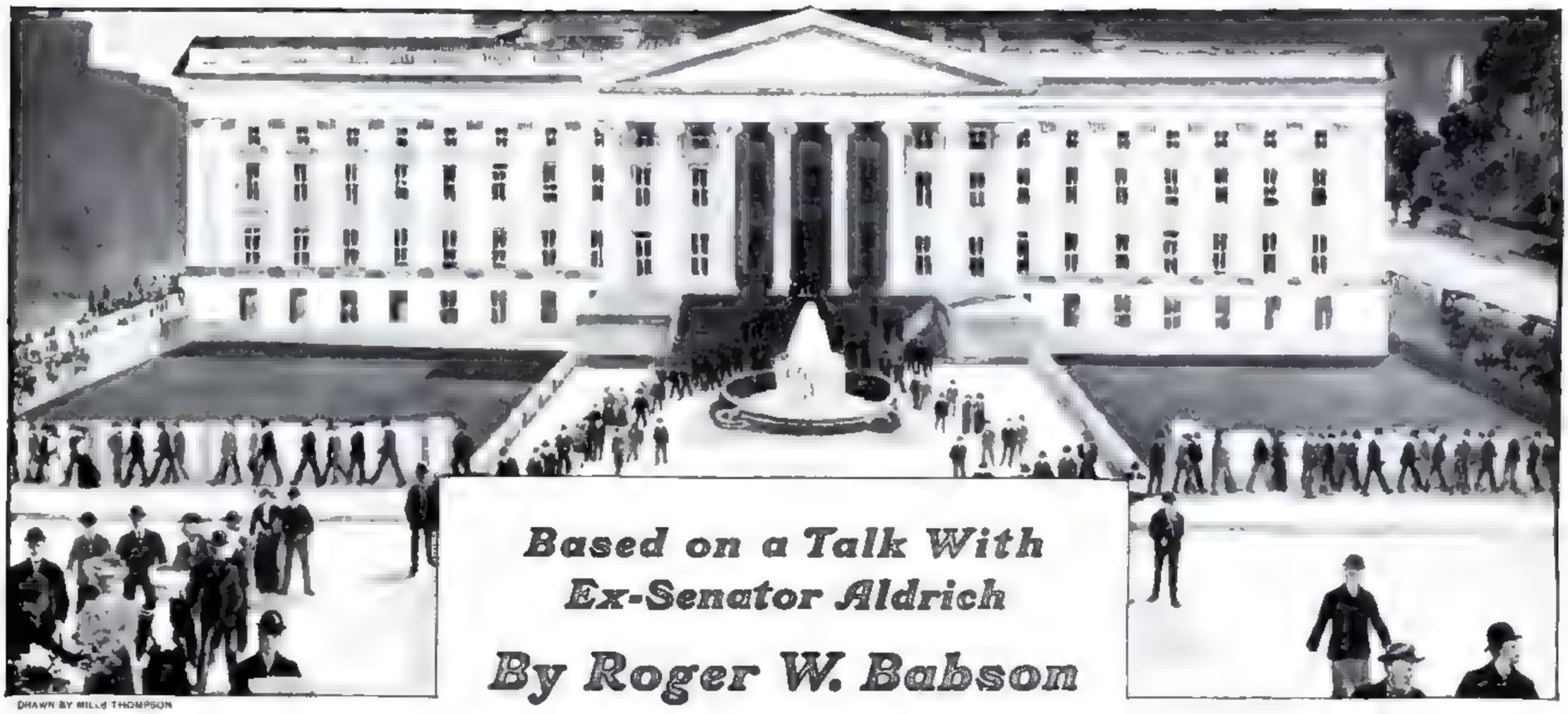
I thought of Jerome Taylor and how horrid he always was to me, and then slowly said "Yes."

Charley didn't waste any time being pleased. Instead, he went right on to explain what he meant to do.

"It's like this," he said: "I want to charter Hal Pearson's motor yacht, a big, overgrown thing that looks like a Swiss chalet that's collided with a tugboat—the Polliwog he calls it—and take us four up the Pittochokee River for a ten days' camp on the Gun Club Reservation. All you and I will have to do is to stay in the background and throw them together—lose them in the moonlight, you know—pack them off canoeing—tiptoe away at the least sign of a tête-à-tête. Dad is impressionable, restless—doesn't know what to do with his liberty now he has got it; your mother, pretty as she is, sees her kingdom slipping

(Continued on Page 40)

The A B C of the Aldrich Plan



DRAWN BY WILLIS THOMPSON

Based on a Talk With Ex-Senator Aldrich

By Roger W. Babson

PROBABLY the most important measure to come before Congress, so far as concerns the average business man, is the Aldrich monetary plan.

I am sure that the greatest legislative plan before the public to-day, one that affects men, women and children throughout the length and breadth of our land, is for the construction of a sound and permanent banking system that will grow with the country and insure justice to all. It is therefore a pleasure for me to explain the idea of this proposed legislation to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, for I feel that in this age, when it is so popular to criticise everything men of wealth suggest, some paper should at least present the Aldrich plan in detail, in order that every citizen may intelligently judge it on its merits without prejudice. The facts on which this article is based were obtained directly from Mr. Aldrich, I having had the pleasure of dining with him a few weeks ago through the courtesy of Mr. Mallot, president of the Indiana National Bank, of Indianapolis.

Mr. Aldrich spoke first of the great demand and need of a change. He said: "The bankers today find themselves unequal to the demands of this new era. This is a time of remarkable changes. The banker himself is unable to meet changed conditions because of antiquated laws, unwieldy note issues and the absence of coöperation. In emergencies the bank is unable alone to serve the needs of the public. The banks are not independent in emergencies. In the last analysis they must now turn to New York. In times of severe stress all agencies fail."

Our Present System Crude

"THE banks have no reliable resource today on which they can rely. In the losses incident to suspensions the banks are not the chief sufferers. Generally banks are able to care for themselves. Not infrequently they pass through panics with increased profits. This is not to say banks like panics. The panic of 1907 carried its lesson to banks. All are familiar with 1873, 1893 and 1907, and their panics. Wages were cut, farmers could not sell their products, and business men were helpless.

"The number of depositors in our banks is greater than the number of persons employed in the useful industries of the country. Nothing is more vital to the people than the question of a stable monetary system. It is impossible to measure the losses inflicted under our defective monetary system. Were it not for our natural resources and the energies of our people we should have found these defects intolerable long since. It is a matter of wonder that the people have submitted so long to the dangers of the crude system we now have. The work of monetary reform moves slowly. We have a new era in banking in every country but the United States. We have had no changes in national banking laws since 1862."

It is very interesting to note how willing Mr. Aldrich is to take from all classes of people suggestions relative to the work; and while talking to me he said several times:

"I do not say that this plan is the best possible, and no one is more willing than I am to change any detail; but I am sure that it is correct in its essentials. I am simply interested in the welfare of my country; and the interests of my country and my good name are identical.

"It now becomes necessary, however, to look at the question from a new standpoint. The international aspect is also very important, and in considering a plan we are obliged to consider the wonderful growth of the country. Think of the twenty-one billion dollars of banking resources of the country. What of fifty years from now? We have to consider the future. The banks have doubled in number in the last ten years. We may have one hundred thousand banks in fifty years. Nobody can estimate the resources of banks in that future time if our growth continues.

"We cannot have a central bank. We cannot have an institution that is not national in character. If industries are depressed, if production stops, the depression is felt in every section; but that fact does not do away with prejudice among sections. We cannot have a plan for an association that could be politically controlled or one that could be controlled by interests in any one part of the country. Politicians have no business to use this question for the benefit of party or politician.

"The politicians will drop the attempt to make political use of the monetary question when the people make it plain that this issue must be kept out of politics. I present this plan because I believe it is the best method to be employed on behalf of the people. I must have your coöperation. My mind is open."

Mr. Aldrich proposes to charter a national reserve association of the United States, which shall be the principal fiscal agent of the Government of the United States—the authorized capital of this national reserve association to be twenty per cent of the capital of the banks eligible for membership—approximately three hundred millions; the length of its charter to be fifty years; the head office of the association to be in Washington, District of Columbia.

The National Reserve Association

ALL national banks and all state banks and trust companies which comply with the requirements for membership* may subscribe to the capital stock of the national reserve association. Each bank, it is proposed, shall purchase an amount of stock equal to twenty per cent of the stock of said subscribing bank, and not less; and each of such subscribing banks shall become a member of a local association. Only fifty per cent of the subscriptions to the capital stock of the national reserve association may be called in cash—the balance of the subscriptions remaining a liability of the subscribers, subject to call.

Shares of the capital stock of the national reserve association shall not be transferable, and under no circumstances may they be owned by any corporation other than the subscribing bank, or by any individual; nor may they be owned by any bank in any other amount than in the proportion herein provided. In case a subscribing bank increases its capital it shall thereupon subscribe for an additional amount of the capital stock of the national reserve association equal to twenty per cent of the bank's increase of capital, paying therefor its then book value, as shown by the last published statement of the association. A bank applying for membership in the association after its formation must subscribe for a proportional share of its capital stock, paying therefor its then book value. In case a subscribing bank reduces its capital, it must then surrender a proportionate amount of its holdings of the capital stock of the national reserve association. If a bank goes into liquidation it shall surrender all of its holdings of the capital stock of the national reserve association. The shares surrendered shall be canceled and the bank shall receive in payment therefor a sum equal to their book value.

The Disposition of Earnings

IN ORDER that it shall not become a money-making affair, Mr. Aldrich suggests that the earnings of the national reserve association shall be distributed in the following manner:

After the payment of all expenses and taxes the stockholders may receive four per cent. Further earnings shall be divided—one-half to go to the surplus of the national reserve association until that surplus shall amount to twenty per cent of the paid-in capital; one-fourth to go to the Government of the United States, and one-fourth to the stockholders; but when the stockholders' dividends shall reach five per cent they shall receive no additional distribution. After the stockholders receive five per cent the earnings shall be divided—one-half to be added to the surplus of the national reserve association and one-half to go to the Government. After the stockholders receive five per cent a year and the surplus of the national reserve association amounts to twenty per cent of the paid-in capital all excess earnings shall go to the Government. On this basis it is only fair that the minimum dividends to the stockholders shall be cumulative.

Said Mr. Aldrich to me: "I suggest a coöperative union of banks for two purposes only—one is the holding of the cash reserves of the banks, the other is to take over the business of the note issue. All other things are collateral."

*These requirements are:

1—That (a), if a bank, it shall have a paid-in capital of not less than that required for a national bank in the same location; and that (b), if a trust company, it shall have an unimpaired surplus of not less than twenty per cent of its capital, and, if located in a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants or less, shall have a paid-in capital of not less than one hundred thousand dollars, and in a larger city a proportionately greater capital, up to five hundred thousand dollars in a city of five hundred thousand inhabitants or more.

2—That it shall have and agree to maintain against its demand deposits a reserve of like character and proportion to that required by law of a national bank in the same location; provided, however, that deposits which it may have with any subscribing national bank, state bank or trust company in a city designated in the national banking laws as a reserve city or a central reserve city, shall count as reserve in like manner and to the same extent as similar deposits of a national bank with national banks in such cities.

3—That it shall have and agree to maintain against all other classes of deposits the required percentages of reserve.

4—That it shall agree to submit to such examinations and to make such reports as are required by law, and to comply with the requirements and conditions imposed,

The general purpose of the entire plan is best described by an illustration which A. Piatt Andrew, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, sometimes gives.

Mr. Andrew's illustration is that of the fire department of any American city. One hundred years ago sections of our cities had small cisterns located underground which held water for fire purposes; and in Boston there were a hundred or more of these cisterns. Each was sufficient to extinguish a small fire in the district; but one of these soon became exhausted if the fire spread, and the several other cisterns or reservoirs in other sections of the city were of little or no avail.

However, after the great Boston and Chicago fires it became evident that a large central reservoir was necessary, which might hold no more water than all the small reservoirs combined, but which could be connected by pipes with the different sections of the city—and, in fact, with these smaller cisterns which practically is the system in force today.

The Wheels Within Wheels

NOW, briefly, the same method of protection is being proposed by Mr. Aldrich for the benefit of our merchants and business men in time of stress. To secure this protection three organizations or departments are suggested, all of which will work together—namely:

1—*The Local Associations.* It is proposed that every local association shall have corporate powers and shall be composed of not less than ten banks, and the combined capital and surplus of the members of each local association shall aggregate not less than five million dollars. The territory included by the local associations shall be so apportioned that every bank will be located within the boundaries of some local association. Every subscribing bank shall become a member of the local association of the territory in which it is situated.

2—*The District Associations.* All the local associations shall be grouped into divisions, to be called districts or branches.

The country could be divided at first into fifteen districts and a branch of the national reserve association could be located in each district, the location to be determined by the directors of the national reserve association.

3—*The National Association.* This is the main central reservoir which feeds the smaller reservoirs or cisterns—the "district" and "local" associations—above referred to.

In order to insure local representative government to the highest degree, Mr. Aldrich's plan reads thus:

A—*Directors of Local Associations.* "Each local association shall elect annually a board of directors, the number to be determined by the by-laws of the local associations. Three-fifths of that number shall be elected by a ballot cast by the representatives of the banks that are members of the local association, each bank having one representative and each representative one vote, without reference to the size of the bank. Two-fifths of the whole number of directors of the local association shall be elected by these same representatives of the several banks that are members of the association; but in voting for these additional directors each representative shall be entitled to as many votes as the bank which he represents holds shares in the national reserve association. At such elections there shall be no proxies. The authorized representative of a bank must be either the president, vice-president or cashier of the bank he represents."

B—*Directors of District Associations.* "Each of the districts or branches of the national reserve association shall have a board of directors, to be elected in the following manner:

"The board of directors of each local association shall elect by ballot one member of the board of directors of the branch of the national reserve association. In this manner there will be elected as many directors of the branch of the national reserve association as there may be local associations in the district in which that branch of the national reserve association is located."

In addition to that number it is planned to elect other directors equal to two-thirds of the number of local associations in the district where the branch is located. In choosing these each bank shall be entitled to as many votes as it holds shares in the national reserve association.

The board of this district—or branch, as some call it—will then add to its numbers by the election of an additional number of directors equal to one-third the number of local associations situated in the district. Such additional directors will represent the industrial, commercial, agricultural and other interests of the district and shall not be officers of banks.

Therefore the board of directors of a branch of the national reserve association—or district—will thus be composed of—

First—A group of directors equal in number to the number of local associations composing the district, and this group shall be elected by the local associations, each association having one vote.

Second—A group of directors equal to two-thirds of the foregoing group and elected by stock representation.

Third—A group of directors equal in number to one-third of the first group, representing the industrial, commercial, agricultural and other interests of the district, and elected by the votes of the first two groups, each director thus voting having one vote.

Fourth—The manager of the branch, who shall be an *ex-officio* member of the board of directors of the branch and shall be chairman of the board.

"Therefore," said Mr. Aldrich, "I defy any man, however wealthy he may be, or any association of men, ever to get control of this organization, with its three divisions, against the will of the people of our nation. Moreover, with the management here outlined, what could any man or group of men do with it, even if they controlled the stock?"

Then Mr. Aldrich told the story of a station agent who had a dog which always ran after and barked at the Limited as it whirled by each day. One day, when a friend happened to be at the station as the train passed, a droll old gentleman remarked: "I wonder what the dog would do with the train if he caught it?"

It is also proposed that the board of directors of the branch, except the *ex-officio* members, shall be classified into three classes; and the terms of office of these three classes shall be, respectively, one, two and three years. Thereafter members of the board shall be elected for a term of three years.

C—*Directors of the National Reserve Association.* "The board of the national reserve association shall at first consist of forty-five directors and shall be constituted in the following manner:

"First—Six *ex-officio* members—namely, the governor of the national reserve association, who shall be chairman of the board; two deputy governors of the national reserve association, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor and the Comptroller of the Currency.

"Second—Fifteen directors, one to be elected by the board of directors of each branch of the national reserve association. In case the number of districts shall be increased later, each additional district shall be entitled to elect an additional director.

"Third—Twelve directors, who shall be elected by voting representatives of the various districts, each of whom shall cast a number of votes equal to the number of shares in the national reserve association held by all the banks in the district which he represents.

"Fourth—The twenty-seven directors thus elected shall in turn elect twelve additional members, who shall fairly represent the industrial, commercial, agricultural and other interests of the country, and who shall not be officers of banks. Directors of banks shall not be considered as officers."

Not more than three of the directors elected under paragraphs three and four shall be chosen from one district. It is proposed that at the first meeting of the board all the members of the board, except the *ex-officio* members, shall be classified into three classes; and the terms of office of these three classes shall be, respectively, one, two and three years. Thereafter members of the board shall be elected for a term of three years. Mr. Aldrich urges that no member of any national or state legislative body shall be a director of the national reserve association, or of any of the branches, or of any local association.

The directors of the national reserve association may annually elect from their number an executive committee and such other committees as the by-laws of the national reserve association may provide. The executive committee, he thinks, should consist of nine members, of which the governor of the national reserve association shall be *ex-officio* chairman and the two deputies and the Comptroller of the Currency *ex-officio* members; but not more than one of the elected members shall be chosen from one district.

A board of supervision is also suggested, to be elected from the board of directors, of which the Secretary of the Treasury could be chairman. It is also generally agreed by all students of the situation that the executive officers of the national reserve association should consist of a governor, two deputy governors, a secretary and such subordinate officers as may be provided by the by-laws. The governor should be selected by the President of the United States from a list submitted by the board of directors, and should be subject to removal by a two-thirds vote of the board of directors for cause. The deputies should be elected by the board of directors and might be removed for cause at any time and their places filled by the board. In the absence of the governor or when he is unable to act, the deputy who is senior in point of service might act as governor.

The Association Not a Central Bank

IT IS proposed that each district or branch shall have a manager and a deputy manager appointed by the governor of the national reserve association, with the approval of the executive committee.

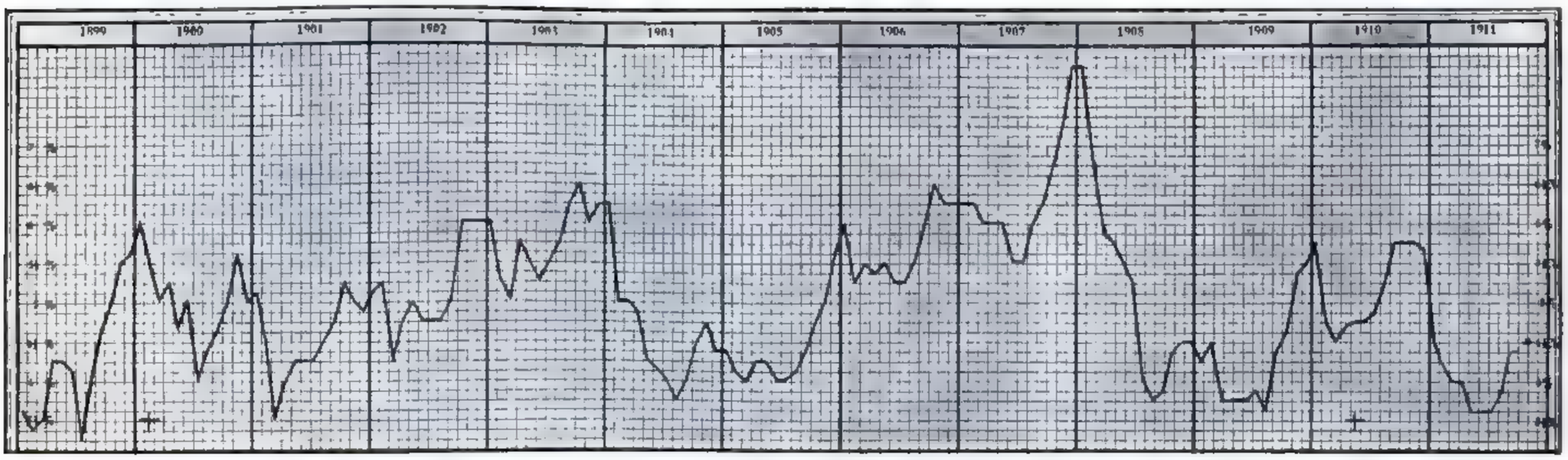
The directors of each of these local associations may annually elect from among their number a president, a vice-president and an executive committee, whose powers and duties and terms of office shall be determined by the by-laws of the local association—subject, however, to the provisions of this act.

Some politicians pretend this reserve association is a central bank under another name and could be controlled by Mr. Morgan or some other man. I asked Mr. Aldrich what he had to say on this point and he replied:

"That is not a central bank. The central banks of Europe are competitors of other banks. In France, Germany and England the central banks have assumed great functions. They take care of banks in their respective countries and they maintain the credit of their nations. The financial conditions in those countries have more to do with the preservation of peace than all other influences; but our reserve association will not attempt these things."

Thereupon he explained, as above outlined, his plan for local organizations of banks, and pointed out that in these local associations three-fifths of the directors would be

(Continued on Page 44)



UNITED STATES MONEY RATES FOR THE PAST THIRTEEN YEARS

This Chart Shows the Seasonal Fluctuations With Which Every Business Man is Obliged to Contend and Which Senator Aldrich's Plan is Designed to Abolish

WHAT OF 1912?

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

III—The South

THERE is nothing in the South to change the existing political situation as to President Taft's renomination. He will have the Southern delegates if he wants them. Moreover, he will have all the Southern delegates; and those delegates will do much toward securing him that renomination.

Even the wildest Taft shouter has never claimed Taft could carry any state in the South. He squeezed through in 1908 with about six hundred votes in Missouri. There isn't a shadow of a chance of his carrying any other state in the South next November, and not much more than a shadow of his carrying Missouri. It is true the Democrats might name some candidate who would turn Missouri to Taft; but it isn't probable the Democrats will.

Bulking the South with the rest of the country discussed in previous articles, the situation—nation-wide—is that, though Mr. Taft is secure for renomination, he is extremely insecure for reëlection. As the situation now is—one year from the election - he cannot be elected unless the Democrats nominate some man for whom the dissatisfied Republicans will not vote. Two or three Democratic possibilities come under this head. Bryan is one; and Harmon, quite the reverse of Bryan, is another. It is possible—but not probable, judging from their record in the extra session of Congress—that the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives will make things easier for Mr. Taft by some action or actions of theirs in the present session. Democratic victory at the polls is entirely up to the Democracy. With good generalship and good sense, they will win in 1912.

By and large, the elections in November, 1911, gave much strength to this statement. Where national issues were at stake in the campaigns, the Democrats won. This was notably true in Massachusetts, where they made the fight a tariff fight primarily, which the Republicans forced, and tacked on representative government in all its forms. Foss was reëlected, which may or may not make him an available Democratic candidate, but certainly does so far as Foss himself is concerned. The Republicans carried the legislature, which makes it apparent that, though the people of the state believe in tariff reform, they are not so strong for the initiative, referendum and recall, inasmuch as the legislature elected is opposed to those principles.

Poorest Republican Chances Since 1892

THE result in New York was local. It was opposition to Dix and Dix's boss—Murphy. New York may persist in putting Dix in as a candidate for president for the purpose of making things more difficult and to help out trades; but the loss of the state by the Democrats and Murphy deprives that enterprise of any value it may have, save for swapping purposes.

Wilson himself was not running in New Jersey and he lost his legislature, which was expected. This may or may not weaken Wilson as a presidential candidate. Opinion has not crystallized on that point. In Maryland the Democrats lost for local reasons, and they won in Kentucky for the same reasons. In Ohio the late Tom Johnson's friend, Newton Baker, won handily for mayor of Cleveland and the Progressives made a good showing in the fight for representation in the constitutional convention. Also, Ohio stood by Harmon valiantly in various localities.

The next presidential election will be a tariff election. The tariff will be the main issue. President Taft has emphasized this by his demand for revision along the lines of the information secured by his tariff board; and the Democrats in control of the House of Representatives are willing to accept the issue. Representative government will receive its share of attention, but the main fight will be on the tariff; and if the Republicans can extract any comfort for 1912 out of the results in the November elections they are hopeful persons.

The plain fact is that the Republican party, with Mr. Taft as the presidential nominee, will go into the 1912 campaign with poorer chances of success than it has had in any campaign since 1892. The people are dissatisfied with Mr. Taft and dissatisfied with the Republican party. If the Democrats give them half a chance, by using ordinary horse-sense in selecting their nominee, the Democratic candidate will win.

The South has thrust herself into a new position in presidential politics. Hitherto, the part of the South has been to supply the bulk of the electoral votes for the Democratic candidate for president at the general election and to supply the bulk of votes for the machine candidate for the nomination in the Republican national convention. Missouri, Kentucky and Maryland, on the edge of the South, have backalid occasionally and voted for a Republican for president; but, to all intents and purposes, the South has been solid for the Democracy at the general elections and solid for the Republicans backed by the organization in the Republican national conventions.

The hope of the Democrats in national campaigns has been the solid South, New York, New Jersey, Indiana and Connecticut. Always the South has performed her part in this combination, but the other states have been in-and-outers and the Democrats have had but two presidents since 1860—Cleveland in 1884 and Cleveland again in 1892. The Republican party in the South has existed solely to hold the Federal offices and to supply the delegates, consisting of those Federal officials and negroes usually, for presidents who sought renomination or for candidates who could and would supply convincing reasons for support. There has been a recent attempt to reorganize and purify the Republican party in the South that has met with some success; but as a general thing the Republican party in that section of the country is a negligible affair that gets action but once in four years, when delegates to the Republican national convention are wanted.

Could a Southerner be Elected?

IT IS a political axiom that no man from the South can be elected president on either the Democratic or the Republican ticket, because of the sectionalism developed by the Civil War. That was undeniably true for many years after the war and it may be true yet. One reason for its truth in the past ten or twelve years is that the Southerners held to the idea so tenaciously themselves. They have accepted the situation as fixed and have made no particular effort to try out the conditions and see. The South has been rather fatalistic about it. Talk to any Democrat—until recently—about a Southern candidate for president and his attitude summed up the attitude of the entire South and most of the Democratic leaders of the North: What's the use?

However, there is a new political generation in the South as there is in the North to whom the Civil War is a story, not a vivid reality. It is no longer necessary for a candidate for office in the North to have a war record. This newer generation, looking at the situation and stripping it of the sentimentalities, has been asking for some years, rather insistently: If the South furnishes the bulk of the electoral votes for the Democratic candidate for president, why should not the South furnish the candidate for whom those votes are cast?

The invariable answer has been that the time was not ripe for the experiment; that the old sectional prejudices, though eliminated so far as business and social intercourse are concerned, were still strong in politics; and that the North would never vote for a Southern candidate for president.

This answer was accepted without question for a long time. Recently—within the past half-dozen years—the South has demanded for an answer more potent reasons than these generalities and has asserted a belief that a Southern candidate would run as well as any other.

There has been no new answer. The men who say—and a good many of these men are Southerners themselves—that no Southern man can be elected president because he is a Southern man have been unable to go any farther; and the South has thrust herself into a new place largely because the South thinks a Southern man might be elected and is willing to try the experiment in some sort of fashion if the opportunity offers—and to make the opportunity if that is possible.

To this end the South has four candidates for the Democratic nomination for president, whose claims are being taken more or less seriously. To be sure, all these candidates cannot be said to be absolute Southern candidates from birth to present residence; but they are all essentially Southern, or Southern enough for political purposes. These are Woodrow Wilson, who was born in Virginia, and who lived in his early life in Georgia and married there; Champ Clark, who was born in Kentucky and lives in Missouri; Joseph W. Folk, who was born in Tennessee and lives in Missouri; and Oscar W. Underwood, who was born in Kentucky and lives in Alabama. Of these men, Wilson, Clark and Folk are actively candidates and Underwood is in the hands of his friends.

Wilson has been in the North since late in the eighties, and his principal activities have been in connection with Northern institutions; but he was born in Staunton, Virginia, and that makes him a Southerner—for political purposes, at least. It may be argued, also, that Missouri is just as much of a Northern state as a Southern state, which may take some of the Southern brand off Folk and Clark—if either of them or the managers of either of them want it that way—but Underwood is all Southern. And, as all four of them—and their managers and supporters—are seriously in the race, some of them with good prospects, the new era of Southern Democratic politics may be said to be dawning.

This display of Southern, or quasi-Southern, Democratic candidates has not prevented and will not prevent an active canvass of the South by other and Northern candidates for the Democratic nomination. Though less work has been done there, at the time of writing, than in the North and West, the Northern candidates have not been idle. They are all looking round; but, unless some great change comes or some remarkable reversion occurs, the South will have at least three candidates for the nomination before the Democratic national convention: Wilson, as a Southerner born; either Clark or Folk, as the cards may fall out, as not too Southern but Southern enough to be claimed; and Underwood, as entirely Southern but of the younger generation. This new position into which the South has thrust herself has certain political qualifications and reservations, of course. The Southern candidates want the South to recognize them as Southern, but do not want the North to think of them as too all-fired Southern! Still, the South has taken hold of the matter and is willing to try out the situation.

The Republican Party in the South

THE only reason for a Republican party in the South, since the Civil War, has been the Federal offices. To be sure there are some little stretches, as in some parts of Tennessee, where the people are Republican and where they elect Republican representatives and Republican local officials; but in most of the South the Republicans are the men who have had the jobs and who have controlled the negroes, largely Republican. Now that the negro has been disfranchised in various ways in most of the Southern states, the Republican party consists of the men who have had the jobs, who have the jobs, or who are hoping for the jobs. Occasionally something Republican happens. Roosevelt carried Missouri, for example, and so did Taft; and Hadley is now the first Republican governor of that state for forty years. Kentucky has been sporadically Republican, and now and then a Republican has oozed in elsewhere; but, as a whole, the Republican party in the South has had but two ends in view—patronage and national delegates. The delegate part of it has been exploited shamelessly. Harrison renominated himself in 1892 by the aid of Southern delegates who were officeholders and negroes controlled by officeholders. Hanna grabbed the South for McKinley in 1896. Roosevelt nominated Taft by turning these delegates over to him, and it is Taft's intention to renominate himself by the same agency.

Hence, there isn't much to be said of the Republican situation in the South. Mr. Taft, with the able assistance of Mr. Hitchcock and other skilled delegate-producers, has

sewed up the Southern delegates in a sack. It is quite true there are idealists in the Republican party opposed to Taft, who think the Southern delegates may be won away from Taft by the force of the argument of self-interest, always potential to the Southern Republican delegate. These men think, if the Southern delegates are shown there will be no nourishment for them in going to the convention and stolidly voting for a man who is most likely to be defeated, they will shift their allegiance and try to find a man with whom there may be a hope of winning, and whose victory would mean the continuance of pap for these Federal officeholders and their friends. The Southern delegates will not shift. They are already lined up for Mr. Taft. Unless Mr. Taft refuses to run or there comes a miracle in politics, you will find them all there in the Republican national convention; and when the roll is called Alabama will give way to Ohio, and some spell-binder from Ohio will present the name of William H. Taft, for whom all the Southern delegates will vote with loud cheers.

There is some Republican insurgency in Oklahoma and some in Missouri, but the Old Guard in both these states have the situation well in hand and will deliver the votes for Mr. Taft in the convention if Mr. Taft demands them. There isn't enough of the Republican party in any wide area in the other states to be insurgent. The delegates will all be on hand for Taft. That is all there is to that.

Intrinsically the Democracy of the South is conservative. To be sure, there have been wild-eyed exhibitions in various states, where the Democrats seem to have turned Populists for the time being; but at the bottom the South is conservative—Jeffersonian—and so are most of the leading public men of the South. Also, the people of the South are most respectful in their attitude toward their public men, and are guided by them to a greater extent than in the North.

You will find that most of the public men in the South believe in state rights absolutely; that they are opposed to a central banking system; that they are for tariff for revenue; that they are not in favor of the initiative, the referendum and the recall. There are many political slants in the South, as elsewhere; but basically the Democracy in the South, which means practically the entire South, is firm in these beliefs. Also, there is more sentiment in politics in the South than in the North. Kin and blood and family ties go farther—and the Confederacy is still a fetish among the older men.

The chief quality of the Democracy in the South is its loyalty to the party. That is explainable in one way by the statement that the South has had few opportunities to protest through the medium of an opposing political party; but it is doubtful whether the South would have so protested had the opportunity been there. The South is proud of its Democracy. It is regular. Each time when Bryan was a candidate for president the South helped largely in his nomination, and in 1900 and 1908 went to the convention solidly for him to all intents and purposes—not, perhaps, because the South was overwhelmingly for Bryan, but because Bryan was the Democratic candidate. And in every presidential election since 1872, with the exception of an occasional straying away by the border states—Missouri, Kentucky and Maryland—the South has voted solidly for the Democratic candidates. They take their Democracy very seriously in the South.

The Importance of the South

THUS, the South is the most important factor in politics in this country for the nomination of a Republican who controls the machinery and for the election of a Democrat who can get the nomination. Thus, also, the men who aspire to the Democratic nomination, though reasonably sure of getting the vote of the South after that nomination, make desperate efforts to get the support of the South in the convention; for convention support predicates pretty clearly that friendship that will develop into the much-needed Democratic electoral vote of the South. It may be the time will come when the men who figure on election possibilities will not put down, first off, the states of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas and Virginia as safely and beyond a doubt Democratic, with the chances that Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky and Oklahoma will be the same; it may be that time will come, but it hasn't come yet and will not come before the final computations for the election of 1912 are made.

Hitherto the South has been content to demonstrate its Democracy by voting in the convention for whatever candidate seemed best to the South and was held up to the South as most likely to carry the essential Northern states of New York, Connecticut, Indiana, New Jersey, and perhaps others; and by ratifying the convention choice almost unanimously on election day. In itself the South has not electoral votes enough to win, and it has contented itself by throwing those votes to the Democrat selected from the North for standard-bearer. This year the South is prudently putting forward a few Southerners—or near Southerners—and waiting to see what will happen.

Old associations are hard to break, however. The men who have directed the political affairs of the South in the Democratic party for many years have been in close association with the men who have directed similar affairs in the North—with the machine, to be exact. Though Southern Democrats have protested locally often, they have generally lined up nationally as their leaders have told them to. Also, the men not actively in politics but powerful there, representing the interests of various kinds that are dominated from the financial district in New York, have played the game of the machine; and the Southern leaders have been generally quite regular and amenable to suggestion. Bryan ran away with these old-line leaders on several occasions, but they all fell in line in the Parker campaign and helped out that safe-and-sane nomination, and they are inclined to listen to the voice from the North on this occasion.

Consequently, and notwithstanding the four Southern candidates, you find here and there in the South a sort of Harmon movement or sentiment or attempt at sentiment, fostered by the old-line men who have had a hand in party control in the South in the past and who are susceptible to such gentle pressure as may be applied by the old-line Democrats in the North, the organization men—the men themselves swayed by these influences and interests who have hitherto taken part in the nomination of presidents by both parties. As in the North and in the West, a good many of the old organization Democrats in the South think Harmon is the most available candidate—having had their instructions from headquarters as to how they should think.

These men may be able to get some Southern delegates for Harmon, but they will not get many. The South has taken to the Southern candidate idea and is busily canvassing the claims of Wilson, Clark, Folk and Underwood. As will be explained later, Clark and Folk have serious differences to compose in Missouri before either can get ahead much more than in conversation, and Underwood is sitting steady, assured of the vote of Alabama and the advantage of the first presentation to the convention.

There is no serious consideration of Bryan as a candidate in the South. If he is a candidate it is very doubtful whether he can get many delegates there. If he succeeds by the multiplication of candidates in getting himself into the strategic position in the convention where he seems to be the only available solution of a deadlock his old friends in the South may vote to nominate him—and the South will undoubtedly give him her electoral vote. However, it is not thought in the South that Bryan really is a candidate; and it is certain, if he does announce himself as a candidate, he cannot get the Southern delegates in a block as he has done heretofore. They like Bryan in the South, but there are other candidates in the field—if, indeed, it is fair to refer to Bryan as a candidate in the strict sense at all—and the South is intensely interested in her own men.

Naturally there is no Southern talk of Marshall, of Indiana; Dix, of New York; Hearst; Foss, of Massachusetts; Baldwin, of Connecticut; or any other of the stalking-horse candidates. None of these can get any Southern delegates. The fight there is between Wilson, Harmon, Clark, Folk and Underwood.

The Situation in Missouri

HARMON'S situation I have explained. He is being urged by the old-line leaders of the old organizations—and he is not making much headway. The impression, whether justly or unjustly, is abroad that Harmon is favored by "the interests"; and that, even if the South had no candidates, it would work against him if this suspicion were made clear or could be proved. A year ago Harmon had much more strength in the South than he has now.

Providing the Clark and Folk situation is ironed out, the real fight for the Southern delegates will be between Wilson and Clark. Just at present Wilson has by far the better of it, because the Clark movement isn't under fair headway—and maybe for other reasons. Still there is a lot of talk about Clark, and he has many friends.

Wilson was born in Staunton, Virginia. That ought to and probably will assure him the Virginia delegates. Also, he lived in several cities in Georgia in his early manhood, practicing law in Atlanta for a couple of lean years; and he married his wife at Savannah. He has kin all over the South. Privately it is claimed that Senator and former Governor Hoke Smith, of Georgia, is not for Wilson, though the Senator isn't saying much about it publicly—and some of Wilson's friends claim the Senator will be on the band-wagon when the band begins to play. Senator Bacon is not doing anything for Wilson either, but Wilson

(Concluded on Page 38)

The Regular Party Man

By J. W. FOLEY

I AM the Upright Citizen—Taxpayer is my name; I'm one of the City's Solid Men and I'm everywhere the same; I've built the sewers and paved the streets, and paid for the parks, you see, and all the Contractors, Bosses, Beats and Leeches feed on me—you see, I'm a Regular Party Man—it's bred in my flesh and bone. I've voted for every Republican since the party has been known; I always vote my ticket straight, though at times it's a bitter pill; but I never split it, and I may state that I hope I never will. Now Smith, next door, is a Democrat, and another Solid Man, who always knows right where he's at—and he votes by the selfsame plan; and Smith is an Upright Citizen, and his name's Taxpayer too; and as one of the City's Solid Men he's down on the Grafting Crew; and so am I—so we go to the polls and vote straight down the line: two square and quite well-meaning men—and his vote offsets mine!

NOW I've talked with Smith and he's talked with me, and we've talked quite plainly too; and I've said to him: "Now, Smith, you see, I'm down on this Grafting Crew; our man is the man to win the fight—he's a clean and able man." And Smith says: "Yes, I guess that's right; but he's a Republican. And I always vote my ticket straight from A to Z—that's how I've always done and it's getting late to change my methods now. Our man isn't what he ought to be—I quite agree in that; but he's the party nominee, and you know I'm a Democrat. So I guess I'll stick to the good old ship and vote right down the line." And Smith makes one cross on his ballot slip—and so his vote kills mine!

SMITH talks with me in the selfsame way, and he says: "This paving job is a downright steal, I'm free to say; and our man's pledged to play hob with the deal they've made and we ought to stand behind him to a man." And I know our man has made a trade—but he's a Republican. So I say to Smith: "I'd like to vote for your candidate, that's flat; but somehow it sticks fast in my throat, for he is a Democrat. And you know I belong to the G. O. P.—the party of Lincoln and Blaine—and it ought to be good enough for me; so I'll vote her straight again." And so we go to the polls and vote for the Gods of the Faith That Is—it's not just good; but what's the odds?—and so my vote kills his!

NOW Smith and I, we mean all right and we want things on the square; but when there's a Regular Party Fight, a man must do his share. My faith comes down from Fremont's time and his from Jefferson; and to cling to an old-time faith's sublime—no odds how the paving's done! Sometimes I think his man's the best—sometimes he thinks mine is; but I vote straight, north, south, east, west, and he votes straight for his. We quite agree on little things, like the taxrolls and the streets, the city schools, police, white wings, and the health of milk and meats; but when it comes to matters big, like a Regular Party Plank, why, Smith is stubborn as a pig and I'm somewhat of a crank. And we'd like to vote alike—and then we could down the Grafting Crew; but we're both Regular Party Men—so what are we going to do?

The Lawless Godliness of Billy Smoke

By James Oliver Curwood

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

BILLY SMOKE gave his skillet of bacon a vicious swing, spat forth an oath that came from his soul, straightened to his feet like a springboard and faced Lord Percival Algernon Jones. Then he said:

"You slab-faced glass-eyed son of a whisky-jack—if you say another word I'll massage your face until it won't be fit for decent company! D'you understand? I've had enough of your sacred lordship's lip. I've toted you an' your dunnage an' that squab-faced vally of yours for seven days, an' you ain't given me or the Indian a square look! I've been a reg'lar slavey; an' I've even cleaned your pipe—which I ain't done for no other man alive! You've been more trouble than ten kids an' a dozen wimmin. I've carried that cussed tin baw-w-w-wthtub o' yourn when I was b'ilin' inside ready to bust, an' the best you've done is to stare at us through that windowplate at your right eye, as though th' Indian an' me ain't nothin' but a couple o' funny-looking bugs. I ain't opened my lips—not once. But you ain't back home now. You're in the woods. You're two hundred miles from nowhere an' headed for the Arctic Ocean. You're plumb on my nerves—an' if you and that pippin-faced slave who shaves you an' washes yer face ain't a little more human there's no accountin' for what I'll do. Understand?"

Lord Percival Algernon Jones, tall, lank and bony, stared for a moment as if he had not heard correctly. He was a distinguished character, was Lord Percival. He represented a large British syndicate and great capital. He had shot lions in Africa and elephants in India—from a safe distance. He had traveled over the world, and never could he remember of having put his thin, white, bony hands to any sort of plebeian exertion. Also, so far back as he could remember he could recall nothing of the sort just spoken to him by honest Billy Smoke, his guide. In moments of unusual stress His Lordship always adjusted his eyeglass. There was a sort of mesmerism in his glassy stare. It gave one the uncomfortable sensation of being some sort of a biological specimen under a microscope; in fact, Lord Percival regarded most people as queer specimens of animal and insect life. He could scarcely find a reason for the existence of men like Billy Smoke, who wanted to be chums with all mankind. So he stared, twisting one of his long, sandy mustaches, and said finally:

"Why, you confounded, impertinent rawscal!"

For seven days Billy Smoke had been choking back his vials of wrath. "Rascal!" he shouted. "Mother of sweet mercy, hold me! Rascal! — an' I've done your dirty, swipin' work for a whole week! Billy Smoke washin' another man's socks! Think of it! I've tended you like an angel, I have. I've put up with yo' for your fam'ly's sake, an' I've stood that fat lollop of a vally when ev'ry time he filled my eyes I got a pain in the stummick! I've took the hint that me'n' the Indian wasn't good enough to eat at first table—an' never said a word. I've biled yer blessed tea five times a day an' been cussed ev'ry time. I've done for you just about what I'd 'a' done for King George himself; an' half a dozen times I've lugged you ashore so you wouldn't git them precious feet o' yourn wet. There ain't no man livin' can say I've taken half the sass from him that I've taken from you; but when yo' say I've got to wash the vally's socks along with yourn you've hamstrung the workin' hoss. Me'n' the Indian are goin' to take a rest. If you want any supper—you go git it!"

But Still He Stood, Awaiting Orders as He Had Awaited Them for Thirty Years

Lord Percival Algernon Jones had a way of his own of settling with men on a level with Billy Smoke. So he advanced in three measured and dignified steps, and before Billy could quite make out what was coming he tweaked that astonished individual's nose.

"You impertinent rawscal! ——" he began. "You ——"

His Lordship never quite understood just what happened after that. With a wild yell, Billy grabbed His Lordship's head between his two hands and the campfire suddenly took the form of a small volcano in action. Seven days of insult, seven days of degradation, seven days of mental misery that had almost turned his hair gray, formed the concentrated essence of what Billy Smoke did to Lord Percival Algernon Jones. He was too generous to use his fists; but the palms of his hands were as hard as rock. And James, the valet—a side-whiskered gentleman of overfed and overred flesh—stood at helpless attention a dozen paces away, looking in stony horror upon the end of the world.

It might have been two minutes or two hours later that Lord Percival gazed up from the foot of a large birch in sickly consciousness of what had happened. As a matter of fact it was very close to two minutes. Billy Smoke was standing over him. His Lordship fumbled for his eyeglass, which had escaped ruin by a miracle. He adjusted it to the usual eye; but finding that the vision of that eye was somewhat impaired he transferred it to the other.

"James," he commanded, "throw this rawscal into the drink!"

Force of habit was strong in James. He made a movement—a single step in the direction of Billy Smoke. It is probable that a human thought would have found its way into the automaton's head before he had taken a second step—but the remaining eleven steps Billy covered himself.

There was no anger in his voice now. It was joy, pure, undiluted joy; and even the creases in the Indian's leathery face grew deeper as Billy Smoke caught James by his splendid growth of side-whiskers. This time it was Lord Percival Algernon Jones who looked on. He made no movement. He was transfixed. He saw what had happened to himself, and the blue blood of many generations turned cold in his veins. Billy Smoke could have told him that what had happened to himself was not a circumstance to what was happening to James Augustus Dobbs; but he was too busy. And James had something coming to him as a sort of *coup de grâce* that His Lordship had escaped.

He was half dead when Billy dragged him by the scruff of the neck to the edge of the stream on which they had camped and sent him plunging down into three feet of mud and water.

Billy Smoke then came back and accosted His Lordship.

"I hope you ain't got no hard feelings, Percy," he said affably. "It had to come. Discipline has got to be maintained even in the woods. If I hadn't given you an' the vally this little hint you might 'a' irritated the Indian some day and then there'd 'a' been a massacree. Shake, old squaw!"

His Lordship refused to shake, however.

"This — this is bloody mutiny!" he gasped.

"It's worse'n that," agreed Billy cheerfully, loading his pipe. "It's downright piracy—that's what it is, Percy. Because me'n' the Indian come in now for our share of that exclusive canned stuff we've been totin' for you an' James, an' we've got a standin' invite to help smoke up them high-toned cigarettes o' yourn with the stiff-necked greaser lady on the box. So you might as well smile, Percy. An' now, dam' ye, shake!"

Billy Smoke thrust down a big, hardfisted paw. It was an honest-looking hand, was Billy Smoke's. It was calloused and knotted from many years of toilsome life in the wilderness. It was such a hand as other men of honest heart liked to grip in friendship, a hand that wouldn't strike in the dark or behind one's back. For a moment it hung right under Lord Percival Algernon Jones' nose, and His Lordship inspected it critically through his eyeglass. As he looked he observed a slow change working through it. The tendons of the fingers and wrist seemed to swell, and the fingers began to move toward the palm like a shutting clam.

"Shake!" pleaded Billy.

His Lordship lifted a white and bloodless hand, and Billy gave it a squeeze that made the bones crack. Then he jerked Lord Percival to his feet with a suddenness that sent his eyeglass dangling—and, to that outraged gentleman's horror and consternation, he calmly tweaked his nose.

"I'm an American, Percy," he explained; "an' there ain't no Britisher alive can pull an American's nose an' live to tell the story—unless he's a lord. That's why you're livin' now. If it had been James ——"

Billy Smoke turned and his eyes lit up with joy. Ten paces away stood James at loyal attention. Mud and water dripped from his wilted side-whiskers. His red nose and round face were smeared, and poetically he "dripped at every pore"; but still he stood, awaiting orders as he had awaited them for thirty years, his arms half-akimbo, his padded chest thrown out like a pigeon's, his fat thumbs projecting from his hips, staring unseeing beyond Billy Smoke to his fallen lord and master.

"Glory be!" gasped Billy admiringly. "James, you've given me an idee! I'm an outraged American citizen—that's what I am; but I can't take it out on Percy because he's a lord. So I'm goin' to take it out on you, James. Do you hear? I'm goin' to take it out on you. I'm goin' to give you a glorious wallopin' ev'ry mornin' of your life so long as we remain friends. A reg'lar stars-an'-stripes wallopin', James. Do you hear?"

James made no visible sign of life.

"Do you hear?" roared Billy Smoke.

"Hi 'ears you, sir," said James coldly.

At First He Was Only Conscious of a Pair of Wonderful Blue Eyes Meeting His Own

II

BILLY was not a man long to harbor bad feelings. He possessed a disposition that made him a wholesome man to know and one not easily forgotten. He loved the mere routine of eating, drinking and working, and had a well-developed sense of humor. Down in the big cities, at their desks in stuffy offices, amid the bustle and crash of the life that was turning their hair gray, men sat back at times and dreamed of Billy Smoke and his campfires up among the sweet-smelling balsams and cedars. Until now Billy had never guided the man who was not glad to grip his hand in brotherhood. Above all else, though heart and soul of the big Canadian forests, Billy was an American. He could have stood for Lord Percival Algernon Jones, his insulting superiority and his idiosyncrasies, because there

was something about them that tickled his bump of humor; but James Augustus Dobbs was like a red rag flouted in the face of an outraged bull; and long after the others had gone to bed Billy sat smoking beside the dying embers of the campfire, seriously considering whether, from the standpoint of humanity, he ought longer to travel in James' company. For he knew that he would keep his word. In spite of his amiable nature he longed for the morning—even as the birds longed for it. His fingers itched for another grip in James' glorious side-whiskers.

It was nearly midnight when he took a last look about the camp. It was not the sort of camp he liked. There were two silk tents—one for His Lordship and one for James. There was none for himself and the Indian; so he wrapped himself in a blanket and went to sleep.

Some time later His Lordship was aroused from a restless slumber by an unusual commotion and strange and muffled sounds in the air. He raised himself to a sitting posture to listen. Something was astir in the camp. It sounded to him like the heavy bodies of animals struggling close by. Suddenly an object plunged through the front of the tent and toppled him over in a heap.

"Don't be afraid—it's only Hi, sir!" gasped James. "The bloody warmint 'as kicked me out of my tent, sir!"

"He's what?"

"Housted me, sir—after pulling out 'arf my 'air!"

Lord Percival Algernon Jones was not a coward. Sometime back in history his ancestors had gone to war and had even fought duels. He fumbled under his pillow and drew out his silver-mounted revolver. Then he stalked out into the moonlit night, tall and gaunt and ghostly-looking in his striped pajamas, tasseled nightcap and bristling mustaches. Billy Smoke was turning James' feather bed sidewise, so that there would be room on it for both himself and the Indian, when Lord Percival's face appeared at the tentflap.

"I'll have a word with you, my man!"

"Sure!" said Billy.

He came out smiling and companionable. The next instant he was looking along the shining barrel of His Lordship's revolver.

"Now, my man, up with your hands!"

"Sure!" said Billy.

Billy's hands rose obediently; but in rising one of them sent the revolver spinning, and the other, as hard as a birch knot, landed on the point of His Lordship's jaw. This time, once more, it was James who looked on.

A few minutes later James assisted his master to his tent.

"Shall I get out a suit of hextra pajamas, sir?" he asked.

Lord Percival Algernon Jones sank down wearily upon his bed and made no answer. He was not even much interested when about dawn Billy Smoke entered unannounced and took away James by the scruff of his neck. Three-quarters of an hour later Billy reappeared and kindly but firmly invited His Lordship to choose between walking out to his breakfast or being pulled out by his heels. That morning Lord Percival ate breakfast in company with Billy Smoke and the Indian, while James, in forlorn whiskers and striped pajamas, did an early morning wash.

Billy was cheerful. All that night a big idea was swiftly developing in his head. It was so big that at times it staggered him. After the meal was over he induced His Lordship to step a few paces aside, where he explained it to him.

III

"YOU see, Your Lordship, I ain't never had what you might call a real sportin' chance up here in the woods," he began, peeling off a pipeful of hard-cut into the palm of his hand. "I've roughed it almost since I can remember, and there ain't no special opportunities ever come snooping round my back door, so to speak—until now. There isn't no telling what I might 'a' been if I'd had a fair throw, like you have. I'm genius lost—that's what I am. I've starved an' I've froze an' I've drowned, and I've never had a real big dream come true. Now I don't want you to shed no tears of sympathy over me, Percy; but just the same I want you to understand how I've been crawlin' out o' the little end o' the horn all my life. An' I enjoyed it until I met you. But you've enlightened me, Percy. You've made me see what I've missed an' you've set my insides biling with ambition. You've spoiled me—an' that's putting it weak. So I've made up my mind to have one great big glorious fling if I die for it. Do you understand? From now on I'm goin' to make history up in these here diggings. I'm goin' to cut 'er open to the limit. I've just seen what it is to be a lord—an' I'm goin' to be a lord! Yes, sir—a real, live, bloodeating lord—without the whiskers; an' you're goin' to be Billy Smoke. Begin to see the point, Percy?"

Billy paused to allow the significance of his words to sink in and primed the bowl of his pipe. Lord Percival stood speechless, focusing Billy with the wild glare of his one good eye.

"Begin to see the drift?" asked Billy mildly. "Henceforth an' from now on I'm Lord Percival Algernon Jones, an' as such I hereby take possession of everything belongin' to Lord Percival Algernon Jones, includin' James an' the tin baw-w-w-wthtub. You're two hundred miles from nowhere an' you can't move a foot without getting lost. I'm goin' to leave you here with the Indian. He don't understand your lingo an' you can curse him all you want to. My vally and me are goin' on up to Churchman. I'm goin' to live like a lord if it ain't for more'n a week. An' you might as well take it easy an' keep quiet, for if you say two words I'll wallop the dickens out of you!"

"This—this is outlawry!" gasped His Lordship, his teeth fairly chattering.

Billy Smoke calmly rolled up his sleeves.

"Four words—two lickings!" he figured. "I'll let you off this time, Percy, just for decency's sake; but if you open your trap again ——"

He spat on his hands. For one moment Lord Percival's pale blue eye glared into Billy's. His thin lips quivered. His bloodless cheeks were the color of ash. Then his trembling fingers fell to fumbling with his eyeglass, and without another word Billy turned toward the tents. In Cree he informed the Indian that he was to remain behind and care for Lord Percival until his return some weeks later. Then he went over to interview James. Three times that benighted individual took a ducking in the river before he could be made to see the new orbit in which he was to travel. Inside of half an hour Billy's canoe was packed, and he approached Lord Percival. His Lordship had not moved a step.

"Don't speak—don't whisper!" begged Billy. "It's a licking a word now, Percy. I've just come for the eyeglass. I've an uncanny hankering for that thing."

Lord Percival made a movement. His thin throat twitched as if he were about to speak; but there was something in Billy Smoke's smiling eyes that stopped him. With the eyeglass Billy returned to the canoe.

"James," he invited, "step in!"

In one last loyal stand James struck the attitude of an unhearing statue. Billy came up very close to him and his teeth smiled through the stubble on his face.

"James!" he said softly.

"Hi—Hi beg your pardon, sir!" exclaimed James, stepping in double-quick to the canoe.

Billy lost no time in getting away, and not a word came from His Lordship's lips. There was something in his silence, in the gray pallor of his lean face and in the steady glare of his one eye that gave Billy his first twinge of uneasiness; but the feeling quickly passed. He knew that Lord Percival was anchored for an indefinite period. Nothing could induce the Indian to move in the face of his final injunction, especially as he would be unable to understand a word of Lord Percival's ravings. In addition to this Billy had told him that Lord Percival was crazy, and that he must watch him closely until his return. Meanwhile Billy planned to have the biggest time of his life. Back in the valley he had learned a lot about Lord Percival. He was the representative of the big London syndicate that had gobbled up everything worth while at Churchman, and he was going up to look things over for his brother capitalists, invested with an authority that was unlimited. Moreover, there was not a soul at Churchman who had ever had the pleasure of gazing upon his blueblooded face—a circumstance of vital importance to Billy Smoke. All in all Billy figured that he ought to have a very good time. His one present uneasiness lay in James.

A little before noon he ran ashore on a level strip of gravelly riverbed and discussed the situation in more definite detail with James. He finished by sitting down close beside that exhausted person and pulling from his holster a curious-looking weapon of black, shining metal.

"I'm goin' to show you something interesting, James," he said. "See this? It's what we call an automatic—an' you'll notice it's got the picture of a warwhooping savage, with feathers in his hair, on the handle. That means it's a bad weapon. Now"—and he touched a spring in the butt—"this is what we call the clip, an' you'll observe there's ten cartridges in it, with another in the chamber—eleven in all. Now I shove this clip back—an' you see that pond-lily leaf ——"

A steady stream of fire leaped forth from the gun and the leaf disappeared.

"Eleven shots in four seconds!" he went on. "Pretty good—ain't it, James? Now what I'm calling your attention to is this: if you so much as wink out of the wrong side of your eye when we reach Churchman, or if you open your mouth to say a word that ain't spoken to me, I'm goin' to put eleven bullets into you so quick that you won't

"I'll Have a Word With You, My Man!"

know when you died. I've already killed eight men with this weapon, an' it's good for one more just about your height and circumference. Do you get on to my meaning now, James?"

"Hi do, sir," said James, dodging back out of range of the automatic's muzzle, and his red face turned to a sickly tallow color.

"An' you'll live up to the law of what I've said?"

"Hi will, sir."

"Cut out that 'sir,'" admonished Billy. "If you don't call me 'M'Lord' an' 'Your Lordship' an' 'Your Royal Highness' from this minute on I'll lick you every seven steps you take. It's a glorious wallopin' every time you forget. Understand?"

"Hi do, Your 'Ighness!"

"Good!" said Billy. "Now, James, run down and get the bacon, a skillet, the coffee pot, four potatoes an' a can o' beans, along with an armful of that high-toned stuff I can't name—an' get dinner. Lord William is goin' to smoke a box of these greaser lady cigarettes an' practice with the eyeglass. Tell me, James, how do you get next to the windowglass?"

"You hopens your heye wide, sir," explained James, "an' puts it hin. Then you closes the heye an' 'olds tight."

"Easy!" said Billy.

He went off by himself, and now and then James heard the sounds of battle. When he went to tell his new master that dinner was ready Billy Smoke had achieved his triumph, and strutted back with the eyeglass glaring from his right optic.

"How's that, James?"

"Hexcellent, Your Lordship; hexcellent!" exclaimed James.

"Thank you, James. By the way, what is your salary?"

"Four p'und ten—han' keepin'!"

"That's what I call miserly, James. You're worth more than that. It's eight p'und twenty from now on, an' I'll have you paid six months in advance as soon as we reach Churchman. You're on to the fact that your present lordship owns Churchman, ain't you?"

"Hi am, sir."

"What!"

"Your Royal 'Ighness—I begs your pardon!"

After dinner Billy said:

"Now, James, I'm ready for a shave, a shine, a haircut, a shampoo and a massage. Bring up a pair of His Dido's best pants, a good shirt an' all the fixin's. Don't forget anything, James. Percy didn't dress like a gentleman, an' we've got to make up for it."

It was the middle of the afternoon before Billy Smoke passed out from under the hands of James. He surveyed himself in a glass and gasped.

"James," he said, "I'm goin' to make that sixteen p'und forty, an' pay you a year in advance! Who'd ever think this was Billy Smoke! I'd sure go in a beauty show with the best of 'em now. James—shake!"

He wrung James' hand until tears started in the valet's pale eyes.

"Have a smoke!"

"Hi never smoked in 'Is Lordship's presence," protested James.

"But you smokes in this lordship's presence!" exploded Billy.

Something like a gleam of real human gratitude flickered into the lusterless orbs of James Augustus Dobbs.

Among other things Billy had confiscated an alligator-skin handbag belonging to His Lordship, a high-toned and aristocratic-looking affair to be swung from the shoulder by a strap, and which he thought an ornament quite necessary to his proper entry into Churchman. While Billy cleaned up about camp he looked into this valise and found it partly filled with papers, among which were a number of large and official-looking documents. With one of Lord Percival's dollar-a-box cigarettes between his lips, Billy seated himself comfortably with his back to a tree and began a closer examination. There were papers with the big red seal of the Farthest North Improvement Company, papers with blue seals, and other papers at the top of which was a roaring lion balancing himself on his tail—an attitude that Billy could not understand.

At last he came to a letter which interested him more than all the others. At the end of the first paragraph he gave a low whistle of surprise; at the end of the second he sat erect; at the end of the third he had forgotten James, the camp, his unlighted cigarette, the burned-out match between his fingers. Page after page of that letter, written in coarse script, he read with such haste that he skipped a third of the lines. At the end was the signature of Bristol Gardam, local manager of the British syndicate's interests at Churchman. He went back to the beginning and read more carefully. His eyes began to shine with a fierce glow, and every muscle in his body grew tense and hard with suppressed excitement. He put the papers back into the bag and sprang to his feet. His face was white, his jaws set and his eyes glittering when he confronted James.

"Get my old duds," he commanded; "and hustle, James! I can't work in these, an' we're goin' to work. There's some one callin' Lord William to Churchman, an' he's got to be there within forty-eight hours. It's an even hundred miles. Now, old chap, if you're a sport—rustle!"

With small regard for buttons and ripped fabric Billy Smoke proceeded to divest himself of Lord Percival's stiff collar, silk tie, starched shirt and creased trousers with amazing swiftness.

There was a look in his face that puzzled and alarmed James when, his brawny arms bare and his brown shoulders naked to the sun, he sent the canoe out with powerful strokes into the down-sweeping current of the river.

IV

IT WAS five o'clock in the afternoon before Billy Smoke ran his canoe once more in to shore. He made thirty-five miles with the current without a portage. Three times he shot through rapids that he had never ventured to hazard before, and James' heart died so completely within him and his fat legs became so paralyzed that at last, when Billy helped him out like a bag of wheat, he rolled over on the ground with a muffled groan and lay still. Billy laughed and patted him almost affectionately on the shoulder.

"You're a true sport, James!" he cried. "You've got His Nibs back there beaten to a singed frazzle. I ain't heard a whine out of you all the afternoon, an' I'll bet your bones feel as though they'd been through a sawmill! Move round a little, old boy. You'll come to in a bit."

He proceeded to gather fuel and build a fire, and by the time supper was under way James managed to stagger up with a pail of water.

"Hi'm all in!" he apologized weakly. "Hi'm blistered an' broke from hay to z, sir. Hi feel as though all the hile was gone from between my j'ints."

Billy had dug out a flask from His Lordship's belongings. "Have a nip, James," he invited.

A shadow of animation flitted over James' waxen features. Never in his life had he polluted Lord Percival's silver whisky flask with his own lips, and for one brief moment he hesitated. Then he tilted his head back, applied the bottle, and a gurgle of delight ran down his throat.

"Because you'll need it, James," went on Billy. "We've just begun our day's work, you might say. We're goin' on after supper. There's some one needs us at Churchman, James—needs us bad—mighty bad! Understand?"

For an instant a valve seemed to close in James' throat and he blinked at Billy Smoke.

"You've been up agin s'ciety all your life, ain't you, James? An' you've seen lots and lots of pretty girls; but did you ever hear a prettier name than Faith McKay? Beats Hope an' Charity, don't it? An' I reckon it's this here same Faith McKay, who may be a little Scotch or a little Irish or a little o' both—God bless 'er!—whose aprayin' just about now for a couple o' friends about the size o' Billy Smoke an' James Augustus Dobbs. So take one more nip, James. You'll need it. An' then you can sit down. I want to talk to you while the bacon's frying."

. . . . . .

As it might have awaited a scheduled earthquake, a storm of blue violets in midwinter or a shipload of pretty girls from London, so Churchman waited for Lord Percival Algernon Jones—that is to say, none of these impossible events could have created a greater interest than the anticipated arrival of His Lordship. He was the first real live lord to visit Churchman that then lived and breathed, unless one counted Donald Smith, who afterward became Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, and who, of course, was not a born lord but only a made one. It was known that he was coming some time this month by way of the Churchman, and Bristol Gardam, manager of the Farthest North Improvement Company, kept sharp watch for him; but in some way the Canoe of Honor, twenty miles up the river, missed him when he did come. At the minute it passed a certain point Billy Smoke was concealed back in the balsams enjoying a shave, a massage and a general change of wearing apparel; and when at last the current bore him majestically down almost alongside the company's offices at Churchman, Gardam and his assistants, collarless and in shirtsleeves, were checking over for a second time the list of information which was to show the blueblooded representative of the powerful British syndicate just how loyally they had performed their work. Gardam was more than delighted with what he had achieved, and his mean little face wore an almost perpetual smile of satisfaction that showed two rows of doglike and uneven teeth.

Out in the river the canoe came into view. For a puzzled moment Gardam stared at it through a window. Then he strolled out on the office veranda, still staring and wondering. The office force followed him.

Said Billy:

"James, when you have a swell event over in Lunnon, an' a lord or a prince or a king shows up, what do you do?"

"If it's at an 'ouse we hannounces 'im, Your Lordship."

"All right, James. See that bunch up there? Jump out and 'hannounce' me."

"But—but——" protested James. "It hisn't quite correct 'ere, sir. We only hannounces at an 'ouse."

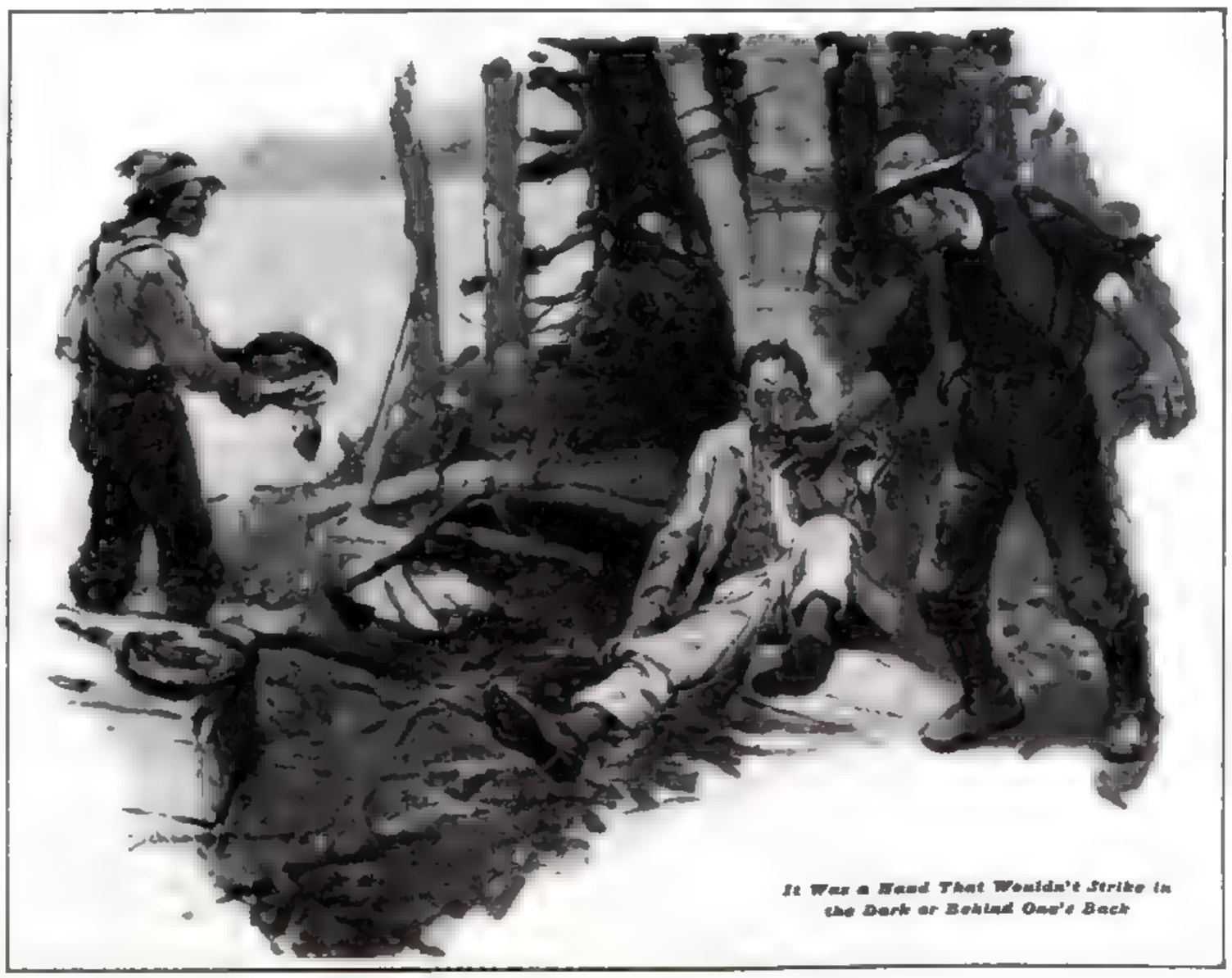
Billy, with his eyeglass gleaming, and stiff in His Lordship's best clothes, drew from under his coat the death-engine which he had once explained to James.

"James!"

His voice was so hard that it cracked.

With a gasp James tumbled ashore. With one foot still in the mud he faced the puzzled group on the veranda and struck an attitude that no one could longer fail to recognize. Then from deep in his chest there rolled forth a voice such as Billy Smoke had

(Continued on Page 33)



It Was a Hand That Wouldn't Strike in the Dark or Behind One's Back

THE CALL

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

XI

THERE are two approved ways of heating a New York hallroom. One is to lock the door, secretly light the gas and enjoy a moderated if somewhat devitalized air, always overshadowed, of course, by the possible advent of the landlady. The other is to eschew secrecy, to leave the door wide open and so permit both the accumulated heat and the accumulated odors of the house to seep gently through into that narrow chamber, which usually is dignified with neither ventilator nor steamcoils.

Una, as the advancing autumn made itself felt, tried each method and found each unsatisfactory. She had the craving of wholesome youth for fresh air and at the same time the dislike of dawning womanhood for violated privacy; so she ingeniously solved the problem by stringing a three-foot burlap curtain across her doorframe. This attenuated portière, swaying a foot above the floor-level, served to give her secrecy without confinement. Under it, many times a day, the interrogative Tim would insinuate a hairy nose, making the hall echo with his yelps of joy when he found Una at home. Behind it, during her idle moments, the girl was an auditor of those intermingling and fragmentary dramas that rose, like the house-odors, from the floors below.

It was early the following night, when Una sat in her room with Tim devouring the last of her milk biscuits, that Dora Gerrard ducked unceremoniously in under the burlap curtain. In the younger girl's eyes, as she fed the pup on her lap, was a meditatively abstracted and far-visioned gaze, for things of vast moment had occurred that evening. Jim Sayles had announced that Una was to have a part in The Wine of Life company, a part with speaking lines, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week.

The last few weeks had imposed on Una a touch of skepticism. She kept telling herself not to believe too weakly in the promises of the moment. Yet, even as she questioned if it were not too good to be true, the prerogative of youth reasserted itself; and as she sat there with the munching dog on her lap a deep and ineffaceable sense of peace took possession of her.

For the first time in her life, as she looked up at Dora Gerrard, she attained a feeling of equality with that flashily dressed figure from The Longacre Girls. In a short time she, too, would be hurrying off to a dressing room and putting beautiful clothes on her body and making her name known to the theatergoers of Broadway.

"There's a quiet bunch going over to Churchill's after the show tonight," announced Dora. "And I told Freddy to count you in."

Una, still in her abstraction, fixed her eyes on the woman with the penciled eyebrows and with the lip-rouge on her mouth. She had been wondering why it was that men alone seemed willing to give her assistance. She could not help remembering the different hints that Dora Gerrard herself had so deliberately ignored.

"I can't go," she said quite calmly, letting the pup lick a fragment of biscuit from her palm.

"Aw, I can fix you up with one o' my hats," protested the older woman, becoming slowly conscious of the calmly resentful glance which Una leveled at her.

"I don't care to go, thank you," was the younger girl's answer.

Dora put her hands on her tightly corseted hips, with the ghost of a shrug.

"Well, dearie, you'll sure miss one peach of a time!" she announced as she stood staring about the room.

There was scorn in the glance; but so completely was it ignored by the owner of the room that her visitor was compelled to string another Parthian bow.

"Who owns the pup?" asked the girl in the street dress with a casualness that was merely assumed.

"Jim Sayles," answered Una, lifting the spaniel's shaggy face up to her own. For the second time Dora essayed the ghost of a shoulder-shrug.

"You ought to tie a tin can to that old skinflint!" the older woman suddenly declared.

"That Fifteen Dollars Will be Paid Back to You"

"Why do you say that?" asked Una. Her voice was quiet, but the words were uttered only with an effort.

"Take it from me, dearie—you won't gain much by tying up with that old tightwad!"

Una stood up. The hand that had been flattening the fur on Tim's neck began to shake. It was the first time in her life that she had experienced anger that was both reckless and uncontrolled. It was the first time that her young body found the tangled wires of its nervous system not completely under the domination of its central office.

"Jim Sayles is a friend of mine—the best friend I've got!" she cried out, and her anger was a surprise even to herself. "And when you or any one else says he's a skinflint you say what isn't true!"

Dora had the satisfaction of seeing that her barbed arrow had sunk deep. She could even afford to smile a little.

"But aren't you jerry to that con o' his?" she mildly inquired. "Of course, if you can stand for his dirt and his dogs and all that, it's nobody's business; but, honest, dearie, it ain't right to be trailing in there with all them germs hanging round. It ain't fair to yourself and it ain't fair to your friends!"

Una's answering voice was a rather shrill soprano.

"If Jim Sayles happens to be sick that isn't going to keep me away from him. He's the only person in this house who's helped me. And I'm going to stick to him as long as he'll let me!"

"Well, take it from me, that won't be long!"

"Who'll stop me?" demanded the angry girl.

Dora did not answer her.

"Ain't she the pepper-pot!" the apparently unperturbed woman murmured to herself.

"Who'll stop me?" shrilled the infuriated girl.

The older woman, as she faced her, started to laugh. The smile withered from her face. Una, following her gaze, saw that the burlap curtain had been thrown aside. In the doorway stood the gaunt and skeletonlike figure of Jim Sayles himself, directing a bony and accusatory finger at the startled woman before him.

"Yes—who'll stop her?" he piped in a cracked and wheezing challenge. "You won't! And none o' that beer-soaked gang down there won't! And no chorus hen who ever worked a sucker for a free supper won't! And if you're so afraid o' germs you keep down there on the floor where you belong, and don't climb up here trying to corrupt the mind of a girl who's got more good in her toenail than you've got in your whole fat carcass!"

"What're you cackling about anyway?" disdainfully inquired the harangued woman. She remained outwardly calm, but even under its paint her face had lost much of its color.

"I'm cackling about you she-cats, who don't know a decent girl when you see her!" piped the figure in the tattered old dressing gown. "And if I can help her make good, without paying what a lot o' you song-and-dance skates pay for it, I'm going to do it!"

"I guess you better cut out that Salvation Army tripe," said the woman.

The old man advanced on her, his clawlike hand shaking, his withered and deep-hollowed face contorted with an anger which his thin and throaty pipe made doubly ludicrous.

"Oh, I know you, Dora Gerrard! Dora Gerrard! I know you, Annie O'Rourke, and I knew your father before you! I know where you came from and where you've got, and just what it cost you to get there! I know what you are—you—you ——"

As he spat out the word at her he choked and coughed and caught at the curtain for support, his frame shaking with a paroxysm of gasps.

"It's no wonder you choke on them lies, you low-minded old baby-snatcher!" cried the outraged woman. "I got better business than arguing about my position with a broken-winded old has-been. I got a theater to get to and honest work to do. And if you're going to run an infant class up here you'll run it without my company!"

"Wait!" commanded the skeletonlike figure, rising to a height that was almost majestical. Then his hand went slowly down and a look of pained wonder crept into his eyes. He leaned back, spluttering, lifting the corner of his dressing robe to his mouth. It came away covered with red.

The sight of the blood, of so much blood, caused the older woman to scream. She ran past the drooping figure and continued to scream at the stairhead. Una could hear answering voices and the sound of steps on the stairway. She could see Jim Sayles vainly struggling to regain his feet as a fat man caught him under the armpits and half lifted and half dragged him out into the hall.

There, for all the commotion, a moment of indecision reigned. Una heard some one say: "It's old Sayles! He's had a hemorrhage!" And another voice answered: "Don't let him stand up!" A shriller voice, belowstairs, was crying out to some one at the hall telephone, still deeper down in the darkness: "No; don't ask for Bellevue! It's police headquarters you want! Tell 'em to send an ambulance!"

It was a full half-hour before Jim Sayles was taken away. Una watched for him, white-faced, at the head of the stairs. The canvas stretcher and its attendants gave her a tightening of the heart; they suggested the unknown horrors of a hospital ward; they reminded her of sickness and suffering and death. And it was something she had never been called on to face before.

Una, struggling to be calm, caught Jim Sayles' eye as they lifted him round the corner of the stairhead. His colorless lips widened into the ghost of a smile. He motioned to her with his lean hand.

"What is it?" she asked with a lump in her throat as she leaned over the stretcher. The druggy smell of medicine rose to her nostrils. He was very weak, but he seemed anxious to tell her something.

"You stick to it," he said in his throaty whisper. "Go down to that office and cinch that job. You stick to it! Show 'em—show 'em what you're made of!"

She could feel the clawlike hand close on her fingers as the man at the stretcher-head, maneuvering his burden up about the stair-banister, motioned for her to step aside. She saw, for the second time, the bloodless lips widen in their piteously blithe effort at a smile.

The thing that remained in her memory, oddly enough, was the fact that as they carried him down he was eating small pieces of ice.

XII

IT WAS ten o'clock the next morning when Una stepped into a dingy office at the end of a dingy upper corridor in a dingy Broadway block.

She found herself in a room with faded framed celebrities smiling down at her from faded wallpapered partitions—actors and actresses in the strange costumes of other days, some buoyant and smiling, some dreamily self-satisfied, happy with the consciousness of their own beauty and their own power. Una, as her gaze fell on these idols of

"He Said You'd Been Kind to a Dog o' His"

other days, felt a chill strike into her heart. There seemed something suddenly pathetic and tragic about them, with their audacious eyes and their smiles of contentment, with their competitive attitudinizing and their eager faces on which time had placed an ironic and ever-yellowing hand.

Directly before her the girl saw a large-framed man leaning over a desk, intently studying the color chart of a scene-painter's dummy. He was in his shirtsleeves; on the back of his head was a tilted "stiff-dice." He did not look up until Una's timorously murmured "Good morning!" caught his ear.

He turned his face sideways with a storklike motion, without moving his body. As he did so Una found herself staring into the face of Bob Steger.

Neither of them spoke for several seconds. Then the man sat upright, straightened his hat and laughed an uneasy and embarrassed laugh. Yet, behind each silent face the machinery of consciousness was accelerated into sudden feverish activity—forewarning, adjusting, rejecting and registering.

"You're a nice one!" Steger called out with mock indignation, striving to hide his embarrassment under a heavy and not quite convincing facetiousness. She had often thought of this possible meeting. She had dreaded it, wondering what she would say or do, even though she was able to dramatize the moment into one of righteous and voluble indignation on her part. And now that the moment was at hand, if she proved the less ill at ease of the two she found herself without words, without the resentment which she felt ought to possess her.

"You're a nice one!" repeated the jocular Steger, standing up and then sitting down again, still staring hard at her.

"Why?" she asked, astonished at her calmness, still inwardly annoyed that she could make no greater show of anger; that she could not fling out at him, in one impassioned torrent, the abuse which he merited, the abuse which stage heroines invariably flung out at the cringing stage villain.

"Why?" repeated the somewhat bewildered man in the chair. Then he laughed. "Why, for up and beating it that way with my fifteen dollars!"

"That fifteen dollars will be paid back to you," she said quietly enough and yet with a shake in her voice. She was still remembering how much depended on her getting this part. And everything might depend on Steger himself. If she angered him, humiliated him, he would work against her. Things were not so simple in real life as they were on the stage.

"Oh, it ain't the money," acknowledged Steger with his sheepish and one-sided grin. "It's gettin' thrown down the way you threw me!"

He looked at her as though he might find some evidence of what she had avoided or experienced since last they met. He found nothing to satisfy his curiosity. Her continued calm still puzzled him.

"Why'd you do it?" he demanded.

The lucid and tranquil hazel eyes met his gaze.

"You know why I did it," answered the girl with an accusatory calmness which made him fidget in his chair.

"No, I don't!" protested Steger.

"You want me to tell you?" cried the girl, her voice rising. After all there was going to be a scene. She was going to spoil everything in spite of herself.

"You got nothin' to tell," retorted Steger combatively with an answering show of anger. "I said I'd give you a start in New York and I backed it up with good money!" He emitted a snort of self-pity. "I never tried to help a girl in my life without gettin' blamed for it!"

There was something so ludicrous in his pose of martyrdom that the listening girl could have laughed at it. She felt in some way a victor over him. She was fortified with a power which he did not seem to possess. And it was all very old and far-off, now; it seemed something vague and prenatal—that journey from Chamboro to New York, that adventure with the claret-faced cabman who had thrown her rattan suitcase back into his carriage.

Her eyes traveled from the perturbed man to the color chart on the desk beside him.

"I don't blame you for it," she found herself saying. "I don't know what you mean! I haven't seen anything to be blamed for!"

It was not quite the truth. Yet she was consoled by Steger's look of mixed relief and bewilderment.

"Of course you haven't!" he equivocated.

"But I didn't come here to talk about that," Una told him, still looking at the desk.

This puzzled him more than ever.

"What'd you come for?" he suddenly demanded.

"Jim Sayles said this office had promised me a part—a part in The Wine of Life production."

Steger, staring at her, framed his thick lips for a whistle, but no sound came from them.

"So it's you old Sayles's been cadgin' for?"

Una resented the tone of that exclamation. "Mr. Sayles told me to come here to see about my part," she announced, still meeting the wondering gaze of the man at the desk.

"Gee! but you've got to be the wise kid!" he finally ejaculated.

"A little wiser than when I let some one else pick out my boarding house!" Una answered.

Steger, feeling the crackle of thin ice, veered about to the matter of the part.

"So you're the kid they've picked for that part!" he repeated ruminatively. "And that one-lunged old liar made us think he'd an eighteen-year-old Clara Morris up his sleeve!"

He stole a look at the girl in front of him.

"You've sure got a good friend in old Jim Sayles. He blamed near badgered the life out o' Weinert about you!"

Una did not have the heart to say that he was ill; that he might be dying at that very moment. She was startled by Steger's sudden valorous thump on the desktop.

"By gad! I believe you'll make good too. You've got it in you. You'll sure get your strangle-hold some day. And, gee! it's queer, too—me here gettin' this company together and you bobbin' up for that ingénue part!"

Una's calm contempt for the figure at the desk was fading like a snow man in a February sun. As she sat down on the chair toward which he gruffly motioned her she was able to inquire in a matter-of-fact tone about the company and her part.

"Don't you worry about that part," he said, leaning companionably out over his chair-arm toward her. "It's a winner!"

"Could I see it?"

"Sure," he responded, rummaging through a pile of oblong pages fastened together under blue covering-sheets. He stopped in his search and looked up. "You know, this Wine o' Life company isn't mine. I'm only acting here for Weinert and Miss Covington—Miss Covington's the star of the thing. But I'm goin' to show you that I'm a friend o' yours. And if this show makes good you'll be back on Broadway in six weeks' time!"

"Is there any danger of its not making good?" asked the inexperienced Una.

Steger pondered.

"It looks good to me," he finally announced. "And you've got a great little part here!" He flourished the blue-covered pages before her. "You're talked about all through the first act, you get a daisy little scene in the second, and in the third you share the curtain with the star—unless Covington gets on her ear and starts to cut stuff."

Una sat listening to these golden words with quickening pulse. She looked about at the framed actresses who had flowered and withered and been forgotten. They had lived their day; they had reigned; they were out of it now. The girl with the ardent hazel eyes felt indeterminately sorry for them.

"We're giving you thirty dollars on the road," Steger was saying as he consulted a tabulated sheet in his hand, "and twenty-five when we get back in New York and settled down to our run!"

There was something dreamlike about it, Una felt, sitting there and calmly discussing the details of her stage-work. The sensual and illiterate Bob Steger was no longer abhorrent to her. A thrill even sped up and down her backbone as her blue-covered part was thrust into her hand. She glanced through it, impressed by its size, wholly ignorant of the fact that most of it stood for stage directions and cues.

"You've got twelve sides there!" announced Steger with a wag of the head. "Oh, yes; by the way, this is a drama, you know—you'll have to scare up a couple o' gowns."

"I have to supply two gowns?" asked the startled girl.

"Yep! Weinert always sticks out for that! And, by-the-way, you'll have to read that part to the old man this afternoon!"

"Read it? How?" asked the puzzled girl.

"Why, show him you can act—give him an idea what you're going to do with it!" He suddenly stopped, sobered by the look of alarm on her face. "Say, I guess I'd better coach you in those lines!"

He rose from his chair, crossed the room and told the anemic office boy without that he would be busy for the next twenty minutes.

Then he returned to the desk, took the part from the girl's hand and stepped to the center of the room again. His face became intent. He mumbled and gestured as he ran through the lines.

"You come on crying," he told her, pushing her back toward the window. "Begin there: 'I was never so unhappy in my life!' Go on! Say it! See what you can do!"

It seemed foolish to her. She could not forget that it was all make-believe. She could not let herself go—"fling herself," as Steger put it.

"No—No—No! Cry!" he called out to her. "Get some sob into it!" And he repeated her lines with simulated weeping, gasping and shaking, and essaying exaggerated gestures of sorrow. It astonished her to find so much power of expression behind his physical heaviness, to see his corpulent body capable of such attitudes of emotion. It surprised her, just as the agile dancing of Jim Sayles had done. She could not understand the solemnity with which these children of the theater accepted their rôles, the unimaginative directness with which they lapsed into their world of make-believe.

"Try that again," he commanded. "Come on—quicker! Hold on to that last word. Keep your voice up—up! And try to feel what you're doing. Feel it! Now—once more!"

She Wondered if She, Too, Would be Forced to Resort to Cosmetics and Rouge

He let her go through the opening lines without interruption. Then he stepped in front of her.

"Say, didn't you ever cry in your life?" he demanded. She realized, now, that she was only an instrument in his hands, a machine on which emotion must play, a means to an end.

"Not very often," she admitted.

"Well, just picture Weinert takin' this part away from you and try to weep over it! Howl! Wail! Screech! Get some punch into it!"

Still again she went through the lines. She knew she was making a fool of herself, but she became reckless. She saw his sudden nod of approval and caught fire from it. There was, she felt, almost a touch of delirium in the whole thing.

"That's better! Give us more o' that!" cried Steger. She repeated the trick unctuously, pantingly, hurriedly, as though fearful the secret of it might slip away from her.

They advanced to the third act, going over and over the harder part like a horse over a hurdle. She was tired out when Steger took out his watch, looked at it and told her to sit down.

"Don't you worry about old Weinert! You'll clear him," announced her rotund coach as he put a finger out to his office buzzer.

Una, sitting there facing him, breathing hard with her exertion, felt that life was a strangely mixed affair. Here was her one-time most malignant enemy, a man who had proved himself base, working over her, needlessly and even generously helping her when he saw that she required help. Men, she decided, could not be divided into the all-good and the all-bad, as they were in melodramas and moving pictures. Even Bob Steger had his redeeming features.

"Now, remember: first rehearsal tomorrow at ten on the stage of the Standard. And don't forget about those two gowns!"

Una's face was clouded.

"I don't know where I can get the money for two stage gowns," she forlornly confessed.

"What's the matter with Jim Sayles?"

"Jim Sayles?" echoed the puzzled girl.

"Can't he stand for a couple o' gowns?"

"Why should I ask Jim Sayles to buy gowns for me?" she demanded, utterly disheartened at the cloven hoof which her benefactor was so quickly revealing.

There was nothing but pure and unadulterated wonder on the rotund face of Bob Steger.

"You can't get gowns from him?" he asked.

"Of course I can't," was the girl's answer.

Steger seemed beyond his depth in the breakers of bewilderment.

"Then what in thunder's he been slippin' a hundred or two over to old Weinert to cinch this job for you for?" demanded the man at the desk.

XIII

IT WAS Bob Steger himself who confronted Una at ten o'clock the next morning as she made the mistake, not uncommon with the novice, of trying to reach the stage of the Standard from the front of the house.

"The back of the house, please," he said, unedging the curtness of the command with a smile.

Una was somewhat in doubt as to his meaning. She was also puzzled by the preoccupied stare with which he regarded her for a moment or two.

He reopened the foyer door for her. "Not this way," he explained—"for a few years, at least. You take the stage door, little one, until you're a star!"

She was embarrassed for a moment at the thought of her blunder; but it did not rob her of her sense of elation, of almost light-headedness. For she was conscious that she had at last crossed her Great Divide. She possessed at last a contract and a part. There were obstacles to be overcome, fires to be passed through; but she felt that the end would in some way be reached. Her mind was too full of a vague and wonderful future to be distracted by the side issues of the present.

Steger was still looking at her with his half-quizzical and half-cogitative stare.

"By-the-way, you needn't worry about those two gowns!" he finally announced.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Jim Sayles sent over a check to square for 'em," he announced.

Una was convinced he was concealing something.

"Who told him about them?" she demanded.

"No one," Steger said. "I guess he just felt you'd need 'em!"

"But he can't do it," protested Una. "I can't let him."

"You can't stop him," was Steger's answer.

"I must!" the girl declared.

"But you can't!"

"Why can't I?"

"He died last night in Bellevue," said Steger with one hand holding the spring-door. "And the last thing he did was to send over his savings-bank balance of a hundred and forty dollars. He said you'd been kind to a dog o' his."

Una's breath caught in her throat. She was seized by a sudden sense of deprivation. She seemed suddenly alone in the world. A shadow crept along the sunlit cañon of Broadway, with its beleaguering rattle and bustle and dust.

"I Know You, Annie O'Rourke, and I Knew Your Father Before You!"

There was, after all, something hollow in her victory, something mocking in her momentary hope of happiness. Jim Sayles was dead! Two tears, of which she was foolishly ashamed, coursed down her cheeks.

"They're takin' him back to Syracuse," Steger explained without a trace of emotion. "He's got folks there!"

He suddenly flicked the papers in his hand against his leg, looked at his watch and turned in through the door of the foyer.

"You'd better be gettin' back to that rehearsal," he said, letting the door swing to after him. There was something hard and heartless, she felt, in that overprompt return to the sordid actualities of life. She had not yet learned the exactions of that implacable profession of hers, the solemn task of amusement that must go solemnly on in the face of accident and illness and death itself.

Still blinded by tears she made her way to the side-street stage entrance of the Standard. She stopped in that narrow and boxlike entrance to wipe her face. She could not quite accept the fact of Jim Sayles' death. A persistent feeling that she would see him again, that he would still be found making cocoa in his shabby front room, made Steger's news seem like something remembered from a dream. The whimsical figure in the tattered dressing gown seemed too near to her and all her newer life to be lost. Yet, as she made her way into the many-odored, high-arched cavern of the Standard's cleared stage, the thought of Jim Sayles, even against her will, was driven from her mind.

The sheer height of the shadowy space in which she found herself was intimidating. The fly-loft, with its festooning platforms, its rope-ends and sandweights, stood like a grim cave bearded with stalactites. Toward the mouth of this cave, near the footlights, burned a bunchlight, a cluster of electric globes on an iron standard. Mattressed against the wall stood countless tiers of scenery, wings and flats and profiles and dog-eared canvas frames.

The flooring of this cave was rough and worn, scarred and seamed like a withered face, pitted and lined by its thousand battles with pretense. Standing and sitting about near the bunchlight, some on property chairs, some against a square deal table, was a group of men and women. There were many of them, for the cast of The Wine of Life was an exceptionally large one.

Una, as she approached the light, felt herself singed and scorched by countless inquisitive eyes. It was an enfilading battery of glances—audacious and appraising from the men as a rule, envious and veiled from many of the women.

For one minute the murmur of their talk ceased; then it began again, leaving the newcomer awkward and ignored in the center of the stage. She could hear them, as she looked about for a seat, laughing and chattering about things that were a sealed book to her.

In any other walk of life, she felt, the mere dictates of common-sense would have devised some manner of bringing people less awkwardly together, of properly presenting the newcomer to her associates, of making her feel less of an intruder. The gallantry, the courtliness, the romantic picturesqueness of these strange people of the stage, Una had already learned, was something which they put on and took off with their makeup. They seemed so steeped in it during their working hours that they were inclined to shun it during their idleness.

They made no move to welcome Una. She remembered Jim Sayles; and their very merriment seemed an affront. She remembered the twelve "sides" under the pale-blue paper covering in her hand, and a sort of dogged and bitter courage returned to her.

She heard a stir about her and the whisper: "Here comes Covington!" That, at the moment, was not what attracted her attention however; for she also heard a small-mouthed actor with a double chin, as he blinked at her, murmur with jocular solemnity the one all-descriptive epithet of "Sandpiper!" From that hour forward, in fact, Una was secretly known to the rest of her company as "the Sandpiper."

Yet, as she sat there on a lonely sofa-end, staring timorously about her, she was the possessor of something which could be claimed by no one else in that company. She had youth. She was the only young person in that arena of emotionalism. They seemed faded—all faded. In spite of their exuberance of gesture, of their garrulity, of their flashiness of attire, life had taken something from them, had left them wary and overwise. They needed, even the prettiest of them, a more cunning light than that of the sun to bring out their beauty. They needed the trickeries of dress, the accessories of the toilet, lip-rouge and beaded eyelashes, to leave them at their best. And Una, as she looked at those faces struggling so valiantly against the gray neutralities of time, wondered if she would ever be like that—if she, too, would be forced to resort to cosmetics and rouge.

Then all chance for further thought ended. Weinert himself came hurrying in, called for more lights, spoke a few brisk words to Miss Covington and rapped sharply on the deal table for attention. He announced to his company that he believed he had a remarkable play, a very remarkable play; and he hoped that both his new friends and his old would coöperate with him in making it a Broadway success. One of Weinert's little weaknesses, Una judged from the looks that passed from actor to actor, was the making of speeches.

Miss Covington was plainly restless as her manager went on to explain that the work for the next fortnight would be hard. Rehearsals during that time would be

(Continued on Page 46)

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 23, 1911

Competition in Canals

PROGRESS on the Panama Canal is watched in England with as much interest as in the United States—for very good reasons. Our Government expects to maintain the canal by collecting tolls from the ships that use it. As England far and away leads the world in shipping, these tolls will be paid largely by her ships; but England also owns the Suez Canal and is preparing, we read, not only to increase the facilities of that canal but to lower the tolls in order that she may, like a good competitor, keep business away from our canal.

If we don't lower our tolls the competitive business will go to Suez. If we do lower our tolls English ships will get most of the benefit and our canal will not be self-supporting. In this unpleasant dilemma we wonder whether our Government will not become a party to a conspiracy in restraint of trade by agreeing with England that both canals shall maintain tolls at a self-supporting level—and thus finally get itself indicted and sent to jail under the Sherman law.

What's Expected of Congress

THIS session of Congress, everybody says, will be largely devoted to the tariff. The three preceding sessions of Congress were largely devoted to the tariff. Glancing backward in a cursory manner, it seems as though, for nearly three years, the Government at Washington had done nothing in particular except discuss the tariff and prosecute several trusts. And the tariff, like the trusts, is substantially just where it was three years ago. It has been changed in no important respect. This is partly chargeable to our Canadian cousins, who rejected the reciprocity treaty; but that doesn't alter the melancholy fact. Very important arbitration treaties with England and France have been negotiated, it is true; also, they have been hung up in the Senate. On the whole, the Government has borne some resemblance to a gentleman suffering from locomotor ataxia—able to talk volubly, but unable to get anywhere. Meanwhile matters of moment, such as an adequate trust program, banking reform, and parcels post, await action.

This session of Congress will be largely devoted to the tariff. If it doesn't get somewhere with that subject there will certainly be vast irritation against those responsible for the failure.

The Great Wheat Bulls

NOT Armour nor Patten nor Leiter, but Columbus and Napoleon seem to have been the great wheat bulls. A table giving the price of wheat in England by decades for six hundred and fifty years shows that for more than two centuries prior to the discovery of America the money value of a bushel ranged from fifteen to twenty-four cents. Fifty years after the discovery, it was up to thirty-five cents—a hundred years after it went to ninety-seven cents. No doubt these money values prior to Elizabeth's reformation of the currency are to be taken with considerable allowance; but that the increase in Europe's stock of precious metals, due to the discovery of America, did materially advance commodity prices is well known. For more than a century and a half wheat averaged pretty near a dollar a bushel. An upturn began before the French Revolution, culminating in an average of three dollars and seven cents a bushel for the decade that saw Napoleon's greatest battles and final overthrow. In the first decade of the twentieth century the price was almost the same as in the last decade of the sixteenth. We may hope the next great bull will be a discoverer—not a destroyer.

Population and Water

DISCONCERTING scientists have warned us from time to time that we would presently run out of this or that necessary article; but it seems the thing we are actually going to run out of relatively speaking—is plain water.

Writing in Science, on the prospective population of the United States, Professor McGee says: "While the mineral resources of the country are vast; while the forests are renewable and the farms susceptible of large increase in productivity; while the atmosphere gives little threat of exhaustion—despite the gloomy anticipations of Sir William Crookes and others concerning the stock of nitrogen—and while the available sunpower is thus far used to but a small portion of its capacity, a practical limit to the habitability of the country is fixed by limitation of the water supply."

Agriculturally speaking, water produces in crops about a thousandth part of its own weight, and to produce food in the form of meat requires ten times as much water as in the form of vegetables. An adult who eats two hundred pounds each of bread and beef in a year consumes one hundred tons of water in the bread and one thousand tons in the meat—besides drinking a ton outright. As many people to the square mile as Belgium has would give us a population of two billion, but Professor McGee concludes we cannot have over one billion, because our water supply is limited. As he also concludes that it will take us three hundred years to get the one billion, there is no immediate occasion for worrying.

The Growth of Suffrage

PREMIER ASQUITH announced the other day that the Ministry, at the next session of Parliament, would introduce a simple universal manhood suffrage bill—"one man, one vote." At the time of the American Revolution there were only four hundred thousand voters in the British Isles. The basis of suffrage has been widened from time to time until at present there are as many voters relatively to population in Great Britain as in the United States, but this has been done piecemeal; so there are now some thirty separate statutes defining the qualifications for voters.

The Prime Minister now proposes to sweep away this patchwork and adopt simple manhood suffrage, frankly recognizing that a man's right to vote is inherent in his citizenship, irrespective of whether he is owner, occupier or lodger. However, the point is that the deputation to which Premier Asquith made this pledge asked for womanhood suffrage also—one citizen, one vote, whether the citizen be male or female. Mr. Asquith balked at that; but the chances are that the widening of the suffrage will go on until women are included.

The Personal-Property Tax

THESE items appeared in a recent issue of the New York Times: "Alfred G. Vanderbilt called at the Department of Taxes yesterday and swore down an assessment of five hundred thousand dollars on personal property to one thousand dollars. Charles G. Gates, as executor of the estate of John W. Gates, which was valued as to personal property at two million dollars, obtained a reduction to forty-four hundred dollars. William Rockefeller obtained a reduction from six hundred thousand dollars to three hundred thousand in the valuation of his personal property."

Every year, at this season, there is a liberal sprinkling of such items in the New York papers. Iowa this year, following some other progressive states, abolished the farcical general personal-property tax as to all "moneys and credits," substituting a flat rate of five mills on the dollar; while Minnesota adopted a flat rate of three mills on the dollar as to "moneys and credits" in place of the old personal-property tax of anywhere from one and a half to five per cent. The entire personal-property tax, however, ought to go overboard everywhere.

Shortsighted Banking Laws

OUR imports from South America amount roughly to two hundred million dollars a year—largely coffee and raw materials for use in manufactures. Advocates of ship subsidy point out that most of this trade is carried in foreign bottoms, paying freight to Europe; but almost all of it pays another toll to Europe that could be avoided without granting anybody a bounty from the National Treasury. The credit instrument by which, no less than by ships, this trade is moved must be obtained in London. Our banks actually have all the credit necessary to move our foreign trade, but shortsighted laws prevent them from using it for that purpose. They can lend an American importer all the money he needs or is entitled to; but they must then procure for him the indorsement of a London bank to make the loan available in South America—and for that indorsement the London bank, of course, charges its price. In other words, being forbidden by law to accept a bill-of-exchange, the American bank must hire a London bank to accept the bill for it; and under our laws it is virtually impossible for our most powerful commercial bank to establish branches abroad as English banks do. That this useless dependence upon Europe—especially upon England—for proper credit instruments is an important handicap to our foreign trade no one doubts.

The New Arabian Nights

HERE, according to a sober narrative which was constructed for the edification of persons who hang over stock tickers, is the real, inside reason why Germany did not declare war against France in September:

The Fatherland is a bit shy of ready money. An unpleasant slump occurred on the Berlin Bourse. The Government had outstanding a large amount of treasury notes which it must pay or refund by October. In this situation the Kaiser naturally turned to Mr. Morgan—not only naturally, but inevitably; for who in the whole wide world that has an extensive financial ailment does not turn to Mr. Morgan? The great financier graciously vouchsafed to supply as much money as Germany might require up to two or three billion dollars, at only seven per cent interest; but he stipulated positively that Germany must not go to war. The emperor, shedding a few tears of gratitude and a few of chagrin, accepted Mr. Morgan's terms—which he was morally bound to do anyway, since, upon that gentleman's sage advice, he had gone short of the stock markets of the world to a prodigious extent last summer and reaped an enormous profit!

Schoolmasters, who do not read the financial gossip, still tell unsuspecting children that Arabian Nights affords remarkable examples of the exercise of unrestrained fancy. Compared with the Thousand and One Tales of Mr. Morgan, those old narratives show no more imagination than the multiplication table.

What is a Bushel?

THE legal contents of a bushel in different states varies as follows: Of apples, forty-four to fifty pounds; of beans, fifty-five to sixty-two; of beets, fifty to sixty; of buckwheat, forty-two to fifty-two; of onions, forty-eight to fifty-seven; of peaches, forty to fifty-four; of pears, forty-five to sixty; of sweet potatoes, forty-six to sixty; of tomatoes, forty-five to sixty.

That the legal contents of a man's household may vary widely under the statutes of different states is well known. In order to tell when a ninety-day note must be paid you have to be acquainted with the law of the state in which it is payable. Life and fire insurance is affected in contrary ways by statutes in different states. There is no reason whatever for the bewildering conflict in state laws upon many matters which should, for the due protection of the public, be reduced to a common standard. Efforts are made to bring about the adoption of a uniform code for certain subjects as to which uniformity would be an obvious advantage to all and an injury to none; but, broadly speaking, the efforts inspire little enthusiasm among legislators—perhaps because there is no way of making politics out of the movement.

Education for Producers

SOME time ago there was an investigation in Minnesota to discover what might be done to improve agriculture. One point made was that, of four hundred and thirty-five thousand public-school children whom the state was educating at an annual outlay of fourteen million dollars, ninety-nine and one-half per cent were taught to be consumers, and only half of one per cent were educated to be producers. It was shown, too, that of a million persons living on farms in the state, only eighteen hundred, in 1909, took a correspondence course offered by the agricultural school; but later a special report, showing that the average Minnesota farm yielded six hundred dollars a year less than the average Iowa farm, led thirty-five thousand farmers to request that their names be put on the mailing list. Generally speaking, farmers take a livelier interest in education today than any other class, precisely because the agricultural schools are "cashing in"—proving in dollars and cents that education pays. We expect that tax-supported education of all sorts will have to cash in more and more—instead of conforming itself to the requirements of endowed institutions that are planned to educate consumers.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Tom Johnson's Heir

LIBERTAS est potestas faciendi id quod jure licet!" spouted the Honorable Theodore Burton when he was running for Mayor of Cleveland a time ago, the occasion being a campaign speech in the mill district. And on the election day shortly thereafter the Ohioans to whom the Honorable Theodore was appealing for their votes went to the polls and put the boots of their free and untrammeled and non-classical suffrages to Mr. Burton in a sad—not to say irreverent—manner; holding, as was said, that they didn't care for such a scholarly guy for mayor of the town.

"Lex citius tolerare vult privatum damnum quam publicum malum!" declaimed the Honorable Newton D. Baker when he was running for Mayor of Cleveland just recently. And on the election day shortly thereafter the same citizens who had rebuked Mr. Burton for his Latinity upheld Mr. Baker for his, and gave him about eighteen thousand majority; holding, as was said, that it might be a pretty good thing to have one of them "lit'ry" gents as mayor after all.

There may be a Cleveland, Ohio, moral, to this, but I don't know what it is, unless I might suggest weakly that erudition may erudiate for one and eradicate for another, which is about what happened. Of course the Honorable Theodore Burton, now a Senator, is a most learned person. Though it is not true, as has been held, that he is the author of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, he certainly looks the part—and did so especially after they trampled on him in that election when he tried to be classical with the boys in the mills.

Now, on the other hand, the Honorable Newton Diehl Baker is some scholarly also. With a full knowledge of Mayor Gaynor's predilection for Epictetus, I make bold to say this new Mayor of Cleveland knows more about literature than any other mayor now in captivity. He is as literary as a five-foot shelf of books. Back him into a corner at any time and ask him sternly, "What book has had the greatest influence on your life?" and he will reply unhesitatingly: "Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe." And, nevertheless, they elected him mayor by eighteen thousand! I suppose if it had been Locke on the Human Understanding he would have been elected by thirty thousand!

He Has Them All Looking in the Dictionary

The Wisdom of Newton D.

LITTLE Newton read Doctor Draper's airy nothings on the aforesaid topic at the age of sixteen—when he might have been fishing or swimming or playing ball. Nor is that all. Draper was simply pie to him at that age, for he was the reading kid of Martinsburg, West Virginia. At the age of twenty, as we are informed, he had plowed through about all the English literature there was available at that time. That was twenty years ago, of course, before some of us had done much writing; but he took cognizance of what there was.

Selecting Milton as a convenient base, he paraded right straight back to Chaucer; and then, returning to Milton, he leaped forward avidly to George R. Sims. He knows all about John Heywood, and Thomas Tusser, and John Lyly, and all those old boys—and he can play ring-around-a-rosy with Shakspere in all editions. His familiarity with such English literature and such other literature—including what this country has to offer—is alarming but not contagious.

Scholarly? Why, say, when he was at that Dayton convention a year or so ago, where they tried to make the convention indorse somebody for Senator the Tom Johnson folks didn't want indorsed, he sat silently in his seat reading Browning, undisturbed by the turmoil about him. Then, when it came his turn, he placed a mark carefully in the book, laid the book on his chair, and went up on the stage and produced a speech that made the anti-Johnson folks weep bitter tears because they had nobody to get back at him! Then he returned to his seat and his book, and resumed his study of the immortal if somewhat obscure lines he was reading.

He is the scholar in politics; and, as you might say, there is some politics in the scholar. Martinsburg tradition has it that at the early but intellectual age of ten he played hooky from school, for the first and only time in his life, to go and hear a noted lawyer of those parts sum up a case in court. He was so impressed with this lawyer's declamation of Portia's speech in the Merchant of Venice—you know: "The quality of mercy is not strained"—that country lawyers always pull when they have a bad case, he straightway resolved on two things: first, to be a lawyer; and, second, to be a literary lawyer and have a good stock of goods to show to juries.

He was admitted to the bar, and went back to Martinsburg and formed a partnership with the man who made the eloquent speech. So far as Baker was concerned there wasn't much practice for him. He had a few small cases, and devoted his time to re-reading books he had read between the ages of ten and sixteen, including the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire and other similar brochures. William L. Wilson, who gave his name to a tariff bill, was a West Virginian and knew Baker's father. He wrote to young Baker to come to Washington to see him shortly after President Cleveland had made Wilson Postmaster-General.

Baker thought Mr. Wilson wanted to give him some Government reports and similar works to help him make a showing of books in his office, and he took two suitcases to bring back the books. Much to his astonishment Wilson asked him to be his secretary—and he accepted the place.

Wilson knew Tom Johnson; and one time when Baker was going out to Cleveland he gave Baker a letter of introduction. Baker presented the letter, which Johnson read and threw away, Baker attaining nothing but a "How are you?"

After Wilson retired Baker went back to Martinsburg and practiced for a time, but he had his mind set on Cleveland; and presently he went out there and opened a law office. It wasn't long before Baker and Tom Johnson were good friends, for Baker was a smart young fellow and Johnson had the faculty of attracting smart young fellows to himself. Baker remembered the letter of introduction, but Johnson didn't; and Baker never reminded him of it.

Johnson went booming along in Ohio politics and Baker came to be one of his official family. Likely as not, Baker was as close to Johnson as any one. Anyhow Johnson had him made city solicitor, and he was a good one.

The Three-Cent Campaigns

AFTER Johnson was beaten in his last attempt to be mayor, and was sick and about ready to die, he told a few of his friends Baker would be the man to nominate for mayor, as a sort of heir to his policies. Johnson and Baker never talked about this, but Baker was nominated. Johnson had been the protagonist of three-cent street-car fares, and Baker followed with three-cent electric light as the chief issue in his campaign. Inasmuch as the electric-light company was getting six or seven cents a watt or kilowatt—or tarrididdle, or whatever it is—the attitude of that public-utilities corporation toward Mr. Baker can easily be pictured in the mind's eye. Baker won. He will be mayor after January first.

Occasionally a boy mayor has flashed across a municipal horizon and then winked out. However boyish any of these mayors have been, none of them looked so boyish as Baker. He is forty years old, but looks anywhere between eighteen and twenty-four, depending on how he has his hair combed. Instead of referring to him as a boy mayor, some rude person, unacquainted with his maturity, may take a look at him and call him the child mayor. When he was running a man came in to see him.

"I want to see Baker," said the man.

"I am Baker."

"Well, my boy, your father is running for mayor and I want to do something for him."

And episodes like this were of daily occurrence. The only way Baker can arrive at an appearance of the venerable wisdom required in the office of the Mayor of Cleveland is to grow a long gray beard.

Baker holds to a good many of the political and economic convictions of Tom Johnson. He is a single-taxer, for example, but not so rabid about it as Johnson was. He is for public ownership of public utilities and has made a start with a municipal lighting plant, which was a part of his campaign. He is a good lawyer, and as an orator he has them all looking in the dictionary to see what his words mean. He is what is called a polished orator, but he gets away with it—as witness the Latin he handed to the rolling-mill men, where Mr. Burton lost in a similar adventure. He can talk for four hours or fourteen and never make a slip in diction or boggle a quotation or an allusion; and he is familiarly known as Newton Spiel Baker instead of Newton Diehl Baker. He doesn't care for money and is indifferent to fame and averse to publicity. Hence probably he will not like this piece when it is "called to his attention"—which will undoubtedly help some.

A Back-Action Argument

A CORNFIELD lawyer in the South, who had a young partner just out of law school, was making a plea before a judge.

"In fact, your Honor," he concluded, "as I see it and as the law maintains, this contention of the learned opposing counsel is an *absurdo ad reductum*."

The young partner pulled at the orator's coattail.

"*Reductio ad absurdum*," he whispered hoarsely to his friend.

"Indeed, your Honor," continued the talker, "my learned associate has just suggested it is also a *reductio ad absurdum!*"

Cotton Caution

GOVERNOR EMMETT O'NEAL, of Alabama, met Private John Allen in New Orleans.

"John," said the governor, "this cotton market looks right good to me. I think I'll buy a little this morning and make some money."

"Emmett," cautioned Allen, "don't do it! It's hazardous. Whenever I buy any cotton I always feel as I did when I was in the army. When we were chasing the Yankees I thought we surely should land in New York or Philadelphia; but when they were chasing us I was sure they would run us into the Gulf of Mexico!"

The Hour of Need

A POLICEMAN in the northeast section of Washington heard loud cries of "Police! Murder!" coming from a house on his beat, and broke in.

He found a man beating his wife and he stopped the fight. The woman was the one who had been doing the screaming.

"How long has this been going on?" the policeman asked them.

"About half an hour," sobbed the woman, glaring at her husband.

"Well, why didn't you yell before? I heard nothing until a minute ago."

"Oh," replied the woman, "I was getting the best of it until I began to scream."

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Melba

Tetrazzini

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Sousa

Pryor

Victor Herbert

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TO HIM WHO DARES

Three-Fingered Jack Unfolds a Tale of Doubre

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARMAND BOTH

She Had a Sweet, Plaintive Voice, Like That Salvation Army Girl of Yours, Dan

I WAS standing at the bar of Three-Fingered Jack's sailor boarding house late one evening when Dirty Dan Bedford, resplendent in his new Salvation Army uniform, parted the swinging doors and stood in the center of the portal looking at us.

"Hello, Dan'l!" said Three-Fingered Jack in his most neighborly tone. "How are you?"

"In torment," replied Dirty Dan in a husky voice—and we both knew what he meant. Three-Fingered Jack came out from behind his bar, planted himself in the middle of the floor in an aggressive attitude and stared at Dan Bedford.

"You ain't going to get any drink in here," he announced.

"I don't expect to," said Dan Bedford. "I just came in to say goodby. Trowbridge & Fink have offered me the Bark Valhalla and I'm off to Cape Town tomorrow morning."

"Strip the red off that uniform and you won't be out nothing for clothes, for all your six weeks in the army," said Three-Fingered Jack philosophically. "I'm glad you're going back to the sea, Dan'l. What's the matter with you now?"

"A variety of things," answered Dan Bedford. He came in, sat down in one of the barroom armchairs and put his feet up on the iron railing round the little box stove. "In the first place, I feel like drinking; but I'll get by all right—only I don't want to be alone tonight or I may be rolling in the gutters of Steuart Street by morning; the second reason is, I haven't got true religion; and the third is ——"

"The little lieutenant with the voice—she that sings by herself and draws the crowd," interrupted Three-Fingered Jack. "So it's the little girl, is it? I don't blame you, Dan'l. She sings one song that makes me think back—am I right, Dan'l?"

Dan Bedford rubbed his still handsome mouth with the back of his hard hand and by his silence seemed to admit that it was so.

Three-Fingered Jack came over and sat down beside Dan Bedford.

"Why don't you marry her, Dan'l?" he asked. "You're a fine figure of a man that any woman could be proud of—and you ain't much past thirty-five. A good woman'd be the makin's of you."

"I'm broke," said Dirty Dan simply; "and she wanted me to stay. I can't, Jack. Just think of me—a full-grown man, with all my teeth and legs and arms—living off the nickels the army gathers on the front through that girl! I told her I couldn't do it. I paid for my uniform and I've paid my board at the barracks, but I can't get a job ashore; and, now that I'm broke and it's hopeless, I'm going to sea again."

"Did you say anything else to her?"

Dan Bedford threw out one hand in a gesture of despair.

"She's seen me at my worst," he said. "I wouldn't dishonor her by asking. She knows the desire for drink has had me by the throat for a week; and when I told her I was off to sea again I—I don't think she believed me. She thinks I can't hold out any longer. She said she was sorry I was going to desert the Lord's work, but that she'd pray for me wherever I went. 'Goodby, Brother Bedford,' she says very quietly. 'I hope you'll try to be a good man; but I suppose your old companions mean more to you than the Word.' Then she shook hands—and I came up here."

"Did you promise her you wouldn't drink?" inquired Three-Fingered Jack.

"No; I didn't," snapped Dirty Dan Bedford. "I promised myself!"

"Then, Dan'l, my son," said Three-Fingered Jack, "I wouldn't worry if I was you. You've got true religion enough to do you. Have a drink of mineral water—and here's a cigar. Don't jibe at that cigar, man! It's ten cents straight. . . . Wait a minute until I lock the door. If half a dozen thirsty lads should come in, spilling liquor on the bar, the smell'd aggravate you—and there ain't no sense in laying a man open to temptation.

"So she'd pray for you, would she? Lord bless the little woman! They're all alike, Dan'l, my son—all of 'em. Women is women the wide world over, and they'll come to a man with a crook of his little finger when they wouldn't come to an imitation of a man for a shipload of diamonds. The trouble with you, Dan Bedford, is you need a new set of works. You're too shy. Nosey McCray didn't haul ship like you did when he found himself in your fix. Not for Nosey. He was a man and he took what he wanted; and she—well, she was a woman and worth the taking, for all that she was only half white. And so Nosey McCray took her, like the man he was. This Salvation girl always reminds me of Nosey and his love affair—not that she looks like Nosey's girl, but on account of a hymn she sings. Dan, what's the name of that hymn? Every time we bury a brother of the Master-Mariners' Association the quartet sings it."

"Lead, Kindly Light," suggested Dan.

"That's it," replied Three-Fingered Jack; and in a chain-locker voice he proceeded to chant:

"Lead, kindly light,
'Mid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The way is dark and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on."

"I've left the army," Dan Bedford reminded him with some asperity.

"I used to know that hymn by heart, strange as it may seem," said Three-Fingered Jack musingly. "Nosey McCray sang it in Doubre Town—and a sweet tenor he had. He could —— Who was Nosey McCray? It doesn't matter. He was a man that I knew once; and he had a queer love affair that I couldn't quite understand in them days—though, for that matter, who ever understands anything when he's young? It takes the years to soften a man; and, after all, what we call right and wrong, and our duty toward society—— Rats! It's all a question of geography anyhow. But let me tell you about Nosey McCray and the girl in Doubre Town."

. . . . . .

When I was a young man I had my ups and downs; and during one period of the ups I had command of a fine new whaling bark, the Oriole, on a cruise for bowhead whale up in Bering Sea. Nosey McCray was my mate and a funny lad was this same Nosey. He was particularly funny to look at. When Nosey was a young lad at college he played football and in one of the scrimmages he had his nose wrecked. The misfortune preyed on Nosey's mind until he took to drink and wasn't worth a whoop nowhere except at sea on a whaler, where nobody that he cared for could see him and those he didn't care for had to keep a respectful tongue in their heads. But finally folks got to calling him "Nosey" to his face. He grew used to it after a while and wouldn't answer to no other name.

I liked Nosey as a man first-rate; and as a mate he was the best hand with an iron that ever killed a whale. He was a sociable, good-natured lad when he wasn't thinking of his misfortunes, and few men could sing better than Nosey McCray—or play the banjo.

Many's the time up in the Arctic, when we'd have the ice anchor out and snug and fast to the floe, me and Nosey'd get full together and have a rip-roaring time. A man gets democratic as blazes with his mate when he's up in the ice, and Nosey was a rare hand to make the time pass. And did you ever notice that them that's the jolliest sips sorrow with the longest spoon? I never knew it to fail.

Well, on this cruise I have in mind, we loafed off the coast of Siberia and Saghalien Island with medium luck, but nothing to brag about; and finally we sailed clear across Okhotsk Sea up into Northeast Gulf. I'd heard that there was a dog-hole up in the extreme northerly end of the gulf, where the bowhead cows went to calve; and so I decided we'd go up there and find out for ourselves. Cow or calf, it mattered little to us, though we would have preferred a school of big old bulls.

Few men have sailed them waters; and all the information on that whaling ground is old and the charts ain't to be depended on. There's rocks and uncharted reefs, and islands and tide-rips and what-all; and a man must fair smell his way into the mouth of the Gichiga River. It's summer up there from June to about September fifteenth, and once in a while you'll get a lovely day; but in general the climate's hellish, even in the short summer. Nothing but fog, fog, fog—cold and raw and miserable; and if ever I see a country forgotten by God that Gichiga River country up there in Northern Siberia was it.

It was about the middle of August when we got well up into the gulf; and one day the lookout in the crow's-nest reported a school of bowhead traveling north very leisurely. There was at least a dozen of them, and before the next fog closed in on us we was snug under the lee of the Chalpili Islands, with both anchors out and four dead whales moored to the ship. We was busy as ants for a week, chopping up the carcasses and getting out the bone and oil—and, as luck would have it, not a gale during all the time we was there.

We knew the rest of the whales had gone north; so, by the time we'd got everything shipshape again and all the boys sure of a fair piece of money on the season's catch, we concluded to go north too. So we up hook and followed our nose until, on the first of September, we came to a rocky gut about two miles wide and six or seven miles long, and there the gulf seemed to end. I wasn't for going in there—not knowing a thing about what lay beyond or how much water there was. The charts was very defective, as I've since learned. They don't mention a thing about East Head and West Head at the entrance to the pass, and Doubre Town that lies inside; and, blast them! there was no mention of a thirteen-mile-an-hour flood tide and a ten-mile-an-hour ebb through that rocky gut. That flood tide caught us and snaked us through when we didn't expect it—and that's how me and Nosey McCray came to Doubre Town.

We went ramping through that pass with two men at the wheel, fighting the tide-rips; and after a while it opened out into a fair-sized bay, with a few pieces of old rotten ice that'd floated down from the Gichiga River, still bobbing round in it. However, there was two whales blowing a mile off the lee bow—and Nosey McCray took one boat and I took the other, leaving the ship in charge of the second mate, with orders to put off another boat to help us in case we seemed to need it; and we hoisted sail and went after the two bowheads. They were both cows, with calves, and we killed the whole family without any trouble; and along about twilight that night we got them alongside and made fast.

We was up and at the whales bright and early next morning, and Nosey McCray was out on the carcass of the starboard whale with the boat-steerer, helping him cut off the head, when a big canoe come pulling across the bay from an Indian village—we learned after that it was Doubre Town—with five Indians aboard. Two of them was bucks and two was squaws—and one was a woman.

"How?" says Nosey McCray very politely, and gets a grunt from number one buck for his pains. The Indians wasn't looking at Nosey at all, but at the whale; and I knew right off what they wanted. They'd come for the "oysters"—that is, the nerves in the whale's jaws, which is considered a great delicacy by these Siberian Indians.

"Nosey, my boy," says I, "save the oysters for these people, and we'll trade 'em for some reindeer meat." And with that I began making signs to the Indians that everything was pointing toward their getting the "oysters." But Nosey never so much as heard me. He was standing there on the whale's head, rising and falling easily with the swell, and staring at the woman.

"By my soul!" says Nosey McCray—to nobody in particular; "but that girl is no Indian. Sir, did you ever see a finer looking wench than that one?" says he finally, looking up at me where I stood on the to'gallant fo'castle.

My attention being called particularly, I couldn't help agreeing with Nosey that the girl was a pretty handsome little craft. She was young—eighteen, maybe—with blue-black wavy hair that hung over her temples under a little round fur cap and drifted down her back in a long braid. Her face was as white as a Caucasian's, with a nice little pink glow in each cheek, and—damme, Dan'l, I can't describe her; but she was beautiful, and even though I was realizing that she was a half-breed I had followed Nosey's example and lifted my cap. That woman commanded my respect, which is more than most women would have in them days.

I had a Jacob's ladder slung over the side and the Indians came aboard. Number one buck was a hard-looking red savage, a sort of a cross between a Tartar and a North American Indian; and number two buck was apparently his son. They had two long-barreled, old-fashioned muzzle-loading muskets with them. The squaws were evidently mother and daughter—and tall, fine-looking females they were for that desolate country. The entire party, with the exception of the little beauty, was all dressed alike in light fur suits, it being summer-time; and they were very intelligent. The beauty wore an otter jacket, a short sealskin skirt and boots made from the skins of pup seals.

I had the cook set out some grub for them after the crew had finished dinner, and the way they lit into the hardtack and spuds and salthorse was very nice to see. I heard Nosey McCray tell the nigger cook to give the young lady some plum duff with brandy sauce—and be quick about it or he'd break his black back for him!

It was all off with Nosey McCray. He followed the little half-breed girl round the deck with his eyes, and small blame to him. She was good to look at. Before they left—and they had the oysters from both whales with 'em when they did—Nosey had a name for the girl. He called her Aurora Borealis, because that's the only beautiful thing in the north; and he gave her a little pearl-handled pocketknife, a red silk handkerchief with green borders to tie round her neck, two bottles of cologne that he'd bought from the nigger cook specially for her, and a little tintype picture of himself, taken before the paint wore off his nose—and if that ain't rushing a girl then I'm a Dutchman! She smiled at him as sweet and shy as ever a good girl could; and they paddled away from the Oriole, back to Doubre Town.

That night Nosey McCray came to me with a sheepish look in his eyes and asked if he might have a boat's crew to pull him off to Doubre Town. I was a bit curious myself, to tell the truth, for I was young in them days; and I says: "I'll go with you, Nosey, my boy. We don't know what the place is like and there's strength in numbers."

Well, we landed on the beach and had a look at Doubre Town. It wasn't much—just a name and a cluster of dugout houses and a big turf house, occupied by one Russian and—Aurora Borealis. He was the factor and Doubre Town was a fur-trading post—and the Russian was law with about three hundred natives. He was a fine, fierce, big man, coming fifty, with two pistols and a very grand way about him; and he met us at the beach and said something to us in Russian. Me and Nosey was stumped; so we fiddled round trying every language we knew anything about, and finally Nosey tried him in French—and we was at home. It's a great thing to have a college education like Nosey McCray had. I was pup enough to be sore about it at the time, because I couldn't do a bit of talking except through Nosey McCray—and I had things to say to Aurora Borealis that I wouldn't intrust to Nosey McCray. It was awkward.

The Russian—I never could remember his name—took us up to his house and we was formally introduced to Aurora Borealis. I'll call her that because it suited her best; and I shall never forget how shame-faced Nosey McCray was when she talked to him in French. His hand flew up to his nose right off—and he felt terrible.

It was a queer situation. The Russian wasn't her father and he didn't know who was. I guess Aurora Borealis was just a child of chance, because the Russian was the only white man for miles round. He told Nosey he'd found Aurora Borealis out on a cake of ice, drifting down the bay from Gickinginsk, eighteen or nineteen years before—he didn't exactly remember. She was wrapped up warm in furs and there was a squaw with her, but dead as a mackerel, with two arrows through her. So I suppose it was the old story of a sailor with a sweetheart in every port; and the Indians up in the Gichiga River country have their own way of viewing the love affairs of their women with white men. They're moral that way, and they always kill both parties if they find it out. I suppose the squaw was trying to get down from Gickinginsk to Doubre Town with the baby. Gickinginsk used to be a trading post like Doubre Town, but it was abandoned years ago on account of the scurvy. It lay miles and miles up the Gichiga

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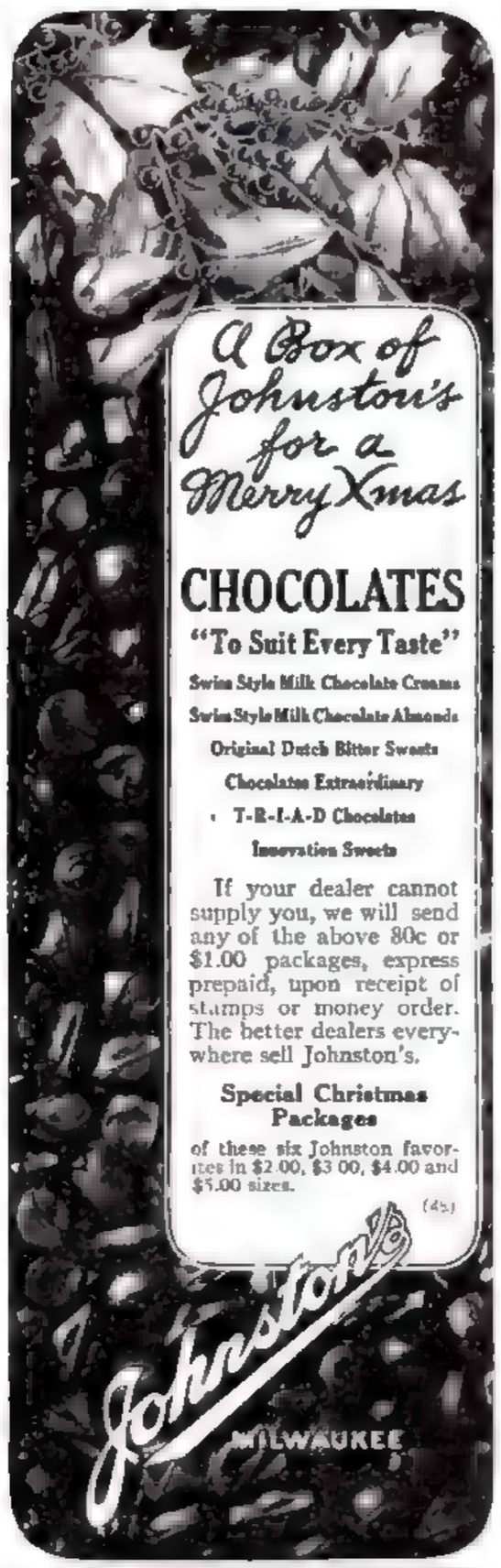
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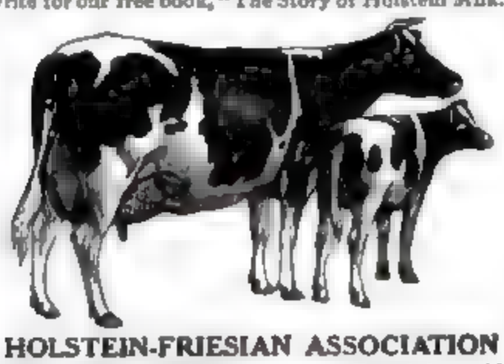

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River, and they couldn't get down to the coast very easy in winter to gather the wild rhubarb that grows there. It's about all them poor devils up there has to fight scurvy with.

Anyway, the Russian had raised Aurora Borealis and taught her Russian and French; and she could read and write pretty fair, and play on a right-angled-triangle music-box like a mandolin. She had a sweet, plaintive voice, like that Salvation Army girl of yourn, Dan; and the Russian was figuring on taking her to wife when she was a year or so older. He was a pretty decent sort, sure enough.

We had a pleasant visit with the Russian and he asked us both back again. Poor devil! He was lonesome for white men; but he couldn't leave Doubre Town because he was wanted in St. Petersburg to fulfill a contract in the salt mines, and he was safe because nobody would take the trouble to come up there after him. He said he figured on making a pile in furs and beating it out on a whaler some day. Nosey McCray said the real reason he stayed was because he was jealous of Aurora Borealis. I thought maybe he was a trifle ashamed of her blood. Anyhow, it don't matter.

We lay off Doubre Town for a week. Some days we spent ashore with the Russian and Aurora Borealis, and some days they spent aboard with us. I ought to have got out of there, but it was kind of pleasant and I hated to leave. So did Nosey—and I was fond of Nosey. Somehow, Aurora Borealis didn't appear to know that Nosey was any different from what he ought to be; and he took heart and played his banjo and sang every song he'd ever learned. In particular, he taught Aurora Borealis how to sing Lead, Kindly Light—said he just couldn't help it, the hymn was so mighty appropriate; and to hear her sing the unfamiliar words was enough to make a bad man good. She was just a sweet, simple little child of Nature, not more'n half civilized; and it didn't take me long to see that she was getting wrapped up in Nosey McCray in a way that would break her little heart when we weighed anchor and run south before the ice came in.

I spoke to Nosey about it. There ain't no sense in doing a needless hurt—and after the first three days I got over my case on the girl. I could never forget that her ma was a squaw. Still, I hated to see her suffer. I have been young and had my fling, and maybe if Nosey hadn't got the weather side of me with his French talk and his two bottles of cologne I wouldn't have been so tender of her. At any rate, I told Nosey he must play fair. Give me credit for that!

"Nosey, my lad," says I, "have you noticed that little Aurora Borealis is beginning to look at you like a sick duck? I don't like that look, Nosey. It spells broken heart; and as she's a lone young woman don't trifle with her. She'll take up with the Russian and make him a good wife; so belay hauling on her affections."

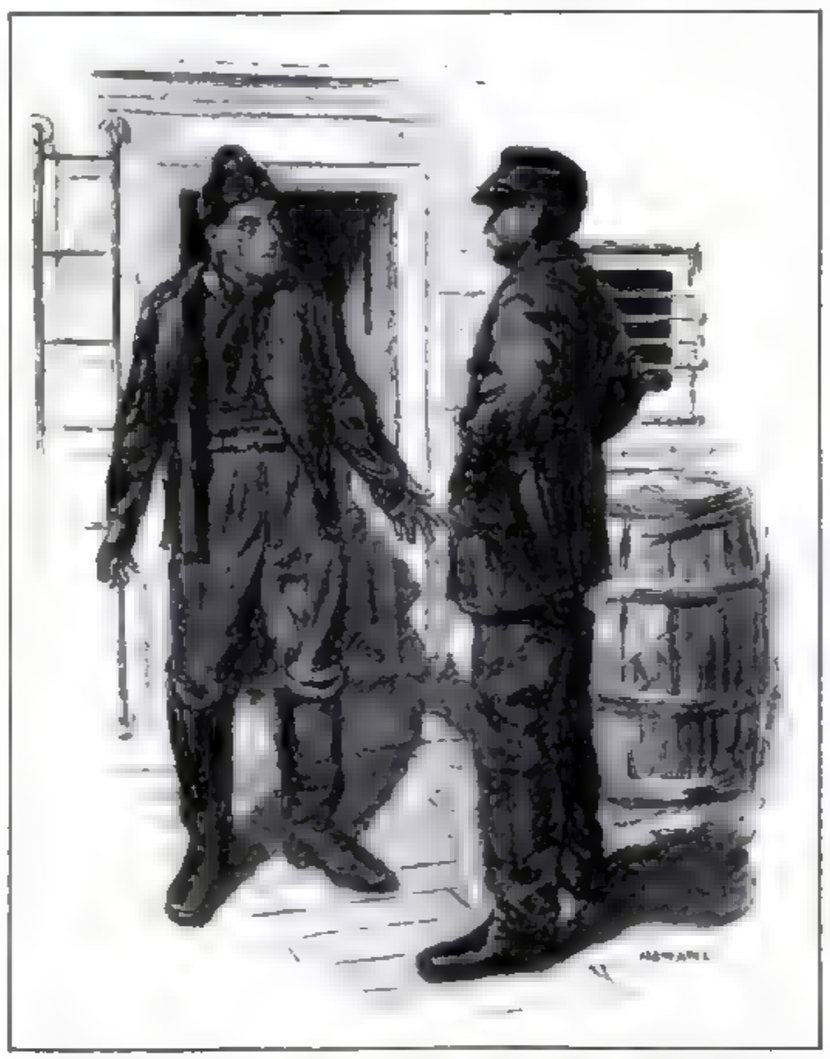
Nosey McCray looked at me like I was gone crazy, which goes to show that down in his heart Nosey was an innocent sort of a lad after all.

"Me!" says he. "Aurora Borealis in love with a graceless bucko mate with a tin nose! Great Scott! sir; no woman could fall in love with a wreck like me. It's against human nature and altogether out of reason." And with that he sat down on the taffrail and looked at me like a lost dog.

"If I thought for a minute that Aurora Borealis loved me, sir," says he finally, "that Russian would have to step aside! I'd have her if I was the devil himself! I'd wade through hell to her and I'd hold her precious while there was a beat to my heart. If Aurora Borealis took a notion to love me she'd be conferring charity on me—that's what she would. But, as for the Russian marrying her—bah! There's neither marrying nor giving in marriage in this country; and if I get a notion that Aurora Borealis wants me I'll go and take her. If I was pleasant for a woman to look at I'd go and take her, anyhow, for what I feel for that girl is something I've never felt before; and if she loves me in return, then I'll have gratitude piled on top of my love for her. I could grovel at the feet of the woman that would love me. Still, I'll keep my mouth shut to Aurora Borealis. The Russian has played a man's part and I'll not interfere with his prospects, unless—unless ——"

He was looking across the bay to Doubre Town and his mouth was twisted a bit, with a look of pain in his eyes. Sometimes it's hard to have been raised a gentleman.

It was beginning to get pretty late in the season and I had to figure on getting out of the gulf about October first or run a stiff chance of wintering in the ice, and I decided to weigh anchor with the first ebb tide and get out through the pass into the gulf. So I went ashore very suddenly one day and said goodby to the Russian and Aurora Borealis; and when I came back to the ship Nosey had everything ready to pull out the minute the tide served. As it lacked an hour of the ebb I told Nosey to go ashore if he wanted to and say goodby to our friends. Common politeness demanded that much; so Nosey went over the side very willing.



"Great Scott! No Woman Could Fall in Love With a Wreck Like Me"

He didn't come back for three hours; and when the boat finally came alongside I was dancing with rage, for we'd missed the tide and would have to lay over. I was for giving Nosey McCray a sharp piece of my tongue; but he had that old dumb look of pain in his eyes, so I called him down into the cabin and asked him what he'd been up to.

He'd been up to enough to kick the fat into the fire. It seems the Russian was gone off up the coast, to be away for a day or two, when Nosey went in to say goodby. For all that Nosey claimed he was as cool as chipped ice at the time, I guess he didn't say it very well; for Aurora Borealis came up to him with the look of death in her big brown eyes—and before he knew it she had her arms round him and was crying into the breast pocket of his pea-jacket.

And then Nosey McCray went daft with the knowledge that a woman loved him for just what he was. He was all man, was Nosey, in spite of his wild ways; and his love for little Aurora Borealis was the holiest thing he'd ever known. So what could he do but what he did? He took her up in his arms and dried her tears; and there, under the gray Arctic sky, they joined hands and Nosey McCray swore to his Christian God to love, cherish and honor Aurora Borealis until death them did part—and that was all of their wedding. Aurora Borealis thought it all very nice, but it didn't mean anything particular to her. She had Nosey and so she was content, because she'd meant to keep him all along, anyhow, and she had never heard of divorce or desertion; so she kissed Nosey again when he took his solemn oath—and, of course, he forgot that he had to reckon with me and overstayed his leave.

"Well, Nosey McCray," says I, when he had finished telling me about it, "what do you purpose doing now that you've gone and done it?"

"I was going to offer you my share of the season's catch to sign me clear this minute and let me go back to Doubre Town."

"Well," says I, "I suppose I can work the vessel back to San Francisco without you—but how about this Russian? I don't like the idea of accepting a man's hospitality and then stealing the girl from him."

"I'll settle with him," says Nosey. "He'll have to get out of Doubre Town if he don't like it. You might ship him as mate in my place," he added with his sly grin.

"Sure I might," says I, very agreeable; and with that I stretched Nosey McCray on the cabin floor as neat as you please. When he came to I had him in irons and locked in his own room; and there he sat, raving and praying, begging me not to break the girl's heart by keeping him away from her. It's a fact. Never once did he think of his own heart. He left all that to me, but I knew Nosey McCray—or thought I did—and the best way to keep him from doing all hands a hurt, himself included, was to lock him up—which I went and done.

That night a heavy fog came down and blocked out the midnight sun; and when the tide served again I was afraid to take a chance in the pass and waited for the fog to lift. It was two mortal weeks doing it and all the time we lay there and not a soul in Doubre Town the wiser. 'Twas thicker than steam. And finally, when it did lift, it was because of a blizzard that blew straight down out of the Arctic; and the tide serving I up hook—and with a howling norther on our beam we scuttled south through the pass out into Northeast Gulf. The snow was thick on our decks when we reached the open sea and we ran before the storm under bare poles, with just a wisp of a jib to steady the ship. And our hearts was in our mouths, for the ice was forming and it looked like a tight race at long odds. I hadn't expected to come that far north and I wasn't well prepared for a winter in the ice.

We lost. The third day out the blizzard spent itself; and I took an observation, only to find that we'd been running in circles and were less than a hundred miles south of Doubre Town. There was no land in sight, but as far as we could see the ice was piling and jamming and snapping as it came down out of the north; and pretty soon we lay in the pack, hard and fast.

Then I went down into Nosey McCray's room, took off his irons and told him to come on deck and enjoy himself. When he did come on deck and cast a look round he sagged over against the foremast like a drunken man, and the white of that Arctic winter wasn't whiter than Nosey's face. I felt sorry for the lad; but I'd acted for the best interests of all concerned and I thought he'd get over it. Which just goes to show that you can live with a man a lifetime and never know him.

"Where are we, sir?" he managed to say presently.

"Now, Nosey," says I, "if I told you you'd know just as much as I do, which wouldn't be good for you. Get into your fur clothes and let's spend a pleasant winter hunting polar bear and walrus, and try to make up for the expense of the delay."

"I guess you're right," says Nosey, with the air of a little boy that's been whipped for stealing jam—and with that he went below.

The sea was frozen solid next day; and along about five bells in the morning watch one of the men reported a polar bear two

miles to the east. I told the man to pass the word for McCray, but in about ten minutes he came back and reported that the first mate wasn't aboard, because he couldn't be found.

I ran into Nosey's room and found his sea-chest turned topsyturvy. I knew he had a rifle and a big revolver in that chest, but they were missing—and so was his fur suit and all his heavy clothing, and four pair of woolen blankets. I called the nigger cook and we went down in the galley to investigate—and found evidences of a raid on the grub; so then I knew that Nosey McCray had left us and started back to Doubre Town. And when I thought of him without compass or chart, alone in that terrible icefield, I sat down on his deserted berth and cried like a child.

At twilight that night I came on deck and the Northern Lights was flickering and waving back yonder where we'd come from. And then I remembered that they'd flickered every night for ten nights over the hammocks to the nor'-nor'east of Doubre Town—and I thought of Nosey and the girl and that hymn he'd taught her:

Lead, kindly light,
'Mid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The way is dark and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on.

That was it. Nosey McCray had set out to find a little happiness—and he called it Aurora Borealis. The flames of his love was burning high; and somehow or other I knew that the Lights would lead him home. When I rolled into my berth an hour later I hoped that the Lord would use him well, for he was a man!

It was May before the ice broke up and we went south. In San Francisco we discharged the biggest catch in ten years; and my owners was so well pleased that they shot me down into the South Pacific after sperm. When I came back in March of the following year and discharged again they chased me back into the north after bowhead again. Right back into Northeast Gulf I went—but never mind whether we had luck or whether we didn't. I wanted to get back to Doubre Town; and on the third day of June we was standing off East Head, waiting for the flood tide to whisk us up that pass once more into that lonely bay, where Nosey McCray had walked in Paradise.

We went through the pass on the same old thirteen-mile tide, and on the morning of the fourth we came to an anchorage. There was the same vagrant chunks of rotten ice drifting down the bay from the Gichiga River, and, as it happened to be one of the rare summer days, the sky was blue and crisp, with a few white clouds drifting over the black hummocks beyond Doubre Town. The fringe of scrubby little spruces round the bay shore was bright and green, and long strings of wild duck and black swan was coming screaming up out of the south.

I had four men pull me ashore; and, telling them to wait for me, I walked up through the single street, past the dugouts and sod houses, with the Indian women making baskets and sewing furs in the early summer sunshine, and the little kids rolling round in the dirt with the husky-dogs. Right up to the Russian's shack I went and pulled at the tongue of an old ship's bell that hung in front and did duty for a knocker; and by-and-by a man came out and stared at me.

It was Nosey McCray.

"Hello, Nosey, boy!" says I, and stuck out my hand. He stared at it a minute and shook it gravely; and then he glanced at me with the old dumb look of pain in his eyes.

"What's wrong, Nosey?" says I.

"Ssh!" says Nosey, lifting up a finger. "Don't talk so loud. Aurora Borealis has just bore me a son and I'm afraid it'll go hard with her. I've had an Indian woman to care for her; but she needs a doctor and medicines; and ——"

And then poor Nosey sat down and cried. He was all broke up.

"Tut, tut, Nosey!" says I. "Doctor and medicine she shall have. I have a boat-steerer on the Oriole who did three years in a medical college; and we've the medicine chest, Nosey." And with that I was off to the Oriole.

We wasn't an hour too soon to save Aurora Borealis—but save her we did; and it made me feel good. Nosey forgave me for the dirt I'd done him; and as soon as she was able to be up and around I had them aboard the Oriole, with all their possessions and the furs and money that the Russian had left behind. Seems he never came back from that trip he started on the day Nosey went ashore to say goodby to Aurora Borealis; so I guess something must have happened to him. As for Nosey and the girl, they were formally married in San Francisco an hour after the vessel docked. Aurora had quite a little money from the Russian's estate—and Nosey quit drinking and going to sea and made her a fine husband. They bought a little farm up country somewhere and Nosey has done well—and the boy's just graduated in law. Aurora Borealis is still a mighty pretty woman; and she and Nosey McCray are still sweethearts—all because Nosey was a man and went and took what he wanted. Remember, Dan'l, a faint heart never won —— Was that a knock at the door?

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I thought it was; and Three-Fingered Jack got up from his seat and drew the bolt. The door swung open and a girl from the Salvation Army stepped into the groggery, looked around for an instant half-frightened and then walked straight to the chair where Dan Bedford sat, with his chin on his breast, musing over the tale of Doubre Town. There was a worried, anxious look in her eyes, but, as Dan looked up and his own met hers—clear and sober—she gave a half-hysterical little sob and placed her hand on his shoulder.

"I was afraid you were—drinking again—Dan," she said softly. "So I came to—to ——"

Dan Bedford stood up and her glance faltered. For perhaps thirty seconds he looked at her—and when she raised her eyes again Dan Bedford was smiling. He took her gently by the arm and led her out of Three-Fingered Jack's.

"Goodby, lads," he said, and waved his hand. "We're off to sea in the Valhalla tomorrow."

"Good luck, Dan'l!" shouted Three-Fingered Jack. Then he turned to me.

"Now I wonder," he said, "just what we ought to send Dan Bedford's girl for a wedding present."

Where Opportunity Waits

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

AN ENTERPRISING drug clerk was planning to quit his job to engage in the drug business for himself. Many of his acquaintances gave him advice. "Go somewhere else." "Get into a town where there's an opportunity." "If you start here you'll starve to death." "You can't compete with these big drug stores, and it's the rankest folly to try." These were some of the suggestions.

The proposed location was an Eastern city of fifty thousand population. For ten years two large downtown drug stores had dominated the situation. In one of these the clerk in question had worked. He had saved a little money, made a little more through the rise in real-estate values, and married a girl who had a thousand dollars in cash. There was no future for him as a drug clerk, and both he and his wife agreed that he must make a beginning toward independence. For a year they talked it over. They had capital enough for a modest start, but the great stickler was the opportunity.

It did seem for a time as if their own town offered them no chance. On his days off, the ambitious clerk visited many near-by towns in a search for an opening. Sometimes he took his wife with him, and together they inspected vacant stores and wandered about village streets. There was always something the matter with every opportunity. Usually the field seemed well occupied, especially if the surroundings were attractive. In one small town there was urgent need for a drug store, but the population belonged to a class that was not congenial to this young man and his wife; they hesitated to cast their lot where their associations could not be agreeable to them. In another village a physician, about to retire, offered them a bargain in the form of a prosperous little drug store that drew most of the trade of the surrounding country; but here the bare loneliness of the situation discouraged them. It was an opportunity, but not the big opportunity they hoped for. The population of the place had not increased much in twenty years. Still another town seemed to hold excellent drug possibilities, for it was a thriving factory center and had only one druggist; but when they stood on the main street and saw the vast clouds of black smoke sweeping over the town, coating everything it touched, they turned away in repugnance.

After each of these inspection trips they returned to their home city with melancholy pleasure. Bright, clean and refined it was, with a forest of shade trees and long vistas of attractive homes. It was just the sort of place they wanted to live in, and the thought of giving up their pleasant little house for what they had found elsewhere was very unhappy. After all, there was something in life besides business. Why was it, they asked each other, that all the opportunities should necessitate such personal sacrifices?

For a few weeks they gave up all thought of going into business, and then the young man began to study the situation in a really analytical way. Was it actually true that no opportunity existed at home?

Several attempts had been made in the town to establish new drug stores, but for a decade every such enterprise had proved a failure. A number of the older outlying druggists were making an indifferent success, but they were unable to make any inroads on their powerful competitors. Self-wise business men declared that the only way to get trade away from those big fellows was to go into the game with a barrel of money and cut under them. All these matters the drug clerk weighed. He looked up population statistics and found that in twenty years the city had doubled. In twenty years more it might have one hundred thousand people. Those two big downtown drug stores, no doubt, would have the bulk of the new trade.

"But why should they have it?" his wife asked as they discussed the matter one evening at dinner. There were three of them now, and the necessity for attaining financial independence had taken on a new meaning.

"They shouldn't," returned her husband"—he suddenly put down his fork—"and I mean to see that they don't. We've been hunting a whole year for an opportunity, but it's been waiting for us right here at home. Those two big stores have overawed every fellow who ever started here, but I'm going to meet them at their own game. I know now why they've got all the business. I've been studying them from a new angle. It's because they've done more for their customers than any other druggists have done. They've looked at the thing from the people's viewpoint. They've made popular prices, and made their stores attractive, and made a strong point of having obliging, affable clerks. They've advertised—that's one of their biggest points. They've advertised along original, irresistible lines."

"But we can't advertise," mourned his wife. "We might make our store attractive, and, of course, we can be agreeable—and perhaps we could price our goods reasonably—for a while; but when it came to advertising we simply couldn't. We haven't the capital."

"Yes, we can," her husband put in quickly. "We can advertise, but it must be along some line that is even more original and irresistible than those big fellows' ads. It's got to be rather spectacular—and it can't cost us much money on the start."

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Comparatively few people know that the largest club in America is composed exclusively of girls. There are no dues and no entrance fee, and the only qualification for membership is a desire to make money.

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In the seven years of its existence its members have earned almost half a million dollars through their membership alone. This year they earned $75,000. During the coming year this amount will be largely increased. Most of these girls never earned a cent until they joined the club, the doings of which are chronicled each month in a department devoted to its interests in *The Ladies' Home Journal.*

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And now, at the commencement of its eighth year of existence, the scope of the organization has been enlarged so that every member may earn a regular weekly salary. Membership is open to any girl who wants to earn money. Just as many as have that desire will be included. Any girl may learn all about the organization and its benefits by addressing

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The Girls' Club
The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia, Pa.

A few months later the new store opened. It was not an outlying drug store, but it nestled right against the biggest store in town, on the main street. Its quarters were small, but it was showy. The storefront was a bright yellow—different from any other store in the city.

The thing that startled the big fellows most, however, was the appearance of an attractive delivery wagon, painted the same yellow and bearing red Doric lettering. A pure-white horse added to the distinction of the equipage. The driver wore a red-and-yellow uniform.

Next morning, small display advertisements in the morning papers announced that the new drug store would furnish a delivery service equal to that of any grocery or drygoods house in town. It would also call for and deliver prescriptions.

The big fellows were incredulous. It was something new in the drug business. No drug store in town had a delivery service. Sometimes the big stores sent out prescriptions by special messenger, but they frowned upon even this accommodation and gave it only on urgent request. It wasn't orthodox, they complained. Directories might be a necessary evil of drug stores, but not delivery wagons. They predicted the speedy downfall of the young chap who had dared to be so grotesquely original.

Nevertheless, the little wagon proved the opportunity. A careful middle-aged man was employed to drive it and a double-check system was adopted to guard against the delivery of the wrong prescription. When a prescription came into the store to be filled, a yellow tag was given the customer, bearing a large number in red. A duplicate was retained in the store, bearing the same number and the name of the customer. When the prescription was delivered this duplicate was attached to it. The yellow checks with the red numbers became living symbols of enterprise. Contrary to the predictions of competitors, the delivery of prescriptions has proved a great success.

Prescriptions were not the only item of profit however. An ever-increasing number of customers contracted the habit of buying at the new drug store bulky supplies formerly obtained from grocers, stationers, confectioners and the like. Within a year the store was selling twice as many goods of this class as any one of the older drug stores.

Three years have elapsed, and this druggist has intrenched himself firmly where no opportunity had seemed to exist. The yellow wagon has advertised him constantly, and is still doing it on every street of the town. It has long since ceased to be a novelty, and has become a public convenience. The druggist now advertises in the daily press, but the wagon opened the way.

Meanwhile the big fellows have been thinking about it. Innovations are slow to take hold and many a man has got his start while competitors were scoffing. Recently, when a disgruntled customer asked one of the older druggists when he intended to put on a delivery service, he answered, half facetiously, half in earnest: "Not yet, but soon."

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Opportunity waits in every nook of the land. It takes originality to find it. Right under a man's eyes often lies the thing he goes far to seek. He sacrifices his home, breaks up associations that have been dear to his wife and children, and spends a big chunk of his capital in moving and adjusting himself. Then he discovers that he has run up against conditions he hadn't figured on and begins to look for another opportunity. Yet, if you go into any city or village in the country, you will find men who did see their opportunities and seized them.

Success at the Crossroads

Two farmer's boys living fifty miles from Chicago were ambitious to get into business. Together they went to the city and looked around. They had a thousand dollars between them.

Chicago, however, did not appeal to them. They were appalled at its immensity and the rush of its traffic. The great stores made them feel very little and insignificant. They felt the hopelessness of the situation, considering their inexperience and meager capital.

However, they were determined not to take their places among Chicago's submerged multitudes. Back to the country they went and selected a site where three wagon-roads converged, several miles from a town. Nobody had ever thought of establishing a store there, but they built a small frame structure, doing most of the work themselves. In a short time they opened a general store. It took hold from the very first day.

Right out there in the open country, in the midst of an old, settled farming section, they found an opportunity that scores of young men had overlooked in order to occupy a hall bedroom in Chicago.

The first winter, however, one of these enterprising country merchants did go to Chicago and secured employment for a few months in a first-class grocery, in order to learn progressive business ways. His partner, with a clerk, ran the store; but the second winter he took his turn at Chicago, working in a hardware store and taking back to the country in the spring a large stock of ideas.

Today these two young men can go to Chicago whenever they please. Both have been to California at different times, but not to look for opportunities. One of them went abroad last year. They have married and live comfortably, owning automobiles and motor boats.

Out of a seeming business vacuum they have carved a splendid success—but the opportunity had been there, undiscovered, a long time.

Going Farther to Fare Worse

In a small Kentucky city lived a young man who had clerked five years in his father's grocery. "There's no money in this town," he often said; "and when I get the cash that's coming to me I'm going to get out."

When his father died he inherited the business; but within a few weeks he sold it to a couple of strangers and departed for Louisville to find his opportunity, not dreaming that the two strangers had paid him their money for an opportunity better than he might find anywhere else.

The newcomers did well with the grocery; but they added to it a manufacturers' agency business, starting with a few products and gradually enlarging the scope of the enterprise. One of them drove over a weekly route, embracing adjacent towns, and built up a trade that developed rapidly into a wholesale grocery business. They were in the midst of a thickly settled territory, with many small cities and towns that could be served more advantageously than from the larger cities.

There were many scoffers. The idea of locating a wholesale center at this point was original and failure was freely predicted; but in four years these men proved the opportunity. They were able to sell out the retail grocery and devote themselves to the larger undertaking, and now they have a wholesale business that extends over several states. Other men, following in their lead, have seen similar opportunities, and the town has become a distributing center in a number of lines.

Meanwhile the former owner of the grocery had failed to find in Louisville the great opportunity he had gone after. He had settled down into a clerkship, in which he now promises to spend his declining years. In leaving his home town he left his one great chance. So did a hundred other young men who emigrated from that little Kentucky city. The opportunity had been waiting there for many years. Nobody was analytic enough to figure it out. Here was a strategic location that went begging because distance lent enchantment.

Most men in business have the inherent ability to succeed. They fail, not because they are so greatly inferior in makeup to the successful man but because they don't dissect things—map out an all-embracing plan—and stick to it! When they pick a location it is not because they analyze it and learn all its strong and weak points, but because it looks good on general principles. Sophistry and glamour take the place of sound judgment and knowledge.

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A traveling man, making his first stop at a city in Eastern Washington, became acquainted with a dissatisfied wholesale merchant. The latter had established himself there a year previous, but he was not making money. He wanted to make a change.

"There's no place on earth like Blank!" he declared, pounding his desk. "That's the place to make money; and if I could get rid of my business in this confounded town I'd hike for the Puget Sound country in a hurry."

This traveling man had a broad experience and had kept his eyes open for a chance to quit the road and get into merchandising. The remark of his customer set him thinking. He went out and walked about the town for an hour or two. Then he got a map at the hotel and spent half a day in his room studying it. He found a lot of railroad literature, too, and read every word of it.

The railroad that passed through the town had been built only a few years and another railroad was under construction. A number of branches were being built and a stream of settlers was pouring in. A short trip up the valley revealed to him the great fruit and agricultural possibilities.

It was obvious that an opportunity existed—that here in this town a wholesale business could be built up by a fairly competent man who was not in too big a hurry to get rich. It is a singular fact that the obvious often needs to be pounded into men's brains—even the ultra-obvious. They will grasp at snares while the truth lies unfolded. This traveling man chose the truth.

He went to a lawyer and said: "I've got a little money. It's only a little, but I want to go into business in this town. I've been looking for an opportunity—and here it is. Now, Jones, over on Chinook Street, wants to sell. He's done some hard grubbing laying a foundation; but things haven't come fast enough to suit him and he's going to a place where fortunes grow for the picking. I'll buy Jones' business if he meets my terms. However, a man of his mental makeup is likely to change his mind, and he'll be pretty sure to do that if I go to him direct. I want to retain you to buy that business for me."

He got it. Today it is netting him fifteen thousand dollars a year, while Jones is a salesman for a certain house at eighteen hundred dollars.

Booming the Home Town

In a New England city there is a store-building that wore a "To Let" sign four times within three years. Passers-by looked askance at the placard and remarked that the location was a hoodoo. There are people who believe in predestination, and in this city were folks who thought Fate had picked this particular floorspace for failure. Several unwary drygoods merchants had been wrecked there and that was conclusive evidence that the location was hoodooed.

After the landlord hung up his sign the fourth time, he almost despaired of renting the place; for no merchant, even though he were brave enough to locate there, could get credit sufficient to stock the store. Wholesalers, like other people, have a lurking fear of foreordination.

The trouble with this location was its proximity to the overshadowing competition of the old-established stores. One of the bankrupts voiced the situation when he said: "There wasn't any chance at all among those big chaps. If I had gone into some promising location, where I'd had a field all to myself, I'd have made good; but there was simply no chance trying to buck that game."

Finally, however, a young man came down from the metropolis with some cash. He had been trained in modern business management and he did not believe in fatality. Before he rented the store he counted the people he might expect to draw from; and he drove out among them and saw how they lived. He figured up their aggregate wealth. He divided them into various classes, and estimated the different lines of drygoods they consumed. Then he sent out agents quietly to discover how many of them were in the habit of going away from their own town to trade. He studied them on the street, at church, on the interurban cars. He even followed some of the wealthy ones to the city and made notes on their purchases.

It was all very clear to him that something was radically wrong with the stores in the home town. Here was a rich community; here was a splendid market for drygoods. Yet half of the better-class women bought the bulk of their drygoods away from home.

"Why?" he asked.

He sought the answer in the stores themselves. These he studied as carefully as he had studied the customers. He had been trained to study reasons. Now he discovered four principal causes for the situation: unreliability of products; lack of enterprise; ignorance of what the people wanted; high prices.

Behind these four main reasons was a multitude of lesser ones. The unreliability of goods came from lack of knowledge, from failure to realize the tremendous importance of reliable merchandise and from actual indifference. The lack of enterprise rose from unwarranted conceit and failure to study modern methods. The ignorance of the people's wants was due to a woeful lack of observation. High prices came from poor buying and failure to analyze expense into its productive and unproductive elements.

When he opened his store his first problem was to convince the public that here was an opportunity for them. He kept still about his own opportunity. With newspaper advertising and mailing lists he set about creating the opportunity distinction for his store. He dwelt on this and hammered upon it until insidiously the public began to look at the store in this light—and to patronize it.

Then his chance came to establish reliability and prices. He followed this up with fresh selling campaigns that took the breath away from the old stores. Inside of a year the newcomer had the leading dry-goods business in the town. In five years he bought the fateful building itself. In ten years he had expanded on both sides. Today he is the big man of the place.

Charting Retail Sales

In another town a young man started a men's-furnishings store in the midst of apparently unfavorable conditions. A few large stores had the bulk of the trade. "No opportunity here!" had been preached into him.

The new merchant, however, had been studying conditions at first hand for several years. He had been employed in a number of the town's furnishing stores and knew very closely the trade each of them pulled. For a couple of years he had been planning to start a store himself and had tabulated the average profits and expenses on the different lines of stock he expected to carry. He had figured out the percentage each line ought to bear to the whole in a well-regulated furnishings store. All these calculations he had reduced to an elaborate chart. Thus, before he started, he had a working plan based on the proportions he had observed in successful stores.

Thereafter it was his aim to maintain this balance as closely as possible. His opportunity had to be coaxed and he was wise enough to know it. In lieu of a spectacular publicity campaign he adopted the conservative, watchful method.

For instance, his chart showed him how many pairs of men's gloves he might reasonably hope to sell the first year. When he found that his sales were running short of the standard he had fixed, he got up special selling schemes to bring this item up to its plane. For a time shirts went ahead of his predetermined percentage; so, instead of booming shirts just then, he devoted his selling energies to other items, so that they might keep the balance with shirts. It was a constant game of seesaw, with an upward tendency for the whole, but equilibrium of detail.

In this way he found that his business kept its proportions and avoided the danger of running to segregated lines, as he had seen done in his town with disastrous consequences. One store in particular had so neglected general items by running to hats and shoes that it destroyed its usefulness as a well-stocked furnishings store. Half the time it was out of goods asked for, and the reputation thus created eventually ruined it. It might better have gone into the hat-and-shoe business exclusively. Over-enthusiasm for any one line of goods to the detriment of other lines is always to be avoided.

Then, too, in his advertising and selling plans this merchant had a definite object always in view. He knew the game he was playing; and, though it took him several years to perfect his selling chart, he always worked along that line.

This was one of the opportunities where laborious detail and carefully formulated plans won. Almost any business can benefit by percentage tables. The tendency is strongly toward minute records of this sort. For lack of them, many a really big opportunity is left for some other fellow to come along and seize.

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Men who work for wages are apt to stake all their hopes and expectations on their jobs. To them, the world revolves about these jobs and they live in daily terror of being "let out." Once they are out the future looks black—especially if they are men of middle age, with the thirty-five-year limit behind them. In reality, they are often just attaining their full powers of judgment; their experience is ripe, and they are more capable than they ever were. They ought to have thirty or forty years of sound ability ahead of them.

There are, however, two things that stand between such men and a living: The first, as they see it, is lack of opportunity; the second is a total lack of self-confidence.

One man belonging to this class awoke one day at his home in a small Eastern city to find his employment gone and his forty-fifth birthday approaching. He had been trained to the idea that at forty-five he would be an old man. Physically he was as strong as he had been at thirty, and his mental powers were even better. He knew at heart that he was more reliable. For twenty years he had been a clerk in the office of a large industry and he knew no other means of earning a livelihood. Yet he knew, too, that he stood small chance of securing similar work, now that he was out.

The only resort, it seemed to him, was to get hold of something to sell on commission. He had no capital, so he began to cast about him for some article he could take from door to door. So poor an opinion did he have of his own abilities that no higher form of salesmanship even occurred to him.

An acquaintance, however, put him in touch with the agency manager of a food-product house in New York, and it was found that his particular district was not represented by any resident salesman. He was given a chance at it, selling to the trade. In a short time his territory was enlarged and he was given an exclusive route.

In six months, this "down and out" clerk went to New York and secured two other food products from manufacturers. Coming back to his home city, he opened a little office and established himself formally as a manufacturers' agent.

In a year, several other concerns voluntarily offered him their goods. He was already on the floodtide to success, which he attained and is today maintaining. He is earning five times what he did during the two decades of his clerkship and his self-confidence and self-esteem have made a different man of him.

A Trunk-Maker's Start

Now this is the point: The opportunity was not something that was created just at the time he lost his job. It had been right there for years. Just when it began would be hard to say, but it was there, under his very nose, waiting for him or somebody else to grab it. The only reason he didn't avail himself of it earlier was because he didn't look for it.

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Opportunity often lurks in disaster, but comparatively few persons ever find it there because they are so chained to one idea that they can't recognize it.

A young carpenter met with an injury that made it impossible for him to work on scaffolds or to climb ladders. His usefulness in his trade was apparently ended. For two or three years he did odd jobs at carpentry, earning a scant living for himself and family.

One day, as he stood on a railway platform, he saw a trunk dropped from a baggage car and smashed. He noticed its flimsy construction, and his knowledge of lumber instantly suggested an idea. The next day he rented a basement on a side business street and began to make trunks, confining himself to cheap but strong varieties. As fast as he finished a trunk he set it out on the sidewalk, with a price-tag attached. He did all the work himself, even to the finishing and varnishing. When he sold a trunk he put it on a handcart and delivered it in person.

His aim from the beginning was to turn out a better trunk at a price lower than any dealer could quote. He kept to this plan religiously, never sparing the material to uphold his quality. On the same basis he kept expenses down. He stayed in the basement for a year. Then he moved to a little shop on the ground floor, with a store in front.

At the present time the industry thus started is one of the largest in its city. In addition to a big factory, the corporation owns a splendid retail trunk store and has the cream of the trade.

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In the hands of satisfied owners, everywhere, the Stearns-Knight is receiving the royal welcome it richly deserves. History is again repeating itself in America, for in Europe some 8000 Knight-motored cars are running in the hands of owners. Four great European factories—Daimler, Panhard, Mercedes and Minerva—leaders of the old world—are using the "Silent-Knight" type engine.

The result is the same in America as in Europe—satisfaction in the hands of owners. That is why our sales have doubled—even trebled—since our adoption of the Knight type sleeve valve motor.

And the reason? The Stearns-Knight adds to the joys of motoring; it eliminates many of the old drawbacks; it gives freedom from incidental troubles—the things that mar an otherwise perfect tour; it increases the power—minimizes gear shifting—eliminates noise; it does away with timing gears, valve stems and other clashing, noise-producing parts; it eliminates valve grinding and timing.

And above all, it insures smooth, harmonious operation under all conditions; it has a power plant quick, alert and willing; its power is produced in a quiet, steady flow, with absence of vibration. In brief, the Stearns-Knight has marked a new era in motoring—that is the verdict of owners from coast to coast.

In the hands of every man interested in motoring, there should be "The Story of the Stearns-Knight Motor"—a booklet that tells of this great revolutionary change in the automobile world. It gives facts and figures of exceptional interest. We will send it to you for the asking—just mail us the coupon.

Equipment of the Stearns-Knight includes: Warner Auto-Meter Mear X, Bijur Starting, Lighting System, Silk Mohair Top and Cover, Continental Q. D. Demountable Rims, Muffler Cut-Out, Footrest, Robe Rail, Trunk Rack, Bulb Horn, etc.

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THE EDITORS,

The Country Gentleman

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

OUT-OF-DOORS

ODDITIES IN SPORT

IN THE pages of a novel printed some decades ago, devoted to the description of life in upper-class circles in Europe, there may be found mention of two young noblemen. Having nothing else to shoot, but being very keen sportsmen, they engaged one afternoon in wing shooting in the garden of the castle. There was nothing moving excepting butterflies, so they shot at butterflies—memory failing at this time to tell which excelled in this sporting pastime.

There seems to be some sort of human instinct that leads a man, or some men, to shoot at anything that moves or is alive. Some years ago, before the draining of the great Kankakee marshes of Indiana, there was a well-known ducking club known as the Cumberland Club. The clubhouse had long been known in that country as Cumberland Lodge and was originally erected by two young Englishmen, said to have been of noble birth, and locally known as the "Lords Parker." Although these young gentlemen were in the middle of one of the best ducking countries the world ever saw, sometimes they wearied of killing wild fowl and went in for more exacting sport. Lying flat on their backs in bed—most frequently with a bottle not far away—they would shoot at flies on the ceiling, using for this purpose good-sized revolvers. At the time the club took over the property from these young gentlemen the ceilings were literally shot full of holes, with what mortality to the fly family it is not recorded.

Camp of Wild-Hog Hunters

Bold Hunters

You would not think that the humble woodchuck was much of a sporting proposition, for neither his flesh nor his hide has much value and he is just inside the classification of animals *feræ naturæ*. A woodchuck never hurt anything but a turnip or an ear of corn. There is, however, quite a woodchuck cult among riflemen in certain states where these animals abound, and among these there goes on much discussion as to the proper weight, caliber, velocity, trajectory, and so forth, of the proper woodchuck rifle, and there are not lacking long stories in public describing the exciting pastime of potting a woodchuck from behind a stone wall. Although Colonel Roosevelt has not yet been heard from regarding this sport one may hazard an offhand opinion that it requires almost as much skill to hit a tin can as it does to hit a woodchuck at the same distance. Therefore, why not the tin can? In answer to this the woodchuckers no doubt will assert that the woodchuck is alive.

Did you ever go bullfrogging with a .22 rifle? Here is sport requiring quite as much marksmanship as the art of killing woodchucks, and in its favor it may be said that frog saddles are really good to eat, whereas those of woodchucks are not. Moreover, as the mark is usually the head of the frog death is usually instantaneous, where many woodchucks are only crippled, although they perhaps die later of their wounds. Even the stolid bullfrog becomes quite wary if daily pursued, and in a much hunted territory you will find that the frogs leave the banks and are apt to take up their places some distance from the shore, where they lie in the stagnant water with just their eyes above the surface. If you can hit that distant mark twenty-five to forty yards—in size sometimes not very much bigger than an old-fashioned three-cent piece—you will be obliged to hold close and come off well with the trigger pull. Getting your frog after you have killed him is another matter. A pair of overalls will come handy.

Professional froggers, men who make a business of furnishing frog legs for the city markets, quite often use a .22 rifle. They know very well, however, that at night you can shine a frog's eyes just as you can a deer's, and that the creature is apt to be blinded and puzzled by the light and so can be approached closely. The frogger who goes along the lilypads with his flat-bottomed boat turns his lantern light carefully this way and that until he discovers the squat form of his victim. This time the .22 rifle has given place to the long-shafted frog spear with half a dozen small, keen barbs. The frogger approaches his victim quietly with the head of the spear, and when within a few inches drives the barbs home with a quick jab. Sometimes the creature is killed and sometimes not. It is perhaps as merciful as that other well-known pastime sometimes practiced by anglers in search of bait—fishing for frogs with fishhooks. If you dangle in front of a frog a hook baited with a piece of worm or meat or fish, an artificial fly, or even the naked hook, he will jump and snap at it and can be caught in this way without much difficulty.

There is something ludicrously solemn about a big fat bullfrog sitting in stupid dignity until a fishhook rubs his nose, and then grabbing at it all at once. It can be no worse to catch a frog in this way than it is to catch a fish, but a frog somehow looks more human.

The use of the spear is forbidden by law in most of our states, because it has come to be recognized that a spear can best be used on the spawning-beds where fish are very helpless. Formerly the art of using a spear was more practiced and was found by no means an easy one to acquire. In earlier days in other countries the spear was recognized as a weapon of the chase, even to the taking of fish, and in one or two Scottish novels there are spirited descriptions of spearing fish at night by torchlight—the pastime known as "burning the water." In the earlier days of this country the spear seems not to have been condemned, and in one of James Fenimore Cooper's novels you will find a description of good old Natty Bumppo employing his long-handled spear to secure himself a single fish for his supper, just back of a noisy party of seiners who are ruthlessly destroying hundreds of fish with their great net. Of the two the spear is the more sportsmanlike, as evidently it was Cooper's intent to point out in this description of a scene located in the lake district of Central New York.

In some of the Southern states there is a big, bony, worthless fish known as the alligator-gar, which sometimes grows to be four or five feet long. Spearing these creatures is a recognized but somewhat unusual sort of sport. The negroes are adepts at it, using a sort of harpoon with a line attached. As a big gar is a powerful swimmer it sometimes will tow a negro in his canoe for some distance before it is finally brought alongside or beached.

Alligator shooting at night with a bull's-eye light or a basket of pine knots was at one time held as a legitimate sport in the South, until so many Northern butchers engaged in it that it lost caste and fell into the hands of professional alligator hunters, who market the hides. In many localities this species is now extinct, so closely has it been pursued. The professional alligator hunter usually works at night, paddling silently along the banks of a bayou or a lagoon. Sometimes he locates a 'gator from its calling or roaring, and again he may see one looking for all the world like a submerged log, except for the two green points of light that mark its eyes. The eye is a target for the hunter, who sometimes uses a rifle as small as a .22. At times a 'gator will sink before the boatman can reach it, but usually the hunter will have time to get alongside and haul it into the boat by means of a short steel hook. A Florida cracker, a boy eighteen years of age, once killed seventy-six 'gators in one night's work.

A curious and very interesting sport once obtained in the South, which is unknown today—that of fire-hunting woodcock at night. In the wintertime these birds were formerly very numerous in many parts of the South, and in the old muzzle-loading days good bags were often made at night in wind shooting. A darkey went along behind the shooter carrying a big iron basket filled with flaring pitch-pine knots. The woodcock, usually lying close, would take to wing, and it was the sportsman's business to stop him before he got beyond the rim of the lighted circle. A curious article describing this sport appeared in a magazine several decades ago. A thimbleful of powder and a thimbleful of shot were described as the proper load, the sportsman carrying his powder loose in one pocket, his shot loose in another. I have never seen this sport practiced, but have known negroes to pot woodcock at night in cotton-fields, locating them with pitch-pine knots used as torches. Uncle Remus doesn't bother about making the woodcock fly—he just pots him where he sits, hugged up under some burdock leaf.

The Ruse of the Raccoon

A smile of amused tolerance comes to the lips of most sportsmen when you speak of coon hunting at night. The idea is usually associated with a boy and a nondescript dog or a darkey and a dog. Forsooth in this sport the darkey and his dog are the most able exponents, and to see the art at its best you must effect a combination with these. That failing, you may get up a coon hunt of your own in any of the wide variety of timber countries all over the Eastern half of the United States.

Coons run at night and prefer warm, soft nights, whether in the fall or winter, sometimes coming out of their winter den if the snow is thawing and the weather warm. As they feed along the edges of cornfields it is customary to cast off the dogs along the edge of some such field. Perhaps you may have seen the old coon dog climb on top of a rail fence and actually run along there on the top rails for some distance, howling all the time. He knows that a coon has done the same thing before him. Once started on his run, a coon may lead the hunters a very pretty chase, and sometimes between the "strike" to the "treeing" several hours of fast and rather blindfold walking through the timberlands may elapse.

Often it is difficult to locate a coon in a very tall tree at night, but the skilled hunter will take his lantern or torchlight and, holding it above his head, pass round

and round the tree until at length he discovers two very small and very green spots of light. It is more professional to climb up and poke Brer Coon out for some fun with the dogs, or even to cut down the tree, but the professional coon hunter is very apt to pot him with a shotgun. There is a certain atmosphere and flavor about the coon hunt at night that is not to be found in any other sort of sport. The coon hunt is the one great human democracy. Nor is the animal pursued wanting in his own cunning. Sometimes he is treed but cannot be found on the tree. The professional hunter will then tie round the trunk of the tree, as high as he can reach, a white rag or even a band of cornstalks. He knows that Brer Coon will not back down over this sort of thing, but will stay up there until the next day, when he can be argued with at leisure.

Hunting rabbits with ferrets is a poacher's sport, but it is interesting to see it practiced—just once. It is an even bet whether you are going to get your ferret or your rabbit after the former has gone down a hole. Most ferreters use the ferret to start the rabbit and a shotgun to get him when he bolts from the earth. It is too near a cinch to be called sportsmanlike and it is forbidden by the law in many states. Far more ingenious and interesting was the expedient of the small boy who used to go out and get a string of rabbits with nothing but his coat and a little terrapin or land turtle. He would put a piece of hot sealingwax or a short length of candle on the top of the shell of his ally, and touching it off good and hot would send Mr. Terrapin down into the hole. It did not take the rabbit long to figure out that the hole was not big enough for two such companions. When he bolted the boy caught him in his coat.

The writer one time hunted wild turkeys with a rancher whose bird dog was a full-blooded bulldog. This pup looked as little like a sporting dog as anything that could well be imagined, yet he had nose enough to trail the birds. Having treed them, he would make sincere endeavors to gnaw down the tree, while attracting our attention by giving vent to the wildest bull-pup clamorings. This three-cornered arrangement proved profitable to everybody but the turkeys.

Man is the greatest of all hunting animals and the one with the greatest ingenuity. For instance, an old trapper up in British Columbia nearly always managed to have plenty of Mallard ducks to eat, although he never fired a gun. He caught them in steel traps set under the water, and used no bait but a piece of bright tin lashed to the pan of the trap. The ducks would come and peck at this curious object, and later on get themselves picked for their curiosity.

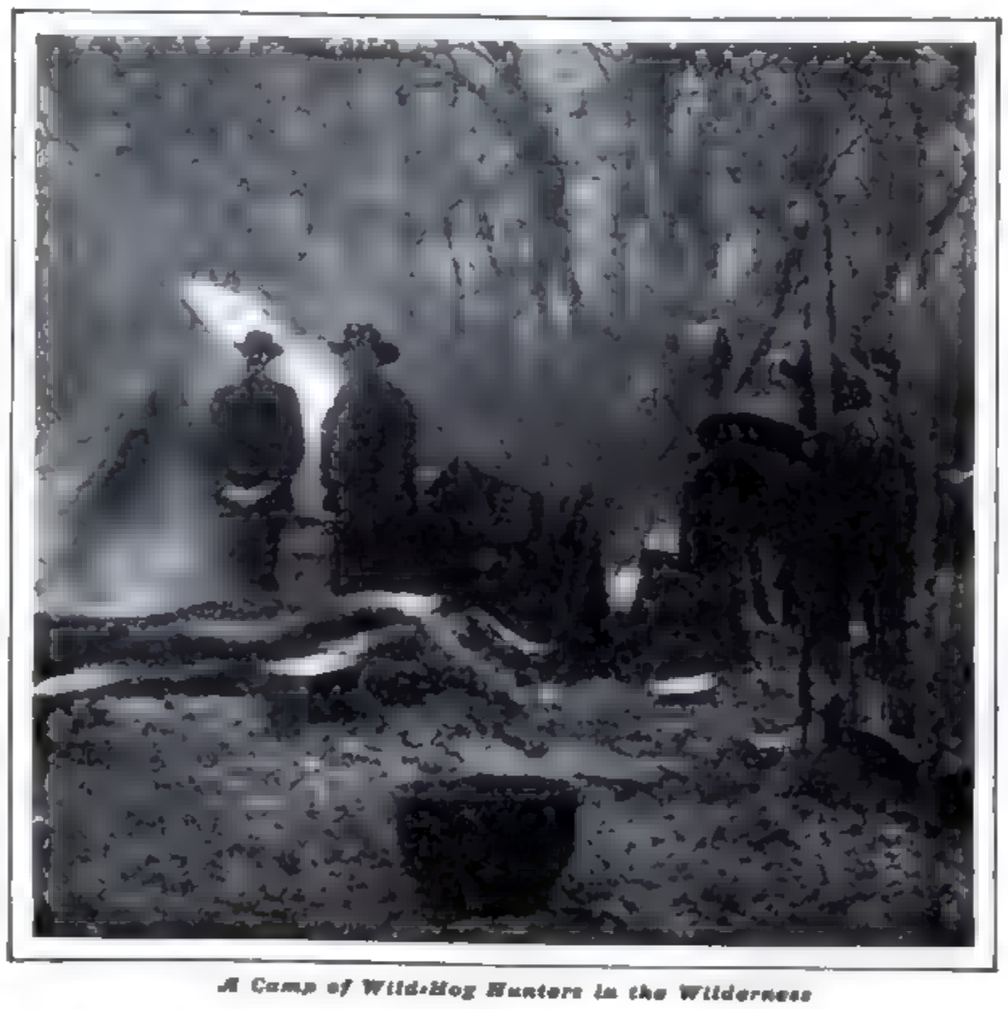
Probably no one would lament very much if the entire breed of English sparrows were wiped off the earth. At one time live-bird contests were held on sparrows, but these were nearly always conducted in so brutal and inhuman a manner as to cause feelings of revulsion among most of the spectators. Trap-shooting at pigeons is none too commendable in its best form and is illegal now in most states of the Union. The sparrow shooters used very fine shot, with the result that many of these little birds would be seen walking about with broken wings. Because they were so small no trouble was taken to collect them. Such practices very justly brought trap-shooting into general disrepute, and it is now pretty much confined to artificial targets. Really the best part about a sparrow shoot was getting the birds in the first place. For this purpose the catchers used a square net like a landing net, attached to a long pole. Sparrows very often roost closely packed together on the ivy of an ivy-covered wall; and at night the netters would simply slap this net against the side of a church or a house, usually taking it down with several birds inside.

The bat is not a very lovable creature any way you look at him, nor is he ranked high in the plans of sportsmen, yet at one time in the South, especially near New Orleans, trap shoots at bats were not unusual. Professional bat-catchers supplied these creatures, which made a small and rather erratic mark when they started to fly from the trap.

Coursing the hare with greyhounds is regarded as legitimate sportsmanship, and in England it is even the custom to course hares and rabbits in inclosures, the intent being, of course, to determine which is the better of the brace of dogs slipped in each course. An artificial system of scoring is used in this work, the killing of the hare not necessarily determining the winner of the course. There is a certain flavor of excitement in the hard riding of a race in pursuit of a coyote, with a big pack of dogs, over a rough Western country.

At one time in the Choctaw country of Eastern Oklahoma, a rough and heavily wooded region with very few human habitations, the writer joined a party of residents for a camp hunt after the winter's meat of wild hogs. Not a bad sort of camp hunt it was, twenty or thirty miles away from the nearest house, with the intent to capture animals almost as wary as deer. In this hunting we rode cautiously through the woods and round the edges of abandoned clearings until a bunch of hogs was sighted. Then it was necessary to dismount and stalk the game as cautiously as any other sort of big game. The endeavor was, if possible, to shoot the animal through the head or neck and to stop it at once. Later on I discovered that some of these hogs that we got had earmarks or brands denoting ownership. I understood then why it was not considered wholly desirable for a stranger to engage in the shooting. We left the ears on our hogs which we had hanging around camp, for they seemed to be the kind of ears that suited our book. It was a touch-and-go country, and it was just as well not to have even a scraped hog showing the wrong notches missing.

Quite as practical as hunting hogs is the erstwhile Western pursuit known as hammering a slow elk. Being interpreted, this means shooting a beef animal that wears the brand of some one else. A great many "slow elk" have been killed all over the Western range. Out of that custom grew the amiable Western pastime of hiding behind the corral fence and potting the man esteemed to be too proficient in acquiring his neighbor's slow elk. Both these pastimes now, however, have somewhat fallen into disuse.



A Camp of Wild-Hog Hunters in the Wilderness

THE LAWLESS GODLINESS OF BILLY SMOKE

(Continued from Page 18)

never heard before, and little chills of joy and triumph chased up and down his spine.

Bellowed James, his voice vibrant with the pride and greatness of twenty generations:

"'Is 'Ighness, Chamberlain of the Exchequer, Lord Percival Algernon Jones!"

"Right-O!" applauded Billy Smoke, crawling stiffly from the canoe. "Now, you sweet workers o' charity, you're goin' to see what a real lord's like!"

BRISTOL GARDAM came down from the veranda like a man who was just coming out from under the effect of a dose of chloroform. Half a dozen followed him and, to a man, their jaws hung loose. His Lordship had surprised them beyond their power of immediate recoupment, and the finely worded greeting which Gardam had been memorizing and polishing for a fortnight past sputtered and bubbled in his chest without articulate sound. Billy broke the ice with a smash.

"Hello, Brissy, old chap!" he greeted, holding out a hand on which James had worked faithfully to relieve it of some of its knotlike toughness. "Sort o' surprised you, ain't I? Thought I'd come up in a private car or a steamship, mebby! They tried to tie me up with a bunch of Indians an' white guides; but there ain't no country on earth that Lord Percy can't travel through alone with a compass an' his eyes. Dam' nice country too! Beats Injy an 'Afriky so far you can't see 'em with a telescope. If you had a few lions an' tigers an' elephunts it'd be ideel. James!"

"Yes, Your Lordship!"

"'Nough, James. I wanted to see if you could talk. It's been hard on my vally, gentlemen."

He shook hands round twice while Gardam and the others were finding their wits, adjusted his eyeglass and produced a box of Lord Percival's expensive cigarettes.

"Have a smoke, gentlemen," he invited, "an' don't mind the lugubrious expression on James' face there. Dad was a stickler on etiquette—a reg'lar old king—an' James can't get out of the habit. I'm the only lord in the British Kingdom who can use his fists, cut wood, eat out of a wash dish, an' chew tobacco; so don't offer me no silver drinkin' mugs or pat' de foy grass. How's business, Brissy?"

"Splendid, Your Lordship," gasped Bristol Gardam. Then he found his voice. "You—you have surprised us, by Jove!" he laughed. "But it's—it's a pleasant surprise!"

"Thought they'd send up some weak-kneed, watery-eyed little aristocrat, eh?" asked Billy Smoke. "Let's take a look round. I've got half a million of my own tied up in this syndicate, an' I'm interested."

Three-quarters of an hour later Billy sat opposite Gardam at a big table in the quarters specially appointed for His Lordship. He heaved a real sigh of relief as he lighted one of the fancy cigars the manager had imported from London six months previously in anticipation of this visit.

"I feel easier—much easier," he said. "You know, we rather feared we wasn't getting the worth of our money. Somebody said you had too much conscience—an' that won't go! This success business is a knockdown affair, you know. Hardest fists win. Eh?"

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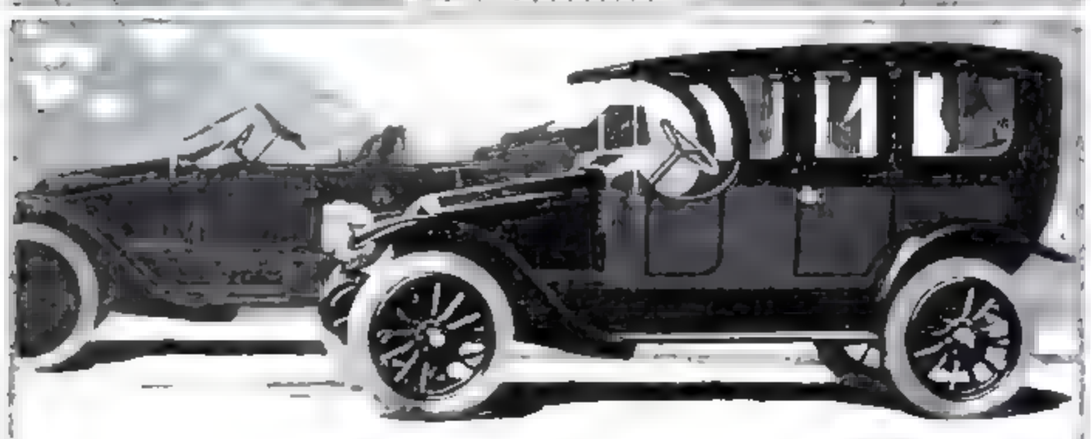

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Billy tried to appear calm, but there was a hard thumping at his heart. Bristol Gardam's little eyes glistened.

"We've saved half a million up here—by hitting hard," he chuckled. "We've got practically everything in sight, and when the new railroad comes up it's got to go just about where we tell it to. We've hidebound every possible terminal, an' there isn't an iron or coal prospect that we haven't got our fingers on in one way or another. We scared out the Fitzhugh interests so that they sold to us for about thirty cents on the dollar; an' that fellow who came up with fifty thousand dollars ——"

"Left it with us," interrupted Billy, seeing the significance now of what he had read in one of the letters. "Good for you, Brissy! And now"—he struck a match to apply to a cigar that was already lighted—"and now—how about—that McKay affair?"

Gardam's hands rasped with a curious sound as he rubbed them together exultantly.

"Coming out a little differently from what we expected, Your Lordship—but right," he said. "Couldn't be better. You understand how this McKay ——"

"I'm a little rusty on it," advised Billy.

"Well, McKay has been squatting here for twenty years, an' through the Government he got that half-mile strip that holds the only good right-of-way through the range to the east. I wrote the company about that, you know—that if we didn't get hold of the McKay strip it would beat us out of a million to reach our coal lands over there. So we went after it. McKay would have sold, but the girl wouldn't. Then we found she had a half-interest in it and had been to school for two years down in Prince Albert. That's what cut the devil, Your Lordship—the school. We offered ten thousand—fifteen—twenty; she stuck like a little monster for a hundred!"

"Wasn't it worth it?" asked Billy mildly. "Seems to me, accordin' to your own figgering, that would have saved us just nine hundred thousand. But I catch your p'int, Brissy. You wanted to save us eighty thousand dollars more. You're a brick!"

Billy shivered.

"That's it," Gardam exulted. "And we're going to do it! We're going to save ninety thousand—perhaps ninety-five!"

"Did—did that man Walton marry her?" asked Billy, finding his breath a little difficult.

Gardam chuckled.

"Better than that, Your Lordship. He went after her like a dog after a bone. She liked Walton mighty well, an' he posed as an enemy of the company from the time we sent him into the game. You see his scheme was to fake some sort of marriage deal if he couldn't get her to put her property in his hands before that; and then ——"

"Vamose!" said Billy, biting hard at the end of his cigar.

"Just that," grinned Gardam. "We were to give him five thousand when the deal was pulled off and he was to disappear; but two things turned up to spoil that. This Faith McKay is a beauty. She'd get most any man going—and Walton fell in love. Top of that, after the girl had known him a little while she wouldn't have anything more to do with him. Then something happened—out in the woods. Walton said they were walking and that he only tried to kiss her. But anyway, McKay found Walton and nearly killed him on the spot. McKay stabbed him twice—and Walton lived just long enough to tell the story. The police have got McKay over at the barracks—and we're going to have that right-of-way within two or three days for five thousand."

Billy had turned his back toward Gardam and was looking out of a window.

"Go on, Brissy," he said. "How are you going to work it?"

"It's about settled now," continued Gardam. "You see there's no hope for McKay. He'll swing. But the girl thinks there's hope; and I've induced her to sell so that they can pay the expense of a big defense."

Billy turned back to the table. His face was strangely white, but Gardam did not notice that. Adjusting his eyeglass, Billy opened Lord Percival's alligator-skin bag and dumped out a mass of papers. He did this for its effect on Gardam. Then he said:

"I don't like the idea of murder, Brissy. But you've done mighty well. I've got a lot of papers to look over; an' if you'll leave me ——"

"Certainly, Your Lordship," cried Gardam, jumping briskly to his feet. "Shall I return at dinnertime?"

"Yes. An'—see here, Brissy. Can you get hold o' this Faith McKay—right away?"

"I can have her here within half an hour, sir."

"Bring her," commanded Billy shortly. "I want to see her alone. An' you needn't say anything about the visit. Understand?"

Scarcely had Gardam's back disappeared through the door than Billy sprang to his feet, with a look on his face that would have startled and amazed that individual had he seen it.

"James!" he called.

A door leading into a second room opened and James appeared.

"Did you call, Your Lordship?"

For a moment Billy Smoke made no answer. He seized one of the valet's warm, fat hands and gazed squarely into his eyes. After all there was something strong and likable about James Augustus Dobbs. He was a man buried under generations of pagan servitude; and the grip of Billy's hand, unlike anything he had ever felt before, brought once more a flicker of something that was strange and new into his soulless eyes. Billy motioned him to the chair Gardam had occupied, passed him the box of cigars, watched him while he lighted one and then spoke.

James listened. His pale eyes opened wider as Billy proceeded. His heavy chin dropped. He uttered no sound and Billy went on evenly, without interruption. When he had finished James sat stunned and speechless, the cigar trembling between his pudgy fingers.

"What do you think of it?" asked Billy.

"Hi—Hi thinks it's 'ellish, sir!" gasped James.

For another three minutes Billy Smoke talked.

At the end he waited for the other to speak. Slowly James stiffened.

"Hi'm with you!" he said at last. "Hi am—so 'elp me."

For the first time in his life he dared to offer his hand to a man. And Billy Smoke shook it until the papers rattled on the table.

VI

FIFTEEN minutes later there came a knock at the outer door which set Billy's heart palpitating. It was not Gardam's and he knew it was Faith McKay's.

James opened the door, admitted some one who entered with a quick, timid step, bowed with prodigious stateliness, and then walked through into the inner room. Not until he heard the inner door close did Billy lift his eyes from the paper which he was pretending to read. When he did he looked almost straight up, for the girl had come near and stood with her two hands gripping the back of the chair at the opposite side of the table. At first he was only conscious of a pair of wonderful blue eyes meeting his own—the eyes that women sometimes have whose beauty is the laughter of sunlight in a violet-blue sky. Even in the pain and the terror of the thing that was gripping like death at her heart that beauty flooded into them for an instant as Faith McKay looked into Billy's face, surging with the red blood pounded up from his heart. He was different from what she had expected. And she was different—with her wonderful blue eyes, her pale cheeks a little flushed, her brown-gold hair in a loose, rippling braid over her shoulder, her lips parted in a tense waiting that was almost pain. Billy Smoke rose from his chair. He had not intended there should be such an embarrassing silence, but he knew that if he spoke his voice would tremble; and so, instead of speaking, he stretched one of his big, strong, brown hands across the table. There came a catch in Faith McKay's throat. And then, slowly, wonderingly, her eyes questioning him like those of a child who fears and yet trusts, she gave him her hand.

For an hour after he had seen Faith McKay enter His Lordship's presence Bristol Gardam waited for her reappearance. He waited another half-hour before his patience was rewarded. He was so close that he marked the change in her. Her cheeks burned with a mysterious excitement. Her eyes turned upon him like blue diamonds, almost feverish in their luster; and wonderingly he marked the quickness of her step and the new poise of her head as she turned away, her thick

braid shimmering like a sinuous rope of pure gold in the setting sun.

He knocked, and Billy's voice invited him to enter. There was a change in His Lordship's face, too, and Gardam was puzzled. Billy was quick-witted enough to see that, and proceeded to enlighten the manager.

"By Heaven, but she's a blinger!" he cried. "Brissy, I don't blame that man Walton. Do you know ——"

He stopped to light a fresh cigar,.

"She is pretty, Your Lordship," he replied with a look that filled Billy with a desire to strike him. "She's ——"

"Sit down!"

Gardam dropped into the chair, and Billy smiled across at him significantly.

"Look here, Brissy," he said confidentially. "You know, of course, that I can do anything I please up here; but you've done so well that I don't feel like taking any authority out o' your hands. Understand? I want you to handle this matter absolutely accordin' to your judgment. Now, don't you think ten thousand would be pretty cheap for that property?"

There was no mistaking his smile.

"Cheap as dirt, Your Lordship."

"Twenty would be cheap, wouldn't it?"

"It's worth ten times that," chuckled Gardam, rubbing his hands.

Billy Smoke passed the cigars and smiled with the benignity of one who was thoroughly well pleased with the other's quick perception.

"Now I don't want to take this out of your hands," he repeated. "You've got the authority to spend the money, haven't you?"

Gardam nodded as he lighted his cigar.

"And I don't want to influence you," went on Billy. "I don't want to influence you at all; but I just want to ask why you don't pay her thirty thousand dollars for that property tonight and have it over with. Just a suggestion from the outside, as you might say."

"Thirty thousand!"

"Yes. It's worth even ten times that, isn't it—to the company? She'd take thirty thousand tonight. What do you think of it, Brissy?"

This time he winked—winked broadly.

"Why—I—I think we'd better do it, Your Lordship."

"Good!" exclaimed Billy with unconcealed satisfaction. "You can arrange the matter so that you can take it up with Miss McKay right after dinner, can't you?"

Gardam nodded again.

"And there's another thing, Gardam. I'd like to do all I can for this girl. You understand—of course. Is there anything we can do for her father?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing, Your Lordship. Even if we attempted to show that he was saving his daughter from insult when he killed Walton it would do no good. The case is out of our hands. He is a murderer, and there is only one punishment for that under the Crown. Inspector McDowell tells me they are going to take him down to Prince Albert some time next week. Nothing on earth can save him from hanging."

"Too bad," mused Billy. "I'm afraid you're a better manager than I'd be, Brissy. If I was you I'm sure I'd give the girl forty thousand. It's hard on her, terrible hard! I'm afraid—I'd make it—forty thousand."

Gardam fidgeted.

"Perhaps I am a little hard, Your Lordship," he ventured. "If you believe ——"

"Oh, don't mind me!" interrupted Billy. "I want you to do it, you know. Just think it over. Use your own good judgment. I don't want to take any authority at all away from you."

His voice was so genially flattering that Bristol Gardam purred all over. Billy slowly gathered up the scattered papers, arranging and resorting them in a way that showed them off most advantageously to the little manager.

"This is—er—detachment headquarters for the Royal Northwest Mounted, isn't it, Brissy?" he asked carelessly, scrutinizing with studious care the heading of a red-sealed letter which he held "Pretty far up in the woods, ain't it? How many men?"

"Inspector McDowell, a corporal and three privates," said Gardam. "Corporal Shaw is down on the Little Bear, hunting for a dog thief."

Billy puckered his face thoughtfully.

"That's bad," he said. "I wanted to borrow a couple of those men for a week or so; but if they're goin' to take McKay down how the devil can I do it?" Before Gardam could reply he leaned anxiously across the table. "See here, Gardam. After you've settled this affair with the McKay girl I'm going to tell you something that'll open your eyes. An' meanwhile, as a sort o' reward for savin' us a few hundred thousand on this deal, you have my permission to write out a check to yourself for a thousand."

Gardam's eyes popped and his voice fairly trembled when he spoke.

"That's—That's mighty good of you, Your Lordship!"

Billy raised his hands deprecatingly.

"Nothing—nothing at all, Brissy," he assured him.

Then he smiled so significantly that Gardam stopped himself on the point of further speech.

"Brissy, will you do me a little favor?" he asked. "How long before it's dark?"

Gardam looked at his watch.

"In about an hour, Your Lordship."

"Well, as soon as it's dark, can't you bring our dinner over here—if it won't inconvenience you too much?"

"It will be a pleasure," assured Gardam.

"And then," continued Billy, still smiling, "can't you take me to this Faith McKay's cabin without any one seeing us? You see," he explained, as Gardam began to purr understandingly, "I've got an invitation to take dinner with Miss Faith."

After Gardam had gone, Billy sat for many minutes in deep thought, the smoke from his cigar rising thickly above his head. Suddenly he jumped from his chair and went across to a mirror that hung on the opposite wall and quite seriously studied the reflection of himself. It was a strong, square-jawed, forceful face that looked out at him, with keen gray eyes and a mouth that was softened by the humorous and pleasant things he had always found in life. Billy had never before contemplated himself with quite the same emotions as he was experiencing at the present moment. He found himself figuring up his age, which was thirty-four; but he looked younger, so much younger that he smiled elatedly. When he caught himself in the glass he turned away, flushing as hotly as though Faith McKay herself had detected him in the act.

Gardam returned at six o'clock, bringing with him a large basket, which Billy transported to James in the room beyond his own. He had already given James his instructions, but he repeated them now in a low voice:

"Remember—put out all the lights as soon as you've finished your supper—and lock the doors. Don't admit any one. Gardam may return, but if the lights are out he'll think you're in bed. You'll know my knock—three of 'em—like I told you."

Ten minutes later Gardam halted him in front of a cabin built of logs. Curtains were drawn at the windows, but Billy caught the gleam of lights inside. He was glad that darkness hid his face from the manager.

"Come back about eight," he said. "Bring the papers with you. We'll settle this business right here with Miss McKay tonight."

He reached out deliberately and nudged Bristol Gardam in the ribs.

"Have a cigar, Brissy!"

Gardam went away chuckling. He turned in time to see the cabin door open and caught a glimpse of Faith McKay's pretty face in the lamplight as she greeted Billy. He was still chuckling when he returned to the company's offices and secured the two or three papers necessary for that night's deal. He was highly pleased with His Lordship and wished him a good time. He felt that Fate was making him mighty popular with this powerful representative of the Farthest North Improvement Company.

Promptly at eight he was back at the McKay cabin. Faith opened the door when he knocked. He glanced quickly into her face; and in spite of himself the smile that barely moved his lips flickered in his eyes. He had never seen the girl more beautiful.

Gardam lost no time in getting down to business. He suspected that his presence was not wanted for any length of time.

"I've made it forty thousand, Your Lordship," he said in a low voice. "And I—I guess it's going to be worth it."

Ten minutes later Faith McKay held the company's check for forty thousand

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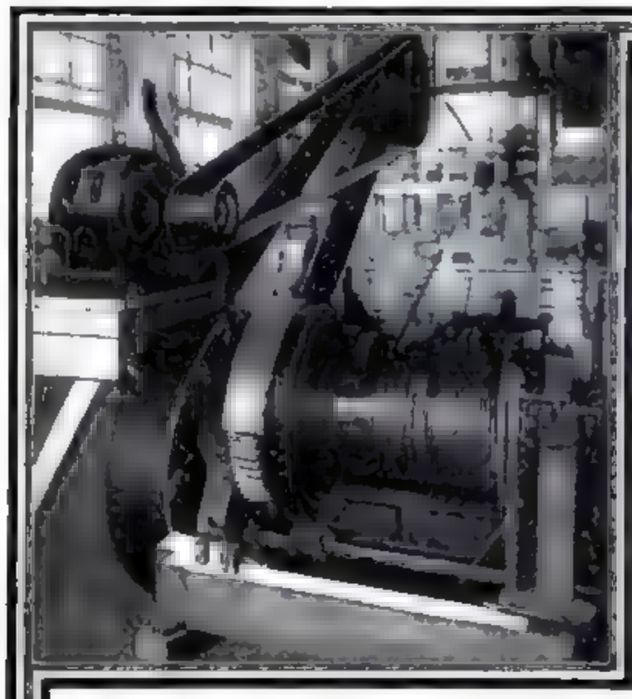

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dollars in her hand. With glistening eyes she looked at Billy. Gardam moved toward the door. He was astonished when Billy said:

"Wait for me outside, Brissy. I'll join you in about two minutes."

Billy closed the door after him and turned toward the girl. She had followed him halfway and stood with the check still in her hand, looking at him as a woman never looks at a second man.

"Good night," he whispered.

Even those two words almost choked him. She tried to speak, but it was only a little sound in her throat; and when Billy went to her, holding out his hand, the blue eyes that looked up at him were a swimming loveliness of tears. Billy Smoke could not have explained what happened then. The next moment Faith McKay was in his arms and his face was pressed close down against her face; and he knew that he felt the gentle pressure of her arms about his shoulders and that he was telling her things he seemed now to have dreamed of, years and years ago, amid the flitting shadows of many lonely campfires.

Bristol Gardam waited ten minutes instead of two for His Lordship.

VII

THE next morning Bristol Gardam found His Lordship sick in bed. As a matter of fact, Billy Smoke had never felt better in his life.

"My appendix!" grimaced Billy in explanation. "The cussed thing kicks up a fuss every so often. I'm afraid I can't go to that dinner you fellows have got up for me." He scowled savagely and gave a sudden twinge as if of pain. "You'll give 'em my excuses, won't you, Brissy? Tell 'em it won't last more than two or three days and that we'll make up for lost time then."

"You'd better let me send over the company doctor," suggested Gardam solicitously.

Billy smiled sweetly.

"Brissy, you don't want me to commit murder, do you?" he asked. "I can't remember havin' a doctor mussing round me since the day I come to town; and if you send one over now ——" He doubled up a big fist and drew it significantly out from under his blanket. Then he revealed his other hand, and with it a small package plastered with big red seals cleverly done in wax by James Augustus Dobbs. Inside that package were two pairs of ragged socks and odds and ends of paper; but Gardam never would have guessed that in a hundred years from the manner in which Billy handled it. He looked from the package to Gardam, as though he could scarcely trust its secret to the little manager. Then he said:

"You've got to attend to this for me, Brissy. There's a hundred thousand dollars in this package and it's got to start up the river some time today. I want you to see Inspector McDowell and have him send two men down with it. It'll take a week to do the job; but tell him that it's mighty important, an' that McKay can wait better'n this package can."

A few minutes later Gardam rose to leave. It was three-quarters of an hour later when he returned, and as he came in through the door his eyes glistened triumphantly.

"McDowell has ordered his men to get ready," he said. "They are to leave this afternoon."

Billy gave a groan of relief.

"That's pretty good in Mac," he said. "Leaves only one man to take care of McKay, don't it?" he asked casually.

Gardam gave his shoulders a shrug.

"McKay's down sick too. His girl is with him."

Billy's face was turned to the wall, and so Gardam did not see the manner in which his mouth twitched or the exultant light that came into his eyes.

"This McKay girl is going to take dinner with me—here," he said. "So have it brought over a little early, will you, Brissy? Of course—you understand ——"

"Sure—Sure—I understand, Your Lordship," replied Bristol Gardam.

Looking out of his office window, Gardam saw Faith McKay when she entered Billy's cabin. It was two hours later when she reappeared, and he observed that she went directly to her own home. At five o'clock Faith returned to her father in his prison, taking his supper with her. Bristol Gardam carried Billy's supper to him at six. In spite of his sickness Billy was the happiest-looking man he had ever seen. It was nine o'clock when Billy turned over and said that he felt like going to sleep.

No sooner was Gardam gone than he hopped from his bed and called for James. The valet entered from the other room and Billy motioned him to one of the two chairs beside the table. He passed the cigars and both lighted in silence.

"Do you know, James," said Billy, "I almost wish you was going with me? You'd be a mighty good pal in a little while, old fellow."

"Hi almost wish Hi were going, sir," replied James; "but Hi'm afraid Hi couldn't stand the strain."

They talked and smoked until the hand of Billy's watch pointed to eleven; then Billy rose to his feet.

"It's about time, James," he announced. "I hate to do it, old man; but it's best for you. If I didn't, you know, they might think you helped me. Now—if you'll lie down—there—flat on your belly ——"

He went to his bunk and drew out from under the blankets several short pieces of babiche rope. When he returned James Augustus Dobbs was lying flat on his face in the middle of the floor.

"I won't tie your hands too tight," said Billy as he went to work, "for it'll be pretty danged uncomfortable waiting for some one to come an' set you free." Quickly he tied James' hands behind his back and then bound his feet securely together. Then he rolled his prisoner over. "This gag ain't anything but a bluff," he went on as he tied three hard knots in a piece of cloth. "I'm goin' to twist it up an' put it on the floor close to your head. When Brissy comes in the mornin' you can yell an' tell 'im you just slipped the thing off. Understand?"

"Hi do, sir. Hi won't make a sound until then."

"And now, Dobbs, old man—goodby!"

"Goodby, sir; han' may good luck go with you!"

Billy turned out the light. Softly he opened the outer door. Cautiously he stole out. The night was brilliant with starlight and he crouched low as he slipped away from the cabin, his heavy-caliber rifle trailing below his knee. All was dark in the McKay cabin when he rapped at the door; but instantly he heard a quick, eager step. The door opened slowly and he reached up his free arm. Faith slipped into it. She lifted her face to him, and for one glorious moment he felt the sweet warmth of her lips against his own.

"Everything is ready!" she whispered.

VIII

FAITH led him swiftly through the night. Her little hand clung tightly to his and at last she halted him on the edge of a small clump of balsams, beyond which, close to the shore of the river, lay the three small buildings that made up police headquarters at Churchman. One of these buildings was within a stone's throw of them and separated by some distance from the others. Faith pointed to it.

"He's in there," she breathed tremblingly. "I—I don't believe they'll watch him very closely tonight—because they think he is sick." Suddenly she gripped his arm. "There—look!"

In the shadow of the little building there appeared a tiny flare of light. The guard was lighting his pipe. Billy laughed softly, and as he laughed he drew Faith close up in his arms and looked down into her wonderful shining eyes. No woman had ever looked at him as she looked at him now.

"We've got to say goodby, little girl," he whispered. "You must go back an' undress yourself an' get into bed, so they can't lay anything up against you tomorrow. Everything's clear to you, ain't it, dear? We're goin' to strike west an' north into Alaska, and after a little we'll drop southward. You take the first mail down an' go to my sister in Winnipeg. An' then—'bout next Chris'mus ——"

Her arms tightened about his neck and he could hear her breathe, almost sobbing:

"You'll come—then ——"

"I'll come—or send for you," he said. "Now—you must go."

She drew her arms from about his neck and took his face between her hands.

"I'll wait for you and pray for you, night and day!" she whispered, and kissed him.

. . . . . .

Five minutes later, like a shadow of the night itself, Billy Smoke came up behind the log guardhouse. Peering round the

end of the building, he found himself looking almost straight down into the glowing bowl of Private Ford's pipe. Ford was sitting down with his back to the logs, and it was many minutes before he moved. Then he rose to his feet and began to pound the ash from his pipe into the palm of his hand. It was Billy's opportunity. Ford did not see Billy's face and scarcely knew what happened. Only a gasp escaped his lips as Billy's powerful hands shut about his throat from behind. Not until he hung limp and heavy did Billy let him drop to the ground. Then he tied his hands and feet and bound a thick cloth securely over his mouth. After that he searched in his pockets until he found the key that unlocked the log prison. When he swung the door open a man stood within reach of his arms. The starlight shone on a bearded face, and Billy saw a pair of staring eyes whose brightness made him think of Faith McKay's.

He stretched in a hand.

"I'm Billy Smoke," he said.

A few moments later, from her darkened window, Faith McKay saw two shadows hurrying through the night. On the edge of the forest they stopped to place two light packs on their shoulders. Then they turned their faces into the thousand miles of desolation to the west; and as they went Faith McKay knelt down beside her bed to pray.

Oddities and Novelties

Plague for the Gipsy Moths

THE gipsy-moth fighters in Massachusetts have derived much encouragement from the success of certain recent experiments which have had for their object the spreading of a plague among the caterpillars of this destructive insect.

The disease in question is known as *flacherie*, or caterpillar cholera, and is extremely infectious. A caterpillar suffering from it stops eating, becomes weak and lazy, and usually crawls up on some vertical surface, such as a treetrunk or fence, where it remains motionless. Soon it turns black and before long it hangs there dead. The slightest touch suffices to break its skin, and a thin, dark, offensive-smelling liquid flows out.

Under the direction of Mr. William Rieff, of the Bussey Institution of Harvard, attempts were made to spread this horrid malady among gipsy-moth caterpillars in a number of localities by introducing a few sick specimens among them.

In one case some oak and willow trees were found to be infested by a number of the insects, estimated at ten thousand. Two hundred sick and one hundred dead victims of *flacherie* were suitably distributed, whereupon it spread with amazing rapidity. Within twenty-four hours many caterpillars died, and a few days later it was reckoned that four-fifths of them had succumbed.

Similar results were obtained in other places, one method of distributing the sick specimens being to hang a few of them in a hammock-shaped bag between branches in the midst of dense foliage. Under such circumstances the caterpillars could be relied upon to crawl out and communicate the infection to the healthy insects on the tree. It was found that, following measures of the kind, such egg clusters as were deposited were comparatively small in size, containing proportionately few eggs, more than four-fifths of which were empty or infertile.

Caterpillars killed by the plague were mixed with water in different ways, and the mixture was either sprayed upon trees or painted in rings round the trunks. One or the other of these methods may prove valuable as a means of spreading the infection, but such methods would be expensive if applied on a large scale; whereas the distribution of sick caterpillars in the manner above described is accomplished at a trifling cost.

In the forests of Central Europe the nun-moth, a near relative of the gipsy, does enormous damage. Fortunately, when the species becomes numerous beyond a certain point, it is wiped out wholesale by natural outbreaks of *flacherie*. The suggestion is seriously made that the ravages accomplished by the nun might be greatly lessened through the spreading of the disease by artificial means.

Vaccines for All Diseases

BEFORE long there will be vaccines for nearly every ailment. Typhoid vaccine is already an old story. Our whole army, rank and file, is to be dosed with it, and the navy is soon to follow suit.

At Bombay the British Government is making plague vaccine on a wholesale scale for all India, putting up eighty thousand doses a day in tiny fire-sealed glass tubes—one tube, one dose—given by hypodermic injection. It is an almost certain preventive of infection; but native superstitions are against its employment and thus difficulties are encountered in the use of it.

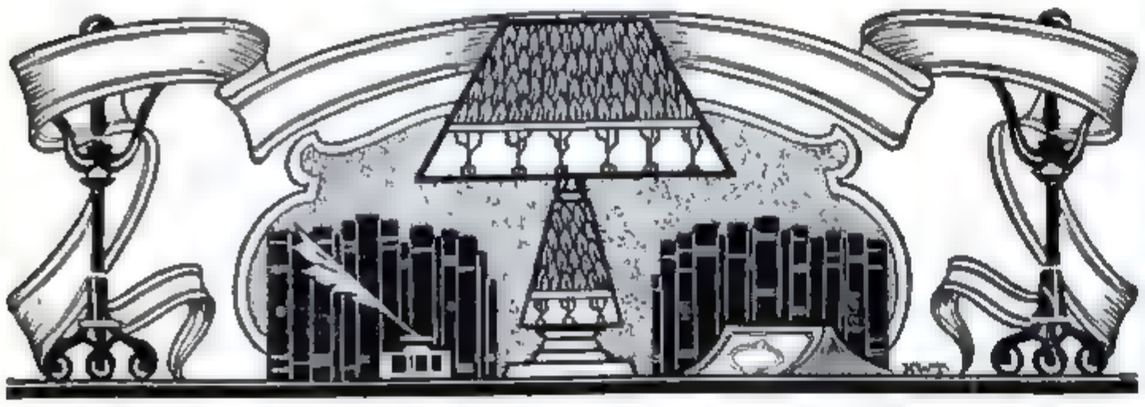
All the great epidemic diseases seem to originate in Asia, and thence travel westward by way of Russia, following the route of Attila and Genghis Khan. They proceed along the caravan routes of today. Thus, for example, grippe—a typical highly infectious germ disease—appears in a malignant form in Central Asia once in a certain number of years and journeys toward the setting sun at a regular rate of twenty-odd miles a day—the ordinary speed of a caravan—adopting a suddenly accelerated gait on reaching the longitude of railroads and express trains.

One of the worst of these Asiatic maladies is cholera, about which recently there was somewhat of a scare in our own country. We had frightful epidemics of it half a century and more ago—in New Orleans and elsewhere. Hence it is pleasing to know that the mortality from this disease has been reduced to a relatively trifling figure by the use of a specific vaccine.

All such vaccines are made in the same way—that is to say, by breeding the germs of the disease, whatever it may be, in beef soup, and then killing them by raising the fluid to the boiling point. Nothing could be more simple. The microbe broth thus prepared is the curative agent, administered by the hypodermic syringe.

These vaccines—otherwise known as dead cultures—have been used most successfully as preventives and even to some extent as cures for a number of diseases—notably pneumonia, carbuncle, inflammation of the kidneys, and the very dangerous disorder known as childbed fever. For the treatment of pneumonia, in cases already developed, the germs are bred from the sputum of the patient.

Boils, and even Riggs' Disease—the bacterial complaint which causes the teeth to fall out—are successfully treated by this means; and the same method is being adopted for dealing with certain dangerous forms of dysentery. One of the latter is caused by a bacterium recently discovered by a surgeon in our own army, Major F. F. Russell, and named by him Bacillus Y. This particular bacillus has been making trouble of late in the German army, and a vaccine has been manufactured from it and used among the troops of the Kaiser.



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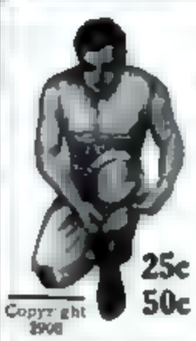

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WHAT OF 1912?

(Concluded from Page 15)

has many friends in Georgia who will make a determined effort to get the delegation for him.

Wilson is stronger in North and South Carolina and in Florida than any other candidate. It is almost a certainty he will have the North Carolina and the Florida delegations, and his chances are pretty fair in South Carolina also. Mississippi and Louisiana, as matters stand, are for Wilson; and, though sentiment is divided in Texas, it is likely the preponderant part of it in that state is for Wilson. Arkansas likes Wilson; and Oklahoma favors Champ Clark more strongly than any other and will be for Clark if Clark can get out of the woods in Missouri. The old-line men have a good strong grip on Maryland and Delaware; and Kentucky is torn with conflicting loyalties.

Alabama will present Underwood's name. That was definitely decided upon when I was there in November. Underwood has agreed, but has announced he will not be a candidate in the sense of seeking votes or campaigning for them. He is content to go before the convention on his record as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the present Democratic House of Representatives, in the tariff fight in the extra session called by Mr. Taft in April last; and he will see to it that his record remains good in the tariff fight that is coming this winter. His friends may decide to go out after other Southern delegates for Underwood. If they do they will surely make a foray into Kentucky. However, as to certainties, Underwood will have Alabama if he keeps in his present frame of mind, and Alabama will put him in nomination right off the bat.

The Clark and Folk situation in Missouri is most important to those statesmen. Word has recently come to Washington that various of the old-line leaders, despairing of nominating Harmon, are looking closely at Clark and wondering what will happen to him in Missouri. There would not be much to the Clark boom if Clark should not have the Missouri delegates. Clark's friends say he can get them easily—and Folk's friends say these claims are preposterous, and that Folk is entitled to the delegates and will have them.

This is the Folk side of the story: Folk has the indorsement of the Democracy of Missouri for president. That indorsement was made a part of the party platform adopted in the Jefferson City convention on September 14, 1910. Champ Clark was chairman of that convention and, with every other delegate, voted for the pledge. The Folk indorsement was made an issue in the senatorial fight between James A. Reed and David R. Francis. Reed accepted the indorsement and was elected. Francis hedged. Once again, at a Folk-for-President banquet, held later in St. Louis, nearly everybody went on record for Folk. Folk has an effective organization, called the Missouri Democratic League, working hard for him.

This was the situation when Clark's bee began to buzz. After a time, one of the St. Louis newspapers wired Clark and asked him if he considered himself bound by the Folk platform pledge. Clark replied:

"I never began a conversation about running for the presidency in my life. I never wrote a letter soliciting anybody's help. I never spent a cent about it in my life. I have been out of Missouri a whole month, making some clean money lecturing, and have little idea as to what is being said and done in the state. My own opinion is that all offices, including the presidency, belong to the people. No man ever declined a nomination for president by a great party and no man ever will decline such a nomination."

That didn't enlighten things much, and Folk was asked to state his position, which he did as follows:

"I am more concerned in the success of progressive Democratic principles than in my own or any one else's candidacy. These principles should be above the ambition of individuals. Selfish or self-aspiring hopes should not be allowed to create dissension in the ranks of the party at this time."

With these two declarations, Senator Stone, who hates Folk, began to do a little maneuvering. Lon Sanders, the Folk manager, had said if any other candidate wanted to contest for Missouri with Folk he was willing to put it to the test of a primary, and Stone and some others grabbed at it. There has been a good deal of backing and filling on both sides, but there will be a primary; and then it will be up to Folk and Clark, for neither can hope to get anywhere in the national convention without the Missouri delegates.

Viewed from the Clark side the contention about that platform pledge for Folk is that it is not binding because the convention that adopted the platform in which the Folk pledge appeared was there, by law, to enact a platform on which the particular campaign to follow that convention was to be fought, and for no other subsequent campaign. The Clark men hold it was not within the province of that convention to indorse anybody for president. All of Clark's friends hold that Folk should not ask for the delegation on these grounds, because, they say, there is no Folk sentiment elsewhere; and that to deprive Clark of the delegation, with the rapidly growing Clark sentiment, might deprive him of the nomination. However, the primary contest to determine whether Clark or Folk shall have the delegation will settle the thing one way or the other.

Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, is out for Wilson, but if Clark has the Missouri delegates it is more than likely—indeed, most likely—Oklahoma will be for Clark also. Senator Owen and former Governor Haskell, who will contest the senatorial nomination with Owen, have both declared for Clark. Oklahoma is ready to do what it can for Clark if Missouri will but show the way.

The plan of the Wilson managers is to show the South that it is possible to discard the old necessary-to-win combination of the solid South, New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Indiana, and so on, and win with the South and the West, where Wilson is very strong among the independent Republicans.

The old-line men are hanging to Harmon, as per their orders; but Harmon has gained nothing with the people, and many of the old-line men are preparing to find a way out. This is demonstrated by the multiplication of candidates, the favorite-son game, and by the private canvassing of available material.

As it now stands, the Democratic convention will have before it Underwood, Hearst, Baldwin, Marshall, Foss, Clark or Folk, Dix maybe, Harmon and Wilson, with the lists open to all comers. It has taken two-thirds to nominate in a Democratic national convention and will take two-thirds next summer unless the rule is changed. None of this lot will have the requisite two-thirds if all stay in. Presently the fight will simmer down to Harmon and Wilson, as it looks now, with the others sparring for an opening for any favorite son. In a contingency of this kind, Clark looks somewhat better than the others.

So far as the voters of the country are directly concerned—meaning the Democrats and the independent Republicans—Wilson has the greater strength at this time. If it were a mass convention Wilson, would be nominated. Public sentiment may develop to such an extent that Wilson's nomination cannot be prevented. Wilson's nomination will be prevented if the old-line Democrats and the interests can prevent it; but, with Wilson and Harmon deadlocked, the game may shift so as to make almost any of the others who will have votes a lively possibility. The Democratic nomination is a long way from being settled at present, but it is definite that Wilson has the greatest strength just now, with all the others trailing. There will be a chance for much fine politics at that convention. It would be well for any person interested in the outcome to be polite to all the candidates who may appear. Any one of them may be selected.

My survey of the entire country has convinced me of this: Mr. Taft will be renominated if he remains in his present frame of mind and demands renomination. Mr. Taft will be defeated if the Democrats use any discretion in naming the candidate to oppose him. Of course, a political miracle may happen—I admit that; but political miracles are of slow creation and it is less than a year until the next election. Besides, the only miracle-worker who could work one that would be effective is Mr. Taft—and he isn't much at that sort of thing.

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AN ARRANGED AFFAIR

(Continued from Page 11)

through her fingers and realizes it will soon be gone. They are both a little sorry for themselves, a little frightened—both have the feeling they must hurry somehow, somewhere, or it will be too late. Oh, I have analyzed them! I know what I am talking about; it's a psychological moment in both their lives, and the merest push will bring them together."

"But mamma won't come," I said when he stopped. "I know she won't come."

"She will if you ask her," he said back.

"I am positive she won't," I went on. "She hates out-of-door things, and sunburn and bugs, and—and old gentlemen."

"Dad isn't an old gentleman!" exclaimed Charley indignantly. "He's a splendid-looking man and in the prime of life. Why, that's the whole trouble—he is so confoundedly attractive! But there's no sense arguing about it—wait till you see him for yourself. The point is to make your mother come—and she will if you urge her. Every mother is a born matchmaker, and she will soon get it into her head that there is something on between you and me. Then she will jump to come!" I flushed and tried to interrupt him, but he wouldn't allow it and continued angrily: "Well, why shouldn't there be? You have an awfully sweet disposition, even if you aren't so pretty as some of them. It's the homely girls that make the best wives—appreciate a man when they've got him. It isn't ridiculous a bit that your mother should get that idea—the idea of there being something between us. Don't you see it will put her off the scent—make it easier and more natural to throw her and dad together? And remember, it means Fairholme. Don't forget Fairholme!"

If he hadn't said Fairholme I don't suppose I should ever have consented, though it was all true about mamma—every word of it. Then, too, she had money troubles he didn't know of and was spending lots more than her income. It was one of those moments when you see everything clear as though in a flash of lightning—and what I saw was her marrying Jerome Taylor as the best way out of her difficulties. Yet I felt terribly underhanded and treacherous, and the notion of her marrying anybody at all made me utterly heartsick; but Charley Whytock pounded and pounded, and talked louder and louder, until I was forced to say "Yes" almost in spite of myself.

He was certainly diabolically clever, and nothing showed it more than mamma's immediately accepting his invitation, though it cost her a couple of week-ends and a ball. My embarrassment and hesitation made her think everything he meant her to think, and that night she came and sat on my bed and kissed me, saying that Charley was one of the most remarkable young men she had ever known, with one of those silent, determined natures that took women by storm. I felt like a dreadful little hypocrite, lying there and hearing him praised; for of course she thought she was pleasing me by doing it. It was all I could do not to burst out and tell her the truth; but then I thought of Jerome Taylor and of his calling me a little Borekiller—and didn't.

We were two days motoring up to the Pittochokee, where the yacht was waiting for us, and then a day more before we reached the Gun Club Reservation. I was afraid of Charley's father at first, though he wasn't a bit like what I had expected. He was very distinguished looking, with iron-gray hair and the most delightful manners, and an appearance of wonderful vigor and vitality; and—oh, it's hard to describe that sense of power he gave one—of something commanding and splendid, it was so like a king unbending; and you felt flattered every time he smiled at you!

Nothing could have been less like Charley's description of him, for you couldn't associate anything with Mr. Whytock except what was noble and high-bred; and you knew instantly he had been misjudged and that there were two sides to it. My idea was that he found it pretty tiresome living alone with Charley in a big empty house, and was glad to go anywhere for gayety and companionship; in fact, he as much as told me that, saying it was hard to like young people so much when they didn't like him, and be condemned to be respected, which he said was the most chilling word in the dictionary. I said I thought "homely" was, and we made great friends on his being old and me homely—though nothing would make him admit that I was. He said every girl of nineteen was beautiful; and didn't I have hair enough to dress myself in it like a mermaid?—and he pleased me so much by admiring it.

What pleased me most, however, was how well he and mamma got on; for now, instead of not wanting it or dreading that mamma might marry again, it was my dearest hope that Mr. Whytock might fall in love with her and become one of the family. I should have loved to have him for a stepfather, and used to tell myself stories about it at night and dream of the happiness it would be. Charley was as pleased as I was, and said again they were made for each other and everything was going just the way he planned. I could not see how he could help falling in love with mamma—Mr. Whytock, I mean—for she was never lovelier and went out of her way to be nice to him.

On the yacht she dressed to perfection, and was cross with me because I wouldn't wear anything but middy blouses and short skirts, and a boy's soft felt hat to replace the one that blew away. But if one is homely one might as well be comfortable; and, anyway, I had nice ankles and small feet, and I wanted to enjoy it all without being afraid to sit down—or having to remember my clothes all the while. It wasn't my affair to make an impression, but mamma's—so I just played out like a kid and half the time went barefooted and didn't worry how I looked. Mr. Whytock backed me up and said I was quite right when mamma complained, and if I dressed for dinner that was all that could be expected of "the child." He always called me "the child," and wouldn't ever treat me as though I were grown up, and always kept laughing at me and the things I did or said, as though I were a perpetual joke to him. Sometimes I was provoked—and once I cried—he teased me so much; but usually I loved it, for it was such a compliment to be noticed—and liked, you know.

The yacht was the nicest old boat imaginable, much more like a house than a ship; with two stories and a stern veranda over the water, where we would sit at night with the lamp and try to stay awake until nine o'clock. Mr. Whytock always dropped off first, and he told me he would give me a box of candy every time I poked him—which must have run to hundreds, for after a minute he would go to sleep again and have to be poked some more.

That was the trouble about the tête-à-têtes Charley and I had planned—if we went away they would both go sound asleep in their deck-chairs, which was awfully discouraging and unexpected. However, in the daytime it went the way it ought to, and really we had some reason to pat ourselves on the back, for we would never come back from walking or canoeing, or whatever it was, but they were deep in talk, with that cozy, confidential look of two people getting to be more and more intimate. The only aggravating thing was that I liked going with Mr. Whytock ever so much more than with Charley, who preferred to tie up somewhere and read his business letters and write answers on the back of a book with a fountain pen. This made our excursions together rather dull, for it left me nothing to do but twiddle my thumbs and run after his papers when they blew away. Often I would sit and build fairy castles of Mr. Whytock married to mamma, with me as his little stepdaughter and always with him; and then I didn't mind staying away all those hours with Charley, knowing I was helping to bring it about.

All about us were trackless woods—miles and miles of them; and, except for the ranger who brought in the mail every day on horseback, there wasn't a soul to be seen. It was a beautiful country, with open glades where you would startle deer, and trout streams with rocks and splashing waterfalls; and everywhere the silent, unending, primeval forest stretching away to the mountains. Our only trouble with Mr. Whytock was that he would go fishing and insist on taking me with him, and it wasn't any good saying "No," for he could be as masterful as Charley when he wanted anything. Then, too, we would both get up before breakfast and swim alongside the yacht, which also made Charley terribly cross.

"You're unsettling dad!" he would say. "If you aren't careful the whole thing will end in smoke and our trip will be wasted."

That made me awfully conscience-stricken, and for a time I tried to keep in the background more, and pretended I had a headache or that the water was too cold, or that I was tired of fishing or tramping. Giving up swimming was the worst of all, for I had no excuse for wearing my hair down afterward and having Mr. Whytock praise it to the skies, which he always did. It wasn't like many of his compliments, which hid a joke in them. He said it was the most beautiful hair he had ever seen, and he loved to hold a handful of it against the light to see the sun glimmer through it, calling it fairy gold and touching it with a sort of reverence.

It was aggravating of mamma not to exert herself more to please him, and she read French novels when she might have been making headway. Charley, in his overbearing, horrid way, said she would only have herself to thank if she lost him—lost Mr. Whytock, that is—and how could she be so foolish! I thought she was foolish, too, for it seemed to me she ought to be the happiest woman in the world to have Mr. Whytock so much taken with her. He certainly admired her tremendously and was always saying he did, and showered attentions on her.

Charley said we could only wait and see, and varied from being hopeful to the grumpiest depression, when he said you never could tell what people would do, and that probably mamma would marry Mr. Taylor after all, and that his father would lose his silly old head over an actress. Our outings together got duller and duller, and I only went because I couldn't help it. It was strange that he could be the son of such a fascinating man, and so queer and deep when his father was everything the reverse. I used to watch his face as he wrote and wrote on the back of a book and thought it looked like that of a villain in a theater, plotting everybody's destruction—not that he couldn't be nice too—I don't mean that—but it was always with a calculating expression, as though he was saying one thing and thinking another.

Well, it all went on like that until we were within two days of leaving; and when Mr. Whytock asked me to go on a long walk I just thought I would, whether Charley liked it or not. We slipped away without any fuss or explanations, like a pair of truants, and Mr. Whytock seemed as pleased as I was to be alone together again. He was more subdued than usual, however, and spoke several times of the party breaking up and how he had enjoyed every minute of it. He wanted to know whether I would like him to build a yacht like the Polliwog and repeat the trip next year; and when I answered it would be heavenly of him he sighed and said one never could repeat things and that one was a fool to try. I had never seen him out of spirits before or heard him speak so feelingly about growing old.

"The tragedy of age is that we stay young!" he said. "The man who wrote that knew what he was talking about." Then he sighed and asked me what it was like to be only nineteen, with everything dewy fresh; and said I was like a little chicken peeping out of an eggshell, wondering what it was all about! Afterward we sat down to rest in a little dell, and he lit a cigar while I leaned back against a rock. We remained a long time like that, without saying a word, when he suddenly asked:

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Amy?"

I don't know what tempted me to do it—perhaps it was the curious earnestness in his voice—but I told him the truth instead of laughing and pretending.

"Just thinking how detestable it was to be homely," I answered. "To be nineteen and homely!—I am always thinking of that."

I fully believed he would say something about my hair or try to comfort me in his usual kindly way; but he only mused, blowing out smoke.

"Miss Amy, you have an ineradicable idea that you are ugly, haven't you?" he said at last.

"Just look at me!" I replied, smiling rather dismally. "I haven't any illusions about myself; I know I am a perfect little fright!"

"Suppose I told you that you were mistaken?" he said.

I answered I would hate to have him tell such a fib. Facts were facts, alas!

"Not if I could prove it?" he asked—"I mean so far as I am concerned."

"Oh, but you couldn't!" I answered.

"Yes, I could!" he said. "And what's more, I am going to."

Naturally I wanted to know how—thinking, of course, he meant my hair.

"By asking you to marry me," he said.

I was so surprised I almost stopped breathing. I was thunderstruck, and everything seemed to go round and round.

"That's how much I think of you," he went on quite calmly. "Would you consider it at all, Miss Amy?" Then, as I hung my head and hesitated, he said softly and with a strange little break in his voice: "If you can't we'll say no more about it—though we shall always be friends, shan't we?"

"But it's yes!" I said, almost whispering it and feeling dreadfully bold and shameless. He was so far away, you know, and seemed so ready for its being "No." Indeed, he stared at me an instant as though he could hardly believe it, and then came over and took my hand and kissed it. I fancy he thought too much display would be unbecoming in so old a man, and there was something very noble and touching in his restraint. So it was not at all as you read about in books, but very grave and tender and beautiful—and I knew he loved me and I knew I loved him; and we sat there and talked very quietly, with a deep inner welling of happiness that again and again brimmed to my eyes.

It was only when we started home that I recollected Charley and began to have the most awful misgivings as to how he would take it. Mr. Whytock was as nervous as I was and no less afraid of Charley, saying that I must brace myself for a disagreeable scene, and that whatever happened I wasn't to allow myself to be cowed or made to change my mind. He was terribly conscious of being fifty-six and me only nineteen, and begged me not to mind anything Charley said, however wounding it might be. Through it all he laughed, too, keeping my hand tight in his and telling me everything would come right if we only stuck to our guns; but he didn't know the worst thing of all, which of course I hadn't told him—that Charley had set his heart on mamma's marrying him! That was what made the coming interview so frightful—that I should stand revealed as a treacherous little schemer who had spoiled all his plans.

As luck would have it, there he was, sitting on a log near the landing—Charley, I mean—right across our path and looking ready to eat us alive.

"Now for it!" said Mr. Whytock, giving my hand a squeeze.

"Yes; now for it!" said I, with a crumpling-up feeling in my knees.

Mr. Whytock did not do any beating about the bush, though I think he had a crumpled-up feeling too.

"Charley," he said, "Amy and I are going to get married—and we want your blessing. I hope it will be forthcoming for all our sakes."

Imagine my astonishment when Charley jumped up and enthusiastically wrung his father's hand, and then turned to me and kissed me—yes, put his arms round my neck and gave me a regular hug, saying he congratulated us—and nothing in the world could have delighted him more than this!

"What a little innocent you were!" he said to me. "That was what I intended the whole time; for you two were made for each other and I knew it!"

. . . . . .

The only thing I don't like about Charley is his absurd conviction that he arranged it.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF NORTH AMERICAN FOOD

(Concluded from Page 4)

spots where a turkey is a turkey and not a cold-storage corpse. And this being the case, why don't those places advertise, so that by the hundreds and the thousands men who live in hotels might come from all over at this season of the year and just naturally eat themselves to death?

Perchance also the sucking pig of the good old days still prevails in certain sheltered vales and glades. He, too, used to have his vogue at holiday times. Because the gods did love him he died young—died young and tender and unspoiled by the world—and then everybody else did love him too. For he was barbered twice over and shampooed to a gracious pinkiness by a skilled hand, and then, being basted, he was roasted whole with a smile on his lips and an apple in his mouth, and sometimes a bow of red ribbon on his tail, and his juices from within ran down his smooth flanks and burnished him to perfection. His interior was crammed with stuff and things and truck and articles of that general nature—I'm no cooking expert to go into further particulars, but whatever the stuffing was, it was appropriate and timely and suitable, I know that, and there was onion in it and savory herbs, and it was exactly what a sucking pig needed to bring out all that was good and noble in him.

You began operations by taking a man's-size slice out of his midriff, bringing with it a couple of pinky little rib bones, and then you ate your way through him and along him in either direction or both directions until you came out into the open and fell back satiated and filled with the sheer joy of living, and greased to the eyebrows. I should like to ask at this time if there is any section where this brand of sucking pig remains reasonably common and readily available? In these days of light housekeeping and kitchenettes and gas stoves and electric cookers, is there any oven big enough to contain him? Does he still linger on or is he now known in his true perfection only on the magazine covers and in the Christmas stories? As a further guide to those who in the goodness of their hearts may undertake a search for him in his remaining haunts and refuges, it should be stated that he was no German wild boar, or English pork pie on the hoof, and that he was never cooked French style, or doctored up with anchovies, caviar, *marrons glacés*, pickled capers out of a bottle—where many of the best capers of the pickled variety come from—imported truffles, Mexican tamales or Hawaiian poi. He was—and is, if he still exists—just a plain little North American baby-shoat cooked whole. And don't forget the red apple in his mouth. None genuine without this trademark.

But, shucks! what's the use of talking that way? Patriotism is not dead and a democratic form of government still endures, and there are surely real sucking pigs being cooked and served whole somewhere this very day. And in that same neighborhood, if it lies to the eastward, there are cooks who know the art of planking a shad in season—not the arrangement of the effete East, consisting of a greased skin wrapped round a fine-tooth comb and reposing on a charred clapboard—but a real shad; and if it lies to the southward one will surely find in the same vicinity a possum of a prevalent dark brown tint, with sweet potatoes baked under him and a certain inimitable, indescribable dark rich gravy surrounding him, and on the side corn pones—without any sugar in them. I think probably the reason why the possum doesn't flourish in the North is that they insist on tacking an O on to his name, simply because some misguided writer of dictionaries ordained it so. Once I saw ostensible 'possum at a French restaurant in New York. It was advertised as *Opossum, Southern style*, and it was chopped up fine and cooked in a sort of a casserole effect, with green peas and carrots and various other things mixed in along with it. The quivering sensations which were felt throughout the South on this occasion, and which at the time were mistaken for earthquake tremors, were really caused, I am reliably informed, by so many Southern cooks turning over petulantly in their graves.

Still going on the assumption that the turkey and the sucking pig and their kindred spirits are yet to be found among us or among some of us, anyhow, it is only logical to assume that the food is not served in courses at the ratio of a little of everything and not enough of anything, but that it is brought on and spread before the company all together and at once—the turkey or the pig or the ham or the chickens; the mashed potatoes overflowing their receptacle like drifted snow; the celery; the scalloped oysters in a dish like a crock; the jelly layer cake, the fruit cake and Prince of Wales cake; and in addition, scattered about hither and yon, all the different kinds of preserves—pusserves, to use the proper title—including sweet peach pickles dimpled with cloves and melting away in their own sweetness, and watermelon-rind pickles cut into cubes just big enough to make one bite—that is to say in cubes about three inches square—and the various kinds of jellies—crab-apple, currant, grape and quince—quivering in an ecstasy as though at their very goodness, and casting upon the white cloth where the light catches them all the reflected, dancing tints of beryl and amethyst, ruby and garnet—jewels in the diadem of real food.

People who eat dinners like this must, by the very nature of things, cling also to the ancient North American custom of starting the day with an amount of regular food called collectively a breakfast. This, of course, does not mean what the dweller in the city by the seaboard calls a breakfast, he knowing no better, poor wretch—a swallow of tea, a bite of a cold baker's roll, a plate of gruel mayhap, or pap, and a sticky spoonful of the national marmalade of Perfidious Albumen, as the poet has called it, followed by a slap at the lower part of the face with a napkin and a series of V-shaped hiccoughs ensuing all the morning. No, indeed. In speaking thus of breakfast, one means a real breakfast. If it's in New England there'll be doughnuts and pies on the table, and not those sickly convict labor pies of the city either, with the prison pallor yet upon them, but brown, crusty, full-chested pies. And if it's down South there will be hot waffles and fresh New Orleans molasses; and if it's in any section of our country, north or south, east or west, such comfits and kickshaws as genuine country smoked sausage, put up in bags and spiced like Araby the Blest, and fresh eggs fried in pairs—never less than in pairs—with their lovely orbed yolks turned heavenward like the topaz eyes of beauteous prayerful blondes; and slices of home-cured ham with the taste of the hickory smoke and also of the original hog delicately blended in them, and marbled with fat and lean, like the edges of law books; and cornbeef hash, and flaky hot biscuits; and an assortment of those same pickles and preserves already mentioned; the whole being calculated to make a hungry man open his mouth until his face resembles the general-delivery window at the post-office—and sail right in.

The cry has been raised that American cooking is responsible for American dyspepsia, and that as a race we are given to pouring pepsin pellets down ourselves because of the food our ancestors poured down themselves. This is a base calumny. Old John J. Calumny himself never coined a baser one. You have only to look about you to know the truth of the situation, which is, that the person with the least digestion is the one who always does the most for it, and that those who eat the most have the least trouble. Where do you find the percentage of dyspeptics running highest, in the country or the city? Where do you find the stout woman who is banting as she pants and panting as she bants? Again, the city. Where do you encounter the unhappy male creature who has been told that the only cure for his dyspepsia is to be a Rebecca at the Well and drink a gallon of water before each meal and then go without the meal, thus compelling him to double in both rôles and first be Rebecca and then be the Well? Where do you see so many of those miserable ones who have the feeling, after eating, that rude hands are tearing the tapestries off the wall of their respective dining rooms?

Not in the country, where, happily, food is perhaps yet food. In the city, that's where—in the cities, where they have learned to cook food and to serve it and to eat it after a fashion different from the fashions their grandsires followed.

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All articles and photographs will receive prompt attention, and when available will be paid for at current rates. Send all manuscripts to

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The Country Gentleman
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TURKEY AND CRANBERRY SAUCE

(Continued from Page 9)

A rough corral about twenty rods square is the main feature of the equipment on this turkey ranch. The fence is of chicken wire, eight feet high. Provisions for housing turkeys are unnecessary and undesirable in this climate. The corral is for a protection against coyotes and other animals that prey upon the flock. That eternal vigilance is the price of success with turkeys is attested by the fact that Mr. Brooks literally sleeps with his flock, having a rough bunk in the corner of the corral. "Yes," admitted Mr. Brooks, "I sleep there with my two dogs for company. It pays. Losing turkeys at three dollars apiece cuts down profits. I prefer a little effective prevention, even if it is inconvenient. Besides, out-of-door sleeping apartments are quite the fashion."

When the nights are dark a lantern is kept burning at the entrance of the corral. Within the corral are kept the mothers with their broods of very young poults, and later the growing turkeys that are old enough to roost. Until the poults are about a month old each young brood is housed in the coop in which it was hatched. Then they are herded with their mothers, and housed at night in a runway alongside the corral. This wire runway, about ten feet wide, is divided into sections four rods long to prevent the fowls from piling up and smothering. This device is original with Mr. Brooks and very practical. Just as soon as the poults show an inclination to roost they are returned to the main corral, which is supplied with roosts made of willow poles.

When the young poults first begin to enjoy limited grazing privileges under the escort of their mothers, the old birds, delighted with the restoration of their freedom after their long and confining maternal duties, are decidedly shy about returning to the runway at night. To prevent them from hiding in the tall grass and staying out all night they are equipped with collars from which are hung small bells. This precaution is found to be very effective.

All of the work in caring for this herd of nearly two thousand turkeys has been done by Mr. and Mrs. Brooks and their little daughter, except when the mothers and their broods were first allowed in the field. Then a boy was hired for about a month. Mr. Brooks declares that his birds have no trouble from mites or lice because their quarters are kept scrupulously clean.

Turkey raising as a pin-money pursuit is a favorite with California women, especially with the wives and daughters of ranch superintendents who are in a position to secure free range for their birds. All bonanza turkey ranchers admit that it is "hard to beat a woman" at the difficult game of raising these delicate birds, and that "the women seem to have a knack in making the things grow." For this reason the testimony of women turkey ranchers is entitled to especial weight. Miss Martha Risk is regarded as an adept in this art.

A Woman With a Knack

"At first I began with just a few," declares Miss Risk, "but now I keep twelve turkey hens and a gobbler for breeding, and endeavor to raise two hundred each year, for that is as many as I can care for alone.

"In order to be successful it is very important to have the best stock. Small, late or inferior hens and immature gobblers produce weak offspring. I raise the Bronze entirely, as they mature early, are good layers and make good mothers. Hens should be large and strong and are best at two or three years of age.

"The gobbler should be one year old and should be selected with an eye to his size and color. Turkeys should be mated in January and February, for the earlier the poult is hatched the better condition it will be in for the Thanksgiving market, at which time the prices are best on the Pacific coast.

"My turkeys begin laying about the last of February and I set all eggs under chicken hens, setting two hens at a time and allowing nine eggs for each hen. By the time they are ready to hatch there is usually a broody turkey hen, and if a pipped egg is slipped under her and she is allowed to hatch it she will take all the poults from the chicken hens and raise them more successfully. I find that by so doing I lose fewer eggs from breakage and the turkey hen soon begins laying her second clutch of eggs. The little turkeys should not be disturbed or fed for at least twenty-four hours after hatching; then they should be placed in a coop.

"The first food should be hard-boiled eggs and rolled crackers, with green onion tops chopped fine. Feed them sparingly at least three or four times a day. Grit or shells must be kept before the poults constantly from the first. I never feed them raw corn in any form until after they are six weeks old. After the first or second week I make cornbread from the fine cracked corn this, with cracked wheat and an occasional feed of curd and green onion tops, is their diet until they are six weeks old. After that they are ready for any of the whole grains.

"Until the poults are six weeks old I do not let the mother hen out of the coop, but the little birds have a free run after the first week. Previous to this I keep the poults confined in a pen directly in front of the coop, four feet wide by eight feet long and made of eight-inch boards. The coop is the only house my turkeys ever know, for as soon as they are given free range with the mother hen they roost on the low branches of trees or on low roosts.

"The profit depends largely on the cost of feed while raising the birds. My birds have free range of several hundred acres of stubble with plenty of grasshoppers, so that they get very little grain after liberation until the first of November. Then I feed them well. I have never sold for less than twenty cents a pound and some years have been paid twenty-five cents. These prices are for the live bird. My hens average ten pounds and the gobblers about twenty pounds."

Ninety Poults From Four Hens

"After the first six weeks I rarely lose a bird, but previous to that the loss varies. As I have kept no record of eggs hatched and birds lost I cannot make an accurate statement as to the per cent of loss. This year I raised almost every bird hatched, while last year I lost quite a number as a result of insects. This year I have kept a pan of wood ashes in every pen, and the young birds early learned to dust themselves, thus keeping clean and free from all insects."

Miss Maud Maltester confesses that up to the time when she bought her first turkeys—four hens and a Tom—she had never seen a live turkey outside of a city market. Then she moved to a ranch.

"First I started out to learn how to feed and care for the birds," said Miss Maltester. "Every one I talked with had a different plan and none of them had been successful. At last I decided on a ration of cornbread with hard-boiled eggs put through the meat chopper, green onion tops—cut up fine—mixed with chick feed, and plenty of grits and water.

"Each hen had twenty eggs the first clutch. I afterward learned that they should be made to lay both clutches before stopping. We set the hens in a rather dark, well-ventilated shed. After hatching I fed them in there until the little poults were five or six days old, and then moved them to a large yard wired with a high wire fencing. They were never housed or let out of this yard until they were five or six weeks old. When grown they roosted on the fence round the place.

"From these four hens I raised ninety young, and lost only two—accidentally. Two hens were allowed to raise a second setting. My neighbors told me I could not raise these as they were late. However, three of my ninety were born in September and I had splendid luck with them. I gave all the turkeys a great deal of fresh sweet milk; after they were running I fed them on red wheat. They were very domestic and for the most part preferred the yard to running. When it came poultry show time I sent them along with the pigeons to the show and won two prizes on both Toms I exhibited. This gave me a fine start in selling breeding stock. My first order came from a big turkey man near Stockton. He sent me a check for $60 for eight young Toms. Then orders piled in; in fact I could not fill them all. I made $400 from my ninety birds. The cost of the feed amounted to about $48. I then bought a fine Tom and four hens, which cost me $60. I have now about two hundred and fifty turkeys from ten hens and have three fine strains.

"The only thing required in raising turkeys is good stock—not fine bred, which is an intense form of breeding—and patience and attention to their wants. At first they should be fed about six times a day."

For a novice, a profit of $352 from a stock of five breeding birds is a pin-money exhibit of which any woman might well be proud. But Miss Maltester had "the knack."

Another woman who is an adept in this odd industry and raises two hundred to three hundred of the big feast birds each year is Mrs. A. T. Jones. As she generally matures ninety per cent of her hatch she is entitled to speak with some authority. Here are some special points on which she puts strong emphasis:

"Select the very best Toms and hens that can be obtained, as the vitality of the chicks depends largely upon the parent birds. If possible, change the males each year and from your old stock select the largest and best formed hens for breeding purposes. At mating time have your birds in good condition, but avoid having them too fat. Turkeys wander off and make their nests in all kinds of out-of-the-way places and must be watched very closely. Gather up all of the eggs as soon as laid and disturb the nest as little as possible, leaving two hen's eggs in each nest. Keep the eggs in a cool, well-ventilated room until the hens are ready to set. Let the turkey hen sit upon the original nest for two or three days, then lift her up gently at dusk and remove her to permanent quarters, putting her carefully upon the nest and eggs prepared for her in a coop or small house with slanting roof about four by five feet, with a door that can easily be opened and shut. The coop should be fairly dark but not too dark. In one corner of the coop build a shallow nest, using a little fine straw, dead leaves or other suitable material. Put into the nest from eighteen to twenty eggs, according to the size of the hen. A dust-box should be placed in the coop and the bird kept supplied with fresh water and food. Keep her a prisoner for from twenty-one to twenty-five days. After the little ones are hatched the nest and the coop should be thoroughly cleaned and kept clean, as cleanliness is half of the battle. If a little dry straw is put in the coop it will serve as a good safe roosting-place for at least two months. After the poults have been hatched two days a little fresh lard should be rubbed upon the back of the head, at the root of the tail and under the wings, and this should be repeated every ten days for at least two months. This is to kill the mites. The hen mother should have the same treatment. More young turkeys die from the effects of lice than from almost any other cause."

Watermelon Turkeys

"After chicks have been out six days the points of the wing-feathers should all be pulled out, that is the last eight or ten on the points of the wings. Just why this should benefit the poults I am unable to say, but that it does have a beneficial effect upon their health I know from actual experience. An important point in raising the little turkeys is the feeding. Many people kill them by overfeeding. The food should be given sparingly each time, but often. I feed stale bread, cottage cheese pressed dry and mixed with the bread and all chopped fine. Give them all the green stuff they can eat and have it chopped fine. Fresh lettuce gives the best results. A dish of oyster shells broken fine should be placed where they can help themselves, as the growing feathers require an abundance of lime.

"Turkeys should never be closely confined even for fattening, as they are very nervous birds and will not fatten well in close confinement."

J. W. Hogan has demonstrated the profit in turkeys not only as a byproduct but as utilizers of waste. His twenty-acre place is devoted to dairying, to grapes and to watermelons. In any field there is always a high percentage of watermelons that are unfitted for shipping. He cuts open the overripe and out-of-size melons, and his turkeys feast on them. Mr. Hogan

has found that there is no better food for fattening turkeys than watermelon seeds. On this diet, combined with pickings from his alfalfa field, he has produced turkeys of uncommon weight and quality.

Another breeder lays emphasis on the fact that the hatching nests must be hollowed out of moist earth and overlaid with a thin sprinkling of straw. If the ground is too dry it should be dampened. He also declares that it is a good plan to have a small slatted extension to the coop through the top of which the hen may see hawks and ravens and call in her poults. He is careful to face his coops away from the direction of the prevailing winds. All successful turkey raisers are united in the declaration that overfeeding is fatal when the poults are young, and that frequent feeding is vital. The practice followed by Mrs. H. E. Gonders is undoubtedly a safe one. She feeds a finely chopped mixture of hard-boiled eggs, cayenne pepper and green onion tops five times a day. But her manner of feeding is most important. She spreads the table for the birds at each meal. The cloth is of gunnysacking and is laid on the ground picnic fashion. As soon as the little poults have removed all that they will eat promptly the cloth is carefully folded together and the crumbs shaken into a place where the birds cannot get at them —and the tablecloth is always kept clean. Mrs. Gonders rakes and burns all leaves and twigs that fall into the corral and always has plenty of wood ashes about. She raises a high percentage of her hatch. Her brood numbers about three hundred.

Gold-Headed-Cane Men

Range turkeys like range cattle are carefully branded, a foot punch being used. Turkey picking is a profession. Like the itinerant sheep shearers, the pickers have their regular circuits. They are paid five cents to eight cents a bird, and a good picker earns four dollars a day. The turkey is always dry picked; it is hung by its feet and a sharp hook inserted into its mouth. To this hook is attached a heavy weight. The adept picker never bruises or breaks the skin of the bird. The feathers about the head and the tips of the wings are left; the head is wrapped in paper, the feet are washed, and the turkeys are placed in boxes lined with clean newspapers.

But the choicest turkey meat without cranberry sauce is an insult to the American appetite. Our national taste has decreed that the two must go together, and that the breast of a turkey without the pleasant tang of the tart New England berry is as inadequate as bread without butter. Though the home-staying descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers have allowed the holiday turkey to slip through their fingers and find an ideal home on the Pacific slope, the Yankees have held a firm grip on the delicious cranberry. In fact, this side dish of our national feast is a cardinal factor in the restoration of New England to agricultural prosperity.

"When I was a boy down on the Massachusetts coast," said one of the leaders of agricultural thought in New England, "there were certain men in our town who carried gold-headed canes, lived in old-fashioned mansions, talked much and worked not at all. We boys called them 'the gold-headed-cane men,' and I used to wonder how they had grown so great and could live so magnificently without working. Later I learned they were the descendants of whalers and traders who had made snug little fortunes from a seafaring life. These gold-headed-cane men did not patronize the savings banks. They lent their money at a high rate of interest. Their rule was this: When money would not bring ten per cent or better on good farming security it must be moved farther West. From the Hudson Valley it was moved to the Mohawk and Genesee Valleys in New York state. Later it was put out in the Western Reserve; a few years more found it drawing interest in the Mississippi Valley. Still later it was earning its ten per cent or better in the great prairie states between the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers, and finally it was forced to move on to the Pacific coast.

"Where is that money today? Back in New England, within a hundred miles of where the descendants of the gold-headed-cane men live. It is invested in cranberry bogs! This means more to good old New England than most men will realize; it is going a long way toward helping the land of the Pilgrim Fathers to spell agricultural restoration. The cranberry bog is a bright-red spot in the history of New England's second era of agricultural prosperity—an era that is just now opening." Cranberries are native to the New England coast. The Pilgrim Fathers found them along with the wild turkey.

In the history of land restoration the cranberry has certainly written a live chapter. The industry started in the eastern section of Cape Cod well down toward the end, but has gradually worked westward, and now the very best bog lands are not on the Cape itself, but in that section between Plymouth and Taunton where the sandy Cape land joins the gravel and light loam land of the state. A prime reason for the better success of the more inland section is the greater availability there of water with which to flood the bogs. The principal scourges that assail the cranberry are: the fruit worm, which attacks the berry, the fire worm, which kills the body of the plant, and the root worm. These are overcome by flooding, which is also the protection against frost. New England's cranberry region, it is said, is especially favored in that fungus diseases of the cranberry plant—for which an effective remedy has not yet been discovered—have not so far put in an appearance. No other state has so high an average cranberry yield as Massachusetts.

In its financial methods the cranberry business is a direct graft upon the fishing industry. Down on the Cape, in the old days, when a mate decided to step into the captain class and have a new craft under his own command he went among his neighbors and raised the money. These shares were usually sold in sixteenths and thirty-seconds. By dividing his ownership in this manner among several vessels the thrifty Cape Cod man felt he was avoiding the necessity of carrying insurance. It was a loose copartnership, an unauthorized corporation. Few papers were drawn, and in many instances the amount of ownership was merely a matter of neighborhood understanding. This was highly satisfactory to everybody—except the tax assessor.

When the cranberry on the Cape overshadowed the fish of the sea the inhabitants financed their bogs in the same neighborly fashion in which they had formerly floated their ship-building ventures. Many of the smaller bogs are coöperative enterprises of this character. But the promiscuous activities of the tax-hunters are forcing an increasing number of bogs out of the loose trusteeship under which they have long been operated into formal corporations. Both classes of these organizations have to a large extent joined in a coöperative combination known as the New England Cranberry Sales Company, which handles a large output to the great advantage of the growers. This alliance, however, seems to be in no peril from President Taft's anti-trust crusade, as it has plenty of able-bodied competition.

Modern Methods on the Bog

System is the watchword in the cranberry industry. The big organizations keep a very complete and detailed set of accounts which show to the last cent just what each bog yields, what varieties of cranberries are best, what remedies for diseases have been most effective and during what months and under what weather-conditions these remedies should be applied. They have also reduced the cost of picking—which, under the old-fashioned method of payment by measure, ran up to about two dollars per barrel—to twenty-five cents per barrel. Pickers are now paid twenty-five cents to thirty-five cents an hour. They are also supplied with improved scoops that enable them to gather the fruit very much faster. They work from five and one-half to seven hours a day, and a proficient hand will harvest about six barrels a day.

The history of this odd industry goes to show that when a private bog is taken over by a big company its production is speedily increased. In one case it is related that an eleven-acre bog was bought by a company from an owner too old to care for it properly. It had paid him a fair but diminishing return—a situation duplicated in connection with hundreds of New England farms. Arrangements were made with him whereby he was to receive all income from the bog over two dollars per barrel until he was paid the agreed price, together with six per cent interest. After taking it over under this arrangement the company paid up the entire amount in three years. Another bog is said to have paid one hundred per cent on the original investment for seventeen years, having yielded an average of over one hundred barrels per year. A normal average is perhaps fifty barrels. The bog making the high average was located near a lake that protected it from frosts. Three or four years are required to start a bog and bring it into profitable bearing.

When asked why the large company is able to operate so much more successfully than the private owner, the head of a large cranberry organization replied:

"Because they are in a position to do things systematically and scientifically, with a weather eye always out for improved methods in production, in distribution and in selling. The largest corporations can afford to hire men of exceptional skill, and by their accounting avoid mistakes that have been costly in the past. Large and perfect storage warehouses enable the big company immediately to place the fruit in cool storage without fluctuation of temperature, and alongside the railroad so that shipments can be made at such times and in such quantities as the market may demand and of the variety that each specific market may prefer. This is a most important consideration.

"Again, with large storage and sorting warehouses the fruit is graded, not only more carefully but more thoroughly and by fewer men, owing to improved methods.

"The large companies have also extended the market by advertising and personal work. For example, before 1910 no full carloads were shipped to the South. Then the big companies began a modest market extension campaign, with the result that one hundred full carloads were sold in the South in 1910. Certain towns not using more than four or five barrels in years past are now selling four hundred to five hundred barrels a year."

How to Tell Cranberry Land

"A chief aim of the present coöperative movement is so to improve distribution that every city will get what cranberries it needs, and no more. This will mean an end to starving one market and glutting another. It will also mean a normal price to all and an abnormal price to none. When this condition prevails the price will standardize itself and the retailer will know when he is paying the right price."

In war times cranberries brought thirty-five dollars a barrel; in the early nineties the price dropped to about three dollars a barrel. Today a normal average is close to six. Meantime the quality of the market product has steadily improved. But at five to six dollars a barrel there is a fat profit in growing cranberries.

"How can I tell undeveloped cranberry land when I see it?" you ask. First, look for the wild cranberry vines. If they are there and bear a good wild crop, you have one important sign in your favor. But that is only a starter. You must have a peaty soil, the tract must be level and naturally well drained and there must be a convenient water supply for flooding. Also a plentiful supply of clean sand comparatively free from weed seeds must be near.

Turfing is the first process in transforming a piece of rough land into a bog. This means skinning from the surface all trees, shrubs, grass and vegetable matter of every kind. Next the tract is graded so that it may be flooded with the least possible volume of water. Then the ditches and flowage dams are put in to handle the tract in several sections. The entire surface that is to be planted is then covered with clean sand to a depth of three to six inches. Great care must be taken not to tread or pack the sand.

May and June are the best months in which to plant. The cuttings are about ten inches long and are distributed over the bog, ten to twenty inches apart each way. The Early Black and the Howe are held to be the best varieties. After the cuttings have been laid flat on the ground the planter passes along the rows, places the point of a long dibble in the middle of each cutting and pushes it down through the sand into the peat below. This causes the planting to double back upon itself. The third year after a bog has been well planted it should, under good management, yield twenty-five barrels to the acre and the fourth year fifty barrels. No amateur should attempt to build a bog without expert assistance. A well-planted and well-cared-for cranberry bog is practically perpetual.

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Quality materials and "Natural Shape" lasts produce perfect wear, perfect fit, and style that endures.

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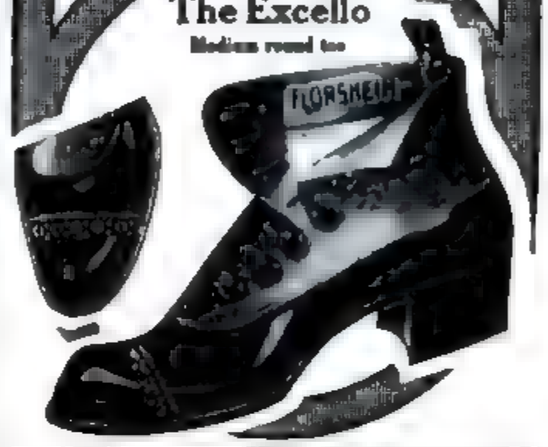
The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago U. S. A.

The Excello



Save the Babies!

Six of every seven babies that die under one year of age are bottle-fed. This awful mortality can now be lessened, because bottle-feeding is made natural and healthful by the use of the Thermolac Nipple and

Thermolac
Feeding Outfit

One baby, weaned at five months, lost weight during three weeks feeding from the ordinary nursing bottle. The first week on the Thermolac Feeding Case this baby gained one pound and has gained not less than eight ounces each week since. The Thermolac Feeding Outfit is endorsed by physicians. Write today for our free booklet, "Modern Baby Feeding" "How easy it is to the baby."

THERMOLAC MFG CO., 173 Summer Bldg., Boston, Mass.

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What is good and what bad; how to tell which is which. How the Northern man may succeed here; what he must avoid. Facts carefully stated; unbiased answers to questions asked by subscribers. Lands investigated and accurate reports made, culture directions given, shipping puzzles solved. The great farm paper of Florida. Subscribe now. Published monthly, 50 cents a year. Three months' trial, 10 cents.

Florida Grower, Atlantic Ave., Tampa, Fla.

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and Northern Settlers' Convention, Houston, Texas, Jan. 15-28, 1912. Low interstate railroad rates. Eighteen lines into Houston. Homeseekers and investors should not miss this opportunity to visit Texas and see the South's great Land Show. More than 1000 exhibits of farm products and machinery. Any information about Texas on request.

Texas Land Exposition, Houston, Texas

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THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut

The Mayor's Post Boy

The following letter was received by* The Saturday Evening Post *from a prominent Chicago lawyer:

"The waiting room adjoining the office of the Mayor was filled with visitors seeking interviews.

Suddenly a tidy, well-dressed, but breathless, boy burst into the room and hurried post-haste to the desk of the secretary, saying:

'Where is the Mayor? I must see him, quick. Tell him it's Lawrence Schirman.'

Believing him to have been sent upon some unusual errand, the secretary stepped into the Mayor's office, from which he returned in a moment and immediately passed the boy in. As soon as the secretary's back was turned, the youngster smoothed down his hair, assumed a quiet and respectful manner, and said:

'My name is Lawrence Schirman. You know my father; he helped you win the last election.

'I have just been made a representative of The Saturday Evening Post, *and want to be the Mayor's* Post *boy. I shall be very glad to have you receive your copy from me each week.'*

The Mayor asked him many questions about The Post work, and told him that it was a mighty good thing for any boy to do.

Meanwhile, the business men and politicians in the adjoining room grew impatient.

On coming out of the office with a bright smile on his face, Lawrence saw a friend of his father's and told him how he had become the Mayor's Post boy. A politician who had been cooling his heels for an hour overheard the story, and to another weary waiter said:

'Can you beat that, now? Here's a kid who bluffs the private secretary, gets into the Mayor's office and keeps us waiting. That youngster will be Mayor himself yet.'"

Hundreds of such stories illustrating the resourcefulness and real business tact used by the boys who sell* The Saturday Evening Post *are received by us. A brighter, more manly lot of boys doesn't exist. Any boy can try it. It won't interfere with school duties. A line to us will bring full details and everything necessary.

Sales Division
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

THE A B C OF THE ALDRICH PLAN

(Continued from Page 13)

elected by the banks, voting as units, without regard to the size of the banks. He said this plan would give the smaller banks the advantage. The large banks might choose two-fifths of the control.

He admitted that if some "enterprising gentleman" desired to do so he might invest enough to control fifty per cent of the twenty-five thousand banks of the country—and so control the big association. The speaker went into the details of reports, examinations, inspection and requirements put on banks that seek to become members of the reserve association.

He described the branch reserve associations and the district feature, under which the country would be divided into fifteen reserve districts. Discounts, note issues and domestic exchanges were set forth as the functions of the district associations. Mr. Aldrich called it "local self-government" in banking. He explained certain limitations put on control to prevent certain interests from gobbling up the big association. He told me of the banking power of New York, which has twenty per cent of the banking capital of the United States and twenty-six per cent of the banking resources—but which will have a very much smaller interest in the reserve association. New England, he said, has a much larger percentage of the banking capital of the United States than possibly it can ever have in the national reserve association, which will really be controlled by the banks of the West and South.

Guaranteed Paper

Mr. Aldrich suggested to me that, under the Aldrich plan of unit control, each bank counting one, the New England states might apparently be treated unfairly; but he declared that the clearing-house system was one based on confidence.

Then, again referring to the question of control of the national reserve association by a clique, Mr. Aldrich asked:

"What would they do with control after they got it? How much would it cost to get control of it?

"Suppose somebody starts to buy control, the price of this capital stock would certainly and suddenly go up out of reach. And what would be the object of getting control? What could be made at it? All profit over five per cent on the business of the reserve association must be divided equally with the United States Government. It is not a question of reaping profits."

Any member of a local association may apply to such association for a guaranty of the commercial paper it desires to rediscount at the branch of the national reserve association in its district. Any such bank receiving such a guaranty shall pay a commission to the local association, to be fixed in each case by its board of directors. The guaranty of the local association, in the event of loss, shall be met by the members of the local association in proportion to the ratio which their capital and surplus bears to the aggregate capital and surplus of the members of the local association; and the commission received for such guaranty, after the payment of expenses and possible losses, shall be distributed among the several banks of the local association in the same proportion. A local association shall have authority to require security from any bank offering paper for guaranty, or it may decline to grant the application.

The total amount of guaranties by a local association to the national reserve association shall not at any time exceed the aggregate capital and surplus of the banks forming the guaranteeing association. At this point Mr. Aldrich pointed out to me the provisions for examination of all institutions joining the reserve association, and told of the periodical reports that would be required. He declared that the Aldrich plan would insure better examination and more publicity than have been given in the past. He predicted that the published reports would give banks of local associations proper knowledge of one another's affairs, and that the general public in time would learn more of the intricacies of bank statements.

He told how a local association may, by a vote of two-thirds of its members, suspend a bank from the privileges of membership for a failure for thirty days to maintain its reserves, or to make the reports required, or for misrepresentation in any report or examination as to its condition, or as to the character or extent of its assets or liabilities.

All the privileges and advantages of the national reserve association must be equitably extended to every bank holding its proportion of the stock of the national reserve association, and the Government of the United States and those banks owning stock in the national reserve association will be the sole depositors in the national reserve association. All domestic transactions of the national reserve association shall be confined to the Government and the subscribing banks, with the exception of the purchase or sale of Government or state securities, or of securities of foreign governments, or of gold coin or bullion; but the national association should pay no interest on deposits.

It is planned that the Government of the United States shall deposit its cash balance with the national association, and all receipts of the Government shall be deposited therewith; except that, when necessary, the Government may designate national banks for that purpose in cities where there is no branch of the national association. All disbursements by the Government shall then be made through the national reserve association.

The national reserve association may rediscount, for and with the indorsement of any bank having a deposit with it, notes and bills of exchange arising out of commercial transactions—this is intended to apply to all notes and bills of exchange issued or drawn for agricultural, industrial or commercial purposes, and not for carrying stocks, bonds or other investment securities.

Such notes and bills must have a maturity of not more than twenty-eight days and must have been made at least thirty days prior to the date of rediscount. The amount so rediscounted shall in no case exceed the capital of the bank applying for the rediscount. The aggregate of such notes and bills, bearing the signature or indorsement of any one person, company, corporation or firm, rediscounted for any one bank, shall at no time exceed ten per cent of the capital and surplus of said bank.

Powers of the Association

The national reserve association may also rediscount, for and with the indorsement of any bank having a deposit with it, notes and bills of exchange arising out of commercial transactions having more than twenty-eight days, but not exceeding four months, to run; but the paper must be guaranteed by the local association of which the bank asking for the rediscount is a member.

Whenever, in the opinion of the governor of the national reserve association, the public interests so require—such opinion to be concurred in by the executive committee of the national reserve association, and to have the definite approval of the Secretary of the Treasury—the national reserve association may discount the direct obligation of a depositing bank, indorsed by its local association, provided the indorsement of the local association shall be fully secured by the pledge and deposit with it of satisfactory securities, which shall be held by the local association for account of the national association; but in no such case shall the amount loaned by the association exceed three-fourths of the actual value of the securities so pledged.

The rates of discount which the national reserve association shall have authority to fix from time to time shall be published when fixed and shall be uniform throughout the United States—which should be of great advantage to the people of the Northwest and Southwest.

The association may, whenever its own condition and the general financial condition warrant such investment, purchase to a limited amount from a subscribing bank acceptances of banks or houses of unquestioned financial responsibility. Such acceptances must have arisen out of commercial transactions, must have not exceeding ninety days to run, and must be of a character generally known in the market as prime bills. Such acceptances shall bear the indorsement of the subscribing bank selling the same, which indorsement must be other than that of the acceptor.

The association may invest in United States bonds and in short-term obligations—that is, obligations having not more than one year to run—of the United States or its dependencies, or of any state, or of foreign governments. It shall have power at home and abroad to deal in gold coin or bullion, to grant loans thereon and to contract for loans of gold coin or bullion—and to give therefor, when necessary, acceptable security, including the hypothecation of any of its holdings of United States bonds; also to purchase from its subscribers and to sell, with or without its indorsement, checks or bills of exchange payable in England, France or Germany, and in such other foreign countries as the board of the national reserve association may decide. These bills of exchange must have arisen out of commercial transactions, must have not exceeding ninety days to run, and must bear the signatures of two or more responsible parties, of which the last one shall be that of a subscribing bank.

This national association will also—under Mr. Aldrich's plan—have power to open and maintain banking accounts in foreign countries and to establish agencies in foreign countries for the purpose of purchasing, selling and collecting foreign bills of exchange; and it shall have authority to buy and sell, with or without its indorsement, through such correspondents or agencies, checks or prime foreign bills of exchange which have arisen out of commercial transactions, which have not exceeding ninety days to run, and which bear the signatures of two or more responsible parties. This will greatly help us develop South American trade and trade with other foreign countries, which should be of great benefit to American workmen.

Creating a Discount Market

"It is a shame," said Mr. Aldrich, "that nearly ninety per cent of our export business is done by foreign banks.

"The consumer ultimately pays the bills. Is it not desirable to do that business in this country?

"Suppose, instead of sending your money to New York, you could buy bills of lading, acceptances, commercial paper. That's a practical question. How do you get your commercial paper today? You buy of some broker. You buy on the recommendation of a wiser banker. That's all you know about it. We want you to help create a discount market in this country and to put this nation where it belongs in the business world."

It shall also be the duty of the national reserve association, or any of its branches, upon request, to transfer any part of the deposit balance of any bank having an account with it to the credit of any other bank having an account with the national reserve association. This will be greatly appreciated by the farming communities in crop-moving periods; in fact, as I study this plan, it seems to me that every section of the country has more to gain from its enactment into law than has the city of New York and Mr. Aldrich's former constituents. As Mr. Aldrich said to me:

"The small business men and laborers suffer more from panics than do the large bankers. They, of course, have a great mental strain; but the bankers often profit from the high money rates and low security prices.

"The banker knows uncertain conditions and he grabs what is in sight. He acts on the impulse for self-preservation. That happened in 1907. Cash reserves, tightly held in banks from ocean to ocean, contributed largely to that panic.

"What do they do abroad in time of tight money? They do not enforce an embargo. They slightly raise the rate of interest for all. Instead of making some men pay eight per cent and other men only four per cent, and then not get any permanent relief, we should make every one pay four and one-half per cent, as is done in France. They have not failed to bring forth the gold in fifty years. We propose also to employ this method of increased interest rates."

In addition to the rights now conferred by law, national banks will—if this plan becomes a law—be authorized to accept commercial paper drawn upon them, having not more than four months to run, properly secured and arising out of commercial transactions. The amount of such acceptances outstanding shall not exceed

one-half the capital and surplus of the accepting bank, and shall be subject to the restrictions of Section 5200 of the Revised Statutes.

The organization of banks to conduct business in foreign countries and in the dependencies of the United States shall be authorized. The stock of such banks may be held by national banks, but the aggregate of such stock held by any one bank shall not exceed twenty per cent of the capital of that bank. Any bank so organized may have an office in the United States, but shall not receive deposits in the United States or compete with national banks for domestic business not necessarily related to the business being done in foreign countries or in the dependencies of the United States.

National banks will also be given the right to establish separate savings departments, and to lend, under proper restrictions, not more than forty per cent of their savings deposits upon productive real estate—such loans not to exceed fifty per cent of the actual value of the property. This, of course, is an entirely new provision.

It is provided that all subscribing banks must conform to the following requirements as to reserves to be held against deposits of various classes; but the deposit balance of any subscribing bank in the national reserve association and any notes of the association which it holds may be counted as a part of its required reserve:

1—*Demand deposits.* There will be no change in the percentages of reserve required by law to be held against demand deposits by national banks in different localities, and hereafter the same percentages of reserve against demand deposits shall be required of all subscribing banks in the same localities.

2—*Time deposits.* All time deposits and moneys held in trust payable or maturing within thirty days shall be subject to the same reserve requirements as are demand deposits in the same locality.

All time deposits and money held in trust payable or maturing more than thirty days from date shall be subject to the same reserve requirements as demand deposits for the thirty days preceding their maturity; but no reserves shall be required therefor except for this period. Such time deposits and money held in trust must be represented by certificates or instruments in writing and be payable only at a stated time, not less than thirty days from date of deposit, and must not be allowed to be withdrawn before the time specified, without thirty days' notice.

3—*Savings deposits.* Savings deposits shall be subject to notice of thirty days or more and shall be covered by a reserve amounting to forty per cent of that required of demand deposits in the same locality.

All demand liabilities, including deposits and circulating notes, of the national reserve association must be covered to the extent of fifty per cent by a reserve of gold—including foreign gold coin and gold bullion—or of other money of the United States which the national banks are now authorized to hold as a part of their legal reserve; provided, however, that whenever and so long as such reserve shall fall and remain below fifty per cent the national reserve association shall pay a special tax upon the deficiency of reserve at a rate increasing in proportion to such deficiency, as follows: For each two and one-half per cent or fraction thereof that the reserve falls below fifty per cent, the percentage of taxation shall increase at the rate of one and one-half per cent a year.

Of course, after Mr. Aldrich's plan goes into effect, there will be no further issue of circulating notes beyond the amount now outstanding by any national bank. National banks may, if they choose, maintain their present note issue; but whenever a bank retires the whole or any part of its existing issue it shall permanently surrender its right to reissue the notes so retired. Moreover, the national reserve association must, for a period of one year, offer to purchase, at a price not less than par and accrued interest, the two-per-cent bonds held by subscribing national banks and deposited to secure their circulating notes. The association, however, must take over these bonds and assume responsibility for the redemption—upon presentation—of outstanding notes secured thereby. The national reserve association shall issue, on the terms herein provided, its own notes as fast as the outstanding notes secured by such bonds so held shall be presented for redemption, and may issue other notes from time to time to meet business requirements; it being the policy of the United States to retire as rapidly as possible, consistent with the public interests, bond-secured circulation and to substitute therefor notes of the national reserve association of a character and secured and redeemed in the manner provided for in this act.

Mr. Aldrich pointed out to me that, under his plan, life would be injected into a mobilized reserve, making that reserve available in emergency, and efficient. He said that a reserve in the vault of the individual bank is useless, as was shown in 1907. The method of keeping fifty per cent of the reserve in cash was described.

"When the cash reserve falls below fifty per cent on hand the banks are to be taxed, under our plan, to bring the cash reserve up to the mark," said Mr. Aldrich. "This is a danger signal to the country."

One of the great obstacles to previous plans has been to justly eliminate the present United States Government bonds. To have them remain as a basis of circulation is, of course, radically wrong; for our country should not be compelled to issue bonds and borrow money in order to give business men more currency. On the other hand, the banks have bought the bonds at a high price owing to this feature. Now the following plan provides for eliminating United States bonds from the situation without causing the banks or the Government to lose one dollar.

Upon application of the national reserve association the Secretary of the Treasury shall exchange the two-per-cent bonds bearing the circulation privilege purchased from the banks for three-per-cent bonds without the circulation privilege, payable after fifty years from the date of issue.

The national reserve association shall pay to the Government a special franchise tax of one and one-half per cent annually during the period of its charter upon an amount equal to the par value of such bonds transferred to it by the subscribing banks.

The reserve association shall agree to hold the three-per-cent bonds so issued during the period of its corporate existence; provided that, after five years, the Secretary of the Treasury may, at his option, permit the reserve association to sell not more than fifty millions of such bonds annually; and provided further that the United States reserves the right at any time to pay any of such bonds before maturity, or to purchase any of them at par for the trustees of the postal savings, or otherwise.

The effect of this exchange and agreement will be to enable the United States to provide permanently for a large part of the public debt at a net interest charge of one and one-half per cent.

I will go no farther into details. On the principle of the central reservoir for fire protection I think that all agree as to the necessity of a central reserve association for the bank reserves of our country which will see that each bank has its proper supply of currency and that none be allowed to selfishly hoard money to the detriment of legitimate business.

The method of providing elasticity, however, which the above plan provides, may be questioned, though I believe in it heart and soul. My reason can perhaps be best expressed by telling a story that my friend, Mr. Clifford, of Chicago, once used. Said he: "You know, Babson, when we led a horse, as boys back in the country, we did not hold on to the end of the rope, but rather doubled it up and held our hands near the halter. The reason we did this was that, if the horse should jump, we would have some slack to give, which would take up most of the strain, and still have the end of the rope in our hands. Now that is what Mr. Aldrich's currency system will do. It will hold everything fair until something happens, and then it will expand, returning to normal again just as soon as the trouble is over."

With this illustration I close, urging all readers to forget their former prejudices and carefully consider the above plan solely on its merits; for I believe it offers the greatest aid to legitimate business of any proposed legislation that will come before Congress this winter.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles dealing with the great questions which affect business that are now before the public. Mr. Babson is frankly in favor of the Aldrich plan. Later we shall present an article by one of its opponents. A paper on National Incorporation by Ex-Senator Beveridge and one on the Sherman Law by Will Payne are now in preparation, and will be published in early numbers.

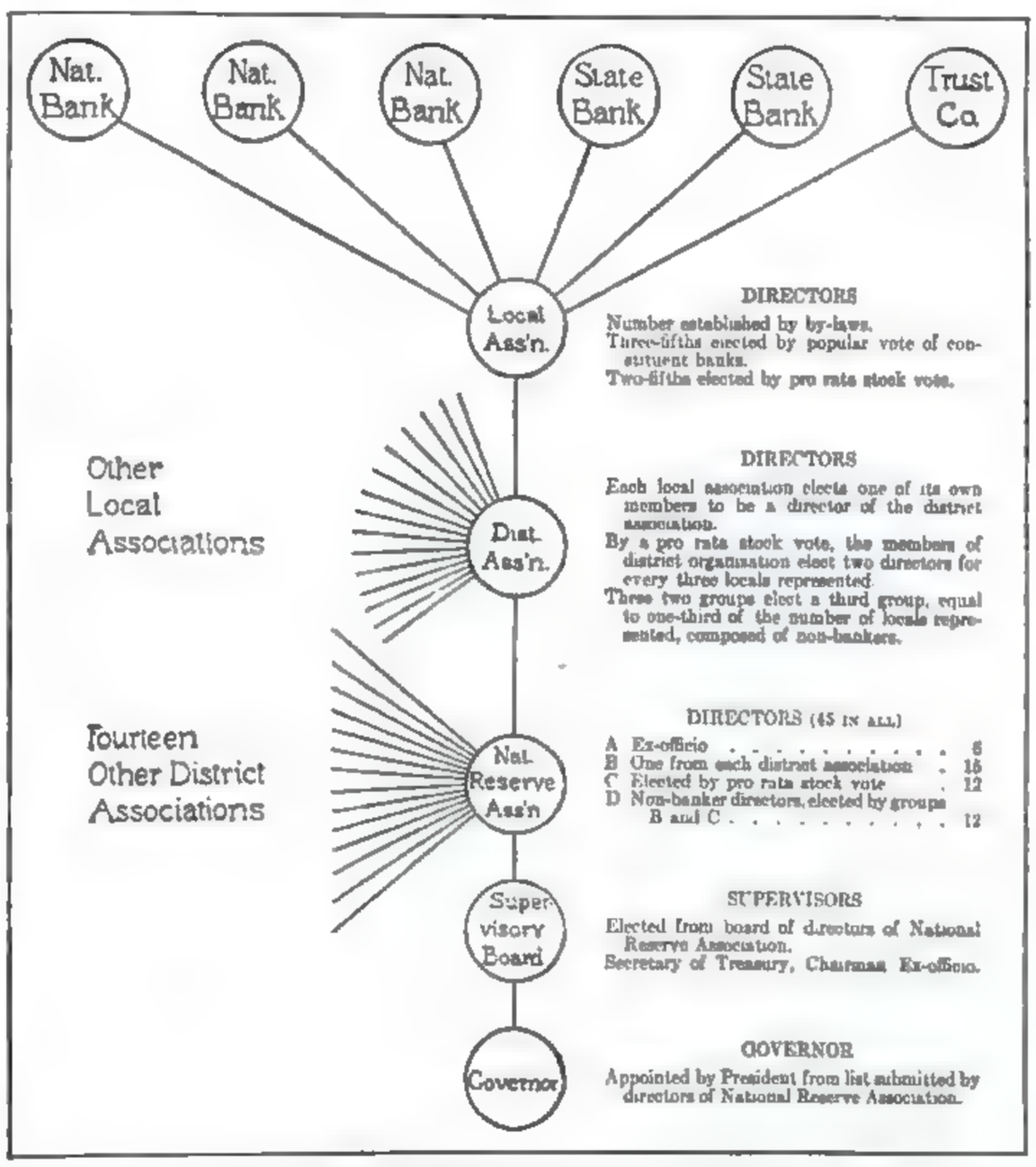
Nat. Bank
Nat. Bank
Nat. Bank
State Bank
State Bank
Trust Co
Local Ass'n.
DIRECTORS
Number established by by-laws.
Three-fifths elected by popular vote of constituent banks.
Two-fifths elected by pro rata stock vote.
Other Local Associations
Dist. Ass'n.
DIRECTORS
Each local association elects one of its own members to be a director of the district association.
By a pro rata stock vote, the members of district organization elect two directors for every three locals represented.
These two groups elect a third group, equal to one-third of the number of locals represented, composed of non-bankers.
Fourteen Other District Associations
Nat. Reserve Ass'n
DIRECTORS (45 IN ALL.)
A Ex-officio 6
B One from each district association . 15
C Elected by pro rata stock vote . 12
D Non-banker directors, elected by groups B and C 12
Super-visory Board
SUPERVISORS
Elected from board of directors of National Reserve Association.
Secretary of Treasury, Chairman Ex-officio.
Governor
GOVERNOR
Appointed by President from list submitted by directors of National Reserve Association.

Diagram Showing the Relationship Between the National Reserve Association and Its Subsidiaries and How the Directorate of Each is Constituted

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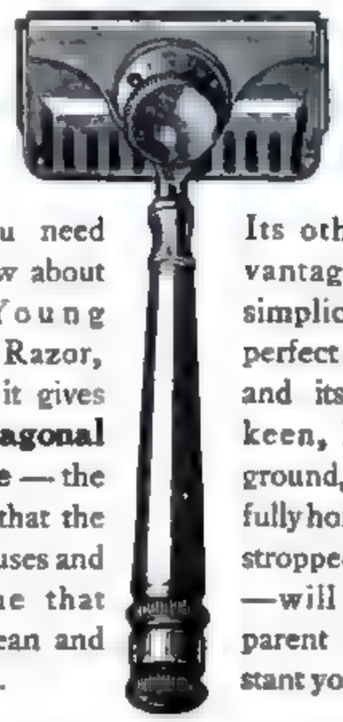

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Its other advantages—its simplicity, its perfect balance and its thick, keen, hollow-ground, carefully honed and stropped blades—will be apparent the instant you use it.

And its price—$2.50—is surely low enough to be an added advantage, provided you like the razor.

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Wouldn't it have been better if your boy had earned his Christmas money instead of having had it given to him? Any manly boy would rather get his money that way. The fun and feeling of independence which a boy has in spending "his own money" are quite different things from spending what has been given to him.

The Saturday Evening Post has already solved the problem for thousands of the brightest and manliest boys in America. These boys sell *The Saturday Evening Post.* They get a lot of fun out of it, earn their own spending money, and get a moral and business training, the value of which cannot be reckoned in money.

Everything necessary for trying the experiment we will furnish without cost. As soon as a boy starts work he receives one of the most novel volumes ever prepared for boys, being a clever book brightened with 250 illustrations telling of the experiences of an army of red-blooded boys who have "made good." It is really an unusual book on salesmanship and high-grade business methods brought down to the level of the average boy. Any boy who wants to try the plan and to earn his own spending money hereafter can do so. Address

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Philadelphia

THE CALL

(Continued from Page 21)

ceaseless, for time had been promised the piece—a production on the stage of the Standard itself three weeks from the following Monday, provided the play showed up as it ought to during its week on the road. It would come in as a stopgap, but it would remain as a success!

At this a listless cheer or two rose from the assembled actors, and under the lee of it the hortatory manager retired to the preoccupied Miss Covington's side, giving way to a moist-browed and embarrassed young playwright who seated himself under the bunchlight, opened his manuscript and began his task of reading his four acts to the workers who were to interpret them.

From that hour forward all existence to Una took on a dreamlike and unsubstantial air. She was ushered into a new and a febrilely busy world. She had her part to memorize, her cues to verify, her stage gowns to be fitted for, her characterization to worry over, her ever-modified and ever-ramifying stage instructions to fix in her mind. As the days slipped away and progress proved unsatisfactory, night rehearsals were started in shabby halls and out-of-the-way corners of the city; and many of these rehearsals lasted until long after midnight.

To Bob Steger, who seemed busy with the commercial side of the production, Una went for advice when she was in doubt as to a reading or a movement on the stage. She accepted her work with more and more solemnity, a solemnity which even Steger and his heavy facetiousness could not shake. She confessed that her part was small, but she began to realize the intricacy of the structure of which it was at least a fraction. She began to see things from the inside, things she had never even guessed at. She learned what a vital thing lighting alone was to a dramatic production, what an ever-active factor the switchboard was in the gaining of theatrical effects. It came home to her at last that play-acting was anything but a light-hearted pretense of things. It was, she grew to see, a methodical and scrupulously exact spinning of that delicate cobweb called illusion a cobweb whose integrity, whose very existence, depended on every line and every thread holding true.

She knew they were laughing at her a little—those older and more calloused actors. She knew they were still designating her as "Sandpiper" behind her back. She had heard one of the women refer to her as "a climber." She had heard an older woman—who periodically slipped away to one of the empty dressing rooms for a secret cigarette—vigorously declare that "Sandpiper sure has lovely eyes!" This was more balm to Una than she would have openly confessed; but in any moment of weariness or dejection she had one great, warm fact to hug to her thin breast: she was at last on the stage! She at last had a part!

The tension of The Wine of Life Company increased as the rehearsal period approached its close. It took on more and more the dignity of a vast issue. All other affairs of life dwindled into trivialities. Nothing else was talked about, thought of, worried over. Una found something exhilarating in this ever-increasing excitement. It sustained her through a week of broken rest and physical weariness and ill-chosen and overhurried meals. It buoyed her over the troubled waters of a dress rehearsal, where a first-act "set" failed to fit; where at the last moment many "props" were missing; where costumes were found to clash, and familiar movements and lines vanished in thin air, and overtried nerves showed a tendency to explode into sudden and unreasoning anger.

It all seemed misty and dreamlike to Una. She moved through it with the preoccupation of a sleepwalker. Equally dreamlike was the next night's journey to Toronto, the only week stand where the company had been able to get time on short notice. Una accepted without wonder the novel experience of sleeping in a berth shrouded by curtains. She accepted without even inward protest the noisy talk and the tobacco smoke that lasted deep into the night. As she wakened from time to time, she raised her window-curtain and stared out at the stars and the ever-passing lights and the ever-receding hills.

Somewhere along their path, she knew, they would pass Chamboro, the town in which she was born. It seemed years since she had left its quiet streets, since she had carried the plethoric rattan suitcase to the station where the yellow night-end lamps still burned.

It seemed worlds away now. Yet she felt no regret at the thought of it. Its memory awakened no lasting emotion. It no longer meant anything to her. She was cut off from it forever. Under no circumstances could she ever turn back to it. She had outgrown it and its narrow life, its quiet and maple-shaded streets. She had found what she had looked for. She was at last on the stage!

XIV

UNA was at the theater long before seven. She had already unpacked the second-hand trunk that held all her worldly belongings, laid out her new japanned-tin makeup box, and with borrowed needle and thread made an alteration or two in the skirt of her second-act gown.

By half past seven she was fully dressed, made up and on the stage, where she loitered about, rapt and wide-eyed, very much in the way of carpenters and scene-shifters who bumped against her and bellowed at her with the offhanded resentment of workers preoccupied with their own importance.

Even Una's preoccupation was not unmixed with a consciousness of importance. She still nursed a naïve and childlike faith in her own future. Her conception of stage destiny was still a romantic one.

She knew that her part was not large; yet she believed, with the blindness of youth, that she might in some accidental or extraordinary manner make what her older companions called "a hit." She had read of many young actresses who in one hour, in one scene, had burst like a skyrocket on the very heavens of fame. She entertained the secret hope that she could translate her second-act scene into something pathetic—that, with all her limited material, she might yet impress the audience.

She no longer worried about her lines. Her memory, in fact, was excellent. She could have recited almost any part in the production, so vividly had it impressed itself on her youthful mind. And she was too much a novice to know the meaning of stage fright. She was too unconscious the perils besetting her, of the possibilities of disaster, of the danger of a tongue-slip magnifying itself into a calamity, to waste time on futile and foolish worry. She could not account for the sense of strain, the unrest, that pervaded the waiting company behind the asbestos curtain. She found it impossible, as a perspiring assistant stage manager announced "Half-hour," and still later "Fifteen minutes," and still later "Overture," to read anything ominous in the words. Yet, as the thump of the plush-covered seats, the murmur of talk, the tuning of a violin or two, and then the opening bars of the orchestra itself, came thin and muffled to the people back of the drop, Una could see the faces about her become more pale and worried, even under their makeup. Miss Covington herself, who had ordered a sheet spread under her wooden chair in the wings, that her heavily trained gown might not be soiled, looked ill and worn out, even under the high-colored cosmetic which seemed to stiffen the skin of her face as varnish would stiffen leather. The comedian who had christened Una "the Sandpiper" leaned silent and dolorous against a paint-frame. Beside him the bald-headed "heavy," privately rehearsing a scene which still troubled him, went through mysterious gestures—as self-immolated as though he stood alone in a world of loneliness.

It was the young electrician, turning for a moment from his switchboard to study Una, who startled her out of her preoccupied silence.

"Say, kid, you're made up too red for this house. Those lights'll make you look like a Comanche!"

"What should I do?" asked the girl, remembering a little bitterly that not one of the women had offered her a helping word.

"Go down and slap on a coat o' powder!" he told her as the stage manager gave a double clap of the hands to clear the stage. A light winked beside the orchestra leader, a bell tinkled; and Una, as she shrank deeper into the wings, knew the curtain was rising.

The play had begun. The comedian trotted briskly out with a set and foolish smile on his face. The dolorous and worried "heavy" waddled after him; actresses as unreal as painted dolls stepped into the white glare of the lights, spoke their lines, went through their evolutions, laughed their forced and foolish laughs, labored for their points and walked off again.

In the wings across the stage Weinert and Miss Covington were arguing, gesticulating, contradicting each other. Una could see that some new trouble had arisen. The star, audibly and excitedly debating with her manager, seemed on the verge of tears.

Una became aware of the fact that Weinert was waving and motioning for her. He made feverish circular sweeps of the arm as a sign for her to cross behind the back drop.

He met her as she picked her way through the braces and frame-ends. In his hand he held a sheet of paper.

"Could you go on and read Wallace's three lines at the end of this act?" he whispered.

"Yes," she whispered back. Had he asked her to go on and play Miss Covington's part, she would have given a similar answer. For one moment, in fact, she had thought the star had collapsed and Weinert was coming to her with the part. For one ecstatic moment this thought burned in her brain and went out again. It did not seem preposterous; from her childhood she had read of such things. She still tranquilly believed in their possibility.

"Do you know the lines?" Weinert demanded.

"Yes; I know them," was the unruffled girl's response.

"Here they are," he said, thrusting the sheet of paper into her hand. "And for Heaven's sake get them right! Go on at the cue, 'Barbara is still in the billiard room.' Go right up to the end of the piano. Get as close to Covington as you can, and speak up! And for Heaven's sake tone down that makeup before you go on!"

Weinert was off the next moment, called by the frantic signs of the author, in evening dress, with a face as white as his shirt-front, who led him back to the wings where Miss Covington stood and raged. Their argument, whatever it was, now became a three-sided one; but Una did not wait to listen to it. She ran down to the solitude of the dressing room, coated her face with white powder, smoothed it with her puff, regarded herself for one satisfying moment in the mirror and made her way back.

The star was on as Una reached the stage-level again, already deep in her first emotional bit. The entrances were crowded—the listening girl could not see the movements on the stage; but, above the hiss and drone of the calciums, singing strangely like tea-kettles on a stovetop, Una could hear the familiar throaty drawl of Miss Covington. Things were not going well, the girl gathered from the whispering figures in front of her. The star had tripped on a rug; her fan had not been left on the piano as it should have been; and the audience had tittered as she tried in vain to break the wire stem of the property rose which she was to pin on her lover's lapel.

The other members of the company, as they came off, wore solemn and apprehensive expressions. From a double row of college students in front of the gallery came audible and satiric remarks during the first unsteady moments of the star's lovemaking.

"Isn't that fierce!" was the "heavy's" disgusted comment as the scene ended with nothing more than a scattered pattering of handclaps.

"She's not big enough for that scene. And she knows it," said one of the painted stagewomen at Una's elbow. The listening girl was startled by a sudden voice behind her. "Here you—quick!"

It was Weinert; and, even as he spoke, the familiar words, "Barbara is still in the billiard room," sounded from the stage.

Una, wriggling and pushing through the watching crowd, stepped out into the glare of the footlights. As she did so, that misty dizziness which sometimes comes from looking down from a great height crept over her. It was not fear. She was not frightened. It was more a vast and muffling wonder. She was astonished to find herself so close to the audience, with a slope of upturned faces at her feet, with cliffs of faces shadowing her, with receding inclines

of faces, twinkling here and there with the lenses of lifted opera glasses, all seeming to shelve and strain toward her. The very light in which she stood, in which she was bathed, seemed startlingly and unnaturally vivid. She felt the need of readjusting herself to some new condition which she could not quite fathom. She would succeed, she knew, if they would only give her time, if they would only allow her to prepare herself for her task.

She found herself at the end of the piano, facing the woman in the long-trained gown of shimmering silk. She knew what she had come to say and she knew that she could say it; but the machinery of conscious life seemed to have stopped. Some arbitrary and willful genius within her seemed demanding time, and still more time, to coördinate its messages.

"What is it, dear?" interpolated Miss Covington in her placid contralto drawl—but from the side of her mouth she bit out, almost in a hiss: "Say it, you fool! Say it!"

Una looked at her in mild and indignant wonder, knowing no such lines were in the text. She was possessed by the consciousness of something dawning and coming to birth, of gathering power reaching its climax and exploding into utterance. To retard or hasten it seemed quite beyond her own volition.

Bob Steger, who was out in front with a representative of the Shubert offices, saw that cataleptic figure at the end of the piano and dropped his head in his hand and groaned, groaned aloud, with an attempt at articulated misery that was not so mocking as he had meant it to be.

Una caught that sound and understood it. It wakened her as a dash of cold water might have done.

Her message to the woman in the shimmering silk dress came from her lips as easily as a bird from its cage. The familiar and friendly drawling voice answered her. The play went on again—but Una had received her baptism of fire.

She hoped for better results from her second-act scene. There would be something striking, she felt, in that sudden and unheralded entrance of a weeping woman—and for a week she had been experimentally sobbing in every key and register, with every choke and shake that she could command, until her neighbors had begun to pound on walls with bootheels. She had even stopped to study the crying of children in the street. She picked up a trick of voice here, a breast-movement there, a face-distortion somewhere else. Her own weeping she made a composite of them all. Of this, when she had perfected it, she had come to be inordinately proud.

Accordingly there was the vigor of confidence, the zest of the artist no longer uncertain of herself, in Una's second-act entrance. The one thing she counted on was the sympathy of her audience. If she felt her part, as Steger expressed it, the people "in front" would do the same.

Una had wept her way to the side of the stately and still shimmering Miss Covington, two-thirds of the distance across the stage, before the audience seemed even conscious of her presence. She began to fear that she was falling into the common error of not throwing out her voice; so, as she advanced, she added to her weeping a crescendo movement. She even defied the star and turned to the stippled gloom in front of her so that her distorted face might be seen. And her body continued to be shaken by its convulsive sobs.

There was a moment of bewildered silence on the part of the audience. Then from gallery and pit alike came one common shout and roar of laughter. That wailing figure was too much for their sense of humor. Some strange mood or accident made them accept her as gravely intentioned comic relief. They gloried in her sorrow; they rocked and shouted and reveled in it.

The weeping Una, as she faced them, saw all her air-castles of artistry go crumbling away. They were not taking her seriously. They were laughing at her. And as she mechanically went through the contortions and heavings which two weeks of rehearsal had made almost second nature, actual tears welled up to her eyes.

She shook with a paroxysm of weeping which she could not control. The tears, coursing down her face, washed off her makeup. Miss Covington was forced to improvise business with the vase of flowers on the table beside her. One or two of the older actors in the wings were doubled over with mirth. Weinert, in the tormentor, was dancing and gesticulating and calling out to her: "Cry more! Cry more! Keep it up!" for he knew that laughter, whatever it may rise from, had its undoubted commercial value. Still Una wept and still the house laughed itself into contented weariness.

Even when the broken threads of the dialogue had been caught together and Una was compelled to go on with her speaking lines, the audience read humor into every speech that she uttered, tittered at her red-eyed solemnities, laughed outright at that final speech on which she had forlornly expected a quiet sob or two, and good-naturedly gave her "a hand" as she made her exit.

"Why didn't you say you were going to spring that weep-act on us?" snapped the envious and ill-tempered comedian as Una groped past him on her way to the dressing-room.

"You fool—she didn't know it herself!" gasped the comprehending "heavy," still moist with his body-convulsions of mirth. Una heard them as she went on her way just as she heard the withering volley of handclapping; but she was too deep in utter and hopeless misery to speak.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE MAN WHO FORSWORE CHRISTMAS

(Continued from Page 7)

frock with a force that made Frou Frou, in her elbow, throw up her arms as if also in pain. Roger had been dazed; but now he said with big-brotherly kindness: "Don't mind, little Moll. If it's true it's much better we knew it. Think—if we grew up and had children of our own, and told them the lie without knowing it, and they found it out—it would be dreadful!"

Roger's mind, Mary observed, was already beginning to be illumined by the Jaffray intellect.

Molly fled to her mother's lap, overflowing with grief and shaken by mighty sobs. "They is Santy Claus!" she declared. "He isn't a lie, mummy—is he?" Again and again she repeated this.

"Your father says he is," Mary answered.

"He isn't ezzackly a lie," Roger explained. "It's only just the same as when you wrote the letter to Fluff about the fishball."

Molly pondered a moment. "No," she declared; "it isn't not the same. 'Cause they is Santy Claus; and he would 'ave 'membered Fluff-puff, 'cep' she's such a little new kitty. Daddy says there aren't any Santy Claus at all!" And she broke down in even mightier sobbing.

It was only too clear—the thought that possessed her spirit. Her father had somehow offended and, finding that the saint had brought him nothing, had invented this lie, this slander. "Daddy must 'ave been awful wicked!" she said once to herself.

At first Jaffray laughed kindly in the effort to reassure her; but very soon he ceased laughing. Time and again he tried to take the child on his knee and console her; but Molly only cowered away from him as if he were unclean and loathsome, clutching her doll until it seemed that its heart, too, must burst and give up its sawdust. Over and over she repeated: "Santy Claus gived me my dolly—and I won't let you say things about him!"

It was borne in upon Jaffray that mother and daughter were of one flesh, obstinate both and unreasonable. He took Mary by the arm and led her unresisting into his den.

"You certainly disagree with me," he said; and indeed his temper could not have been worse with the most poisonous indigestion. "But at least you might try to put me right with the child." Then, as she made no answer, he demanded: "Am I naughty-bad and wicked? Am I a liar, a slanderer, a hideous ogre?"

"In the spirit, yes, my friend—I'm very much afraid you are."

"If you thought that," he demanded, "why didn't you say so at first?"

"There is no use arguing with a man," she said. "Men's minds are so utterly logical."

What he answered to this shall not be recorded. He was suffering—suffering for an idea. He was a martyr. And it is nowhere recorded that the home life of martyrs is felicitous. He strode forth to the club.

. . . . . .

Having ordered food, he dashed off two letters. To both Burdette and his aunt he protested that he was quite sincere in what he had written. It was impossible to accept the presents they offered. He addressed the letters and stamped them.

The dining room was a wilderness of white linen and table silver, garish in the floods of winter sunlight, with only here and there the black coat of a member seated at luncheon. They were all bachelors, Jaffray noted, and obviously of the unsocial sort, for each sat alone at his table.

He was glad that it happened to be Amasa who ushered him to his solitary meal. Amasa was the paragon of club servants. When Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Bay some one had told him the news. "A brave deed, sir," Amasa had remarked; "but no more I am sure, sir, than would have been done by any other member." To him when a man was a member everything else was granted. In the smile with which Amasa greeted him Jaffray was sustained and soothed. He was a member.

"You are having a happy Christmas?" Jaffray said.

"Oh, yes, sir! When is Christmas not happy—to those that understand it?" There was a pause and then Amasa went on, with the air of venturing on unaccustomed ground: "This year the subscription is especially large, sir. The gentlemen have been most liberal." Tips being barred, members were permitted to contribute to a fund that was divided among the servants at Christmas.

Jaffray had not contributed. "There is something a little difficult about such presents," he ventured.

"As a young man I used to think so. In the public restaurants so few gentlemen realize the true spirit of giving."

"The true spirit of giving?"

"It is said to be more blessed to give than to receive. For those who have pride, it is certainly a great deal easier."

At this seeming cynicism Jaffray laughed, delighted, and stored it in his memory for the benefit of his wife.

"I did not mean to presume with a jest," Amasa protested. "I was merely explaining why, in my youth, I became a club servant—to escape the indignity of tips, sir."

"I think you showed a very proper pride."

"Ah, sir, I am humbler now—though it is perhaps not for me to say it. In a way, life itself is a tip—from the one great Giver. A fine day like this, or a needed rain; wife and children; health, labor—everything is a gratuity. If I may say so, it is most unfortunate if we ever lose a sense of it as such. It is the same with the annual present from the members. Our stations are very different; but to me it is a way of saying that we are one in spirit—all brothers in the bounty of the Giver of everything. Much as I enjoy the practical benefits, I enjoy that thought more. To those who have learned humility the most blessed thing in the world is to receive."

"Eh?" said Jaffray. "That sounds as if it meant something!"

At this juncture Pendleton, having finished at a distant table, came over and sat with Jaffray, contentedly smoking a huge cigar. Pendleton was the business friend who had proposed the endless chain of swearoffs.

"That was a great idea of yours," he said. "No more Christmas giving."

Amasa was still hovering attentively over them, his eyes beaming with the kindness of his philosophy. Jaffray worked his face at Pendleton in a way that would have silenced any man with a decent consciousness of others.

"For the first time in my life," Pendleton pursued, "I have neither given nor received a single con-demmed present; and my plaguey relatives have left me to eat my Christmas dinner in peace. I have you to thank for that, old man." He said this with the nearest approach to gratitude of which he was capable.

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When Jaffray gathered courage to look about him Amasa had vanished. Two members had tumbled from their pedestals and great was the fall thereof. Presently an omnibus issued from the pantry and stood in the old waiter's place. There was eloquence in this! Instead of Amasa, a raw underling!

Of all the rebuffs he had received, none shook his faith in the rightness of his mind as this one did from the old waiter.

When told of the little drama in which he had been an unconscious actor Pendleton laughed hugely. Jaffray was ashamed of him. He crept away to the solitude of the library.

The simple truth was that by now he was utterly forlorn in heart and spirit. His friends had become alien to him. To his wife and daughter he was an abomination; but almost worse than this was the fact that his mind was in quite helpless disorder. To prove himself spiritually worthy he had only to grasp at the most precious thing the material world could offer. He was mentally shipwrecked—adrift, without chart or compass.

Jaffray could no longer rage at the madness that swayed his fellowmen yearly at this season. He was lonesome—homesick for human sympathy as he had never been before. He gave way shamelessly to a mood of self-pity.

"And today," he said, "is Christmas!"

Tears came to his eyes.

It had long been dark when he caught sight of the beacon light; but as he crept back to his fireside his face was bright in its radiance.

Mary met him, a friendly glance in her level eyes; but it gave her a little start to find that he was jauntily smiling. He showed her the two letters he had written.

"You are going to send them?" she asked.

"Send them!" he said lightly. "Not on your life!" He tore them into bits and cast them into the fire. "I find that I have never quite realized what Christmas might mean to me. It's all the fault of my justly celebrated modesty."

Mary saw in his eye the glint of humor—the saving grace that against all odds had kept him unspoiled.

"Why," he exclaimed, "the whole world loves me and is only waiting the chance to turn itself inside out to serve me. Christmas once a year? That's not enough for the sort of man I am! Every day shall be Christmas; and every day I'll swear off on it! By spring I shall have stocked the whole farm gratis—a cow and a horse, a pig and a chicken; even a bee and an automobile! It's the greatest graft, the easiest money known to man, since Tom Sawyer whitewashed the fence!"

This was his admission of defeat. She opened wide her arms and caught him in a warm embrace.

"And I hereby make two resolutions now—without waiting for New Year's: First, I solemnly vow never to swear off on Christmas again. That will be easy after the way I got landed this time. Always I shall give—simple gifts to the few who are my friends. And second, I even more solemnly vow, so 'elp me, that I shall not give one that doesn't take with it all I have of thought, of care, of affection." The eloquence with which he said this could not have been greater if he himself had just invented Christmas. He added a little dubiously: "And gee! I'll have to get good to be worthy of all folks have done for me!"

She led him into his room. Scandalous to relate, on one of his pillows were spread out all the clothes of a Parisian lady of fashion. It had been quite impossible for Molly to go to bed without forgiving him.

They peeped into the nursery. Molly was still awake and very sorrowful, but she sat up and gave her lips to be kissed.

Jaffray took her in his arms. "Daddy has been naughty-bad and wicked," he said.

She hugged him tight and then, leaning back, looked him in the face.

"And they is Santy Claus!" she insisted.

"They is Santy Claus," said Jaffray.

She hugged him again, with a low croon of joy—and he put her back in bed.

"I thought there wasn't," he went on, "because I had never seen him; but now I know that Santy Claus is the realest and most wonderful thing in the world. As long as you live, little Moll, there will still be Santy Claus. And the wiser you grow, the better you will know and love him."

Worn out by her long day of anguish, Molly was already asleep and smiling. Frou Frou, in her lace-edged nightie, lay softly in her arms.

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A sane show, Gents; so step right in.
Come see the Steel Trust shed its skin!
See Wickersham right in the cage
Where the tigers roar and the lions rage!
See the Sherman Law spout fire and flame,
And the fiercest monsters, grown so tame
You can draw the teeth of all you see
With a simple Bill in Equity!
A clean show, Gents—no act offends;
So see it yourself and tell your friends.

THE BRYAN BOOTH

Good People, right in here you see
The Old Reliable Doubl'you Jay Bee!
The only genuine, Simon-pure,
All-wool defender of the Poor!
And an old-time show, Kind Friends, that stands
Indorsed by this and foreign lands.
The great, spectacular, thrilling sight:
"Wall Street Blown Up With Dynamite!"
"The Trusts in Chains!" "The Oil Trust Scene—
Ten Million Tanks of Gasoline
Blown Up At Once!" Indorsed by Press
And sixteen years of real success!
And Doubl'you Jay Bee guarantees
Your money back if it fails to please!

THE ROOSEVELT RANCH

Good Friends, this way! Don't be misled:
The Real Show this—the Terrible Ted!
All others false—this one is true;
Doors open at one—big show at two!
The one Real Barnum of them all—
A high-class show for great and small!
See how Big Business sheds its scales!
See Ted tie knots in the tigers' tails!
See the Real Big Stick! See the Street Parade—
The Malefactors, scalped and flayed!
See the great brass ring in the Beef Trust's nose!
See the one unrivaled show of shows!
With three big rings in the latest style,
And something doing all the while.
Gigantic, Gorgeous, Glorious, Gay!
The Terrible Ted! This way! This way!

MEDLEY

This way, Kind Friends, to the Champ Clark tent—
Where the Union Jack is riddled and rent!
See Canada swallowed at one great gulp
And the Wool Trust smashed to a bleeding pulp!
The Wilson Show—kind, safe and sane!
Trust teeth extracted without pain!
See the Harmon Show, where the Octopi
Are quelled with a calm and kindly eye,
And the lions and lambs lie down to sleep
With the lions all outside the sheep!
See the Uncle Joe—not so very far
From here, at the sign of the Big Cigar,
Where the Boys of Other Days discuss
Old Times with the Octopus and Us!
Walk right up, Gents! This way! This way!
All shows are open night and day—
The Little Bob and the Big Bill T.,
The Terrible Ted and the Doubl'you Jay Bee,
And all the rest. And where'er you go
It's a different cast—but the same old show!

—*J. W. Foley.*

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For five years Mr. Hofmann has done this, and is doing it now. He has answered hundreds of inquiries during that time, placing his unquestioned knowledge of the piano at the free disposal of every piano student. So that no matter in how small a community a girl who loves her piano may live or how far removed from a musical center she may be, the free advice of the greatest of living pianists is at her disposal.

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